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THE VARSITY



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UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

1886-87

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No. 1.

TRIOLETS.

Holofernes—I will overglance the superscript :—" *To the snow-white hand of the most beautiful Lady Rosaline.*"

—*Love's Labour's Lost.*

The midsummer fays,
All in love's land,
By their craft did upraise,
The midsummer fays,
A gossamer maze ;
A frolicsome band
The midsummer fays,
All in love's land.

Its winding ways
They builded and planned,
(The midsummer fays,)
Its winding ways ;
By thy yeas and thy nays,
And the lines on thy hand,
Its winding ways
They builded and planned.

Love, in the maze
Dwelling alone,
'Mid its blossoming ways,—
Love in the maze
Loved not the days,
Though with roses o'erblown :
Love in the maze,
Dwelling alone.

Thou on the throne,
In the heart of the maze,
Love is thine own,
Thou on the throne :
Thitherward flown,
Through rose-tinted days....
Thou on the throne,
In the heart of the maze !

L'Envoi.

Triolets, sue for her praise,
Flying forth to her hand ;
Fluttering abashed 'neath her gaze,
Triolets, sue for her praise,
That the bard may be wreathed with bays ;
Taking wing on your way to love's land,
Triolets, sue for her praise,
Flying forth to her hand !

W. J. H.

A MAN OF HIS WORD.

In the autumn of 18— I met in Strasbourg M. de Saint-André, Lieutenant-General commanding brigade there. We were soon close friends and passed much of our time in company. A tall, finely-moulded figure made M. de St. André look the ideal *militaire*. His handsome features habitually wore an air of gravity bordering on the austere—this, to my surprise, I found to be a whimsical mask, adding an indes-

cribable piquancy to the thousand gay conceits and extravagances that rioted through his fancy.

We were seated in his quarters at a little table strewn with the debris of a late dinner. There was a lull in the conversation—we had been recalling instances of great constancy from the days of old Regulus even to our own—the fitful glare of the wood fire, for it was late in the season, lit up the armour and antique weapons that, with a few paintings, alone relieved the sombre tints of the tapestried walls. The polished oak floor glistened, and the silence was unbroken save by the sighing of the autumn wind through the brown foliage of the creepers that possessed the narrow casements. Suddenly my friend aroused from his reverie, filled his glass and lit a fresh cigar. It was evident something was coming, and knowing his humour I waited quietly.

"I can relate a very strange story, he said at length, "if you care to listen to it." On being satisfied on this point, my friend assumed the easy attitude of a man about to deliver himself of a long story, and looking steadily at the blaze recounted his tale in low tones :—

"I had just graduated from the *École Militaire*, a good many years ago—never mind exactly how many—and feeling like a frolic, I applied for and obtained leave of absence. I spent my holiday very agreeably here in Strasbourg, and was arranging to return to Paris, when, as chance would have it, I met a M. Louis Duhren about to take the same journey. We agreed to be fellow travellers. Posting in those days was slower than at present, and we had ample time to become intimate. Both young men, we soon opened our hearts to one another. I learned that he was immediately on his arrival to marry Angélique, the heiress of M. Colbert, banker. He had never seen his betrothed, the match being arranged by their parents. In our mutual confidences my comrade told me all about his own family and that of his intended. You may be sure that I too had my pleasant secrets to confide. In such converse we whiled away the time ; at last, leaving Nancy and Châlons behind, the diligence rattled into Paris. We engaged rooms together at the *Hôtel d'Angleterre*, long since demolished ; it stood in the *Rue de Richelieu*. On entering our rooms I noticed that my friend was deathly pale. He grew worse, a doctor was called in, and pronounced the dread sentence—cholera. Every thing possible was done, but he sank rapidly, and died within two hours after seizure. Indeed, so sudden was his death that he had barely time to receive the last rites of the church. I was much grieved at the untimely death of one whom I had just learned to esteem. As his only friend I charged myself with all arrangements for burial.

"That afternoon could be seen knocking at the entrance of M. Colbert's house a young man fashionably dressed ; without giving his name he is announced as M. Louis Duhren. M. Colbert hastens to embrace him and at once introduces him to *Madame la mère* and the fair Angélique.

"A conversation follows, in the course of which M. Louis delivers his letters. He sees the good impression he has already made on his betrothed, who, with sidelong glances and many blushes, admires his handsome figure. Dinner is served. Louis had the pleasure of being seated by his charmer, the parents are delighted at his graceful manners and sprightly conversation. Dinner over and coffee discussed, serious topics are introduced,—the details of the new household. In the midst of this conversation, so pleasing to a young couple, M. Louis arises and grasps his hat, with the evident intention of taking his leave.

"Bless me! where are you going?" inquired his prospective father-in-law.

"I have a little matter of business," answered M. Louis, "which forces me to leave you."

"What! What business can you possibly have in a city where you are now for the first time, and where you know no one?"

"Quite true; but also true that I must lose no time in going to my appointment."

"Ha, ha! I know all now; you are going to your banker, eh? Why so bashful about it? Come, come! I am entirely at your service. We can manage this so that we need not lose your company. Pray seat yourself again!"

"My dear sir, I assure you that you are mistaken. This is a matter that imperatively requires my personal attention."

"During this dialogue M. Louis had been gradually nearing the door of the room. He was now in the anteroom, his host still pressing him to remain."

"Now, that we are alone, my dear M. Colbert," continued the young man, "and the ladies cannot overhear us, I shall inform you that this morning, shortly after my arrival, a slight accident happened me. I fell ill of the cholera; it terminated fatally. I have promised to be buried at six o'clock. Think of the inconvenience that will ensue if I do not keep my word—everything ready but no M. Louis Duhren! Besides, being a stranger here, you will readily perceive that if I am not punctual, I shall forthwith gain an unenviable reputation for levity, and this might injure me."

"Laughing heartily, M. Colbert accepted the excuse, and hoped to see M. Louis as soon as possible that evening, when his so pressing business had been dispatched. The young man bowed and disappeared."

"This pleasantry furnished much amusement to the family, who were charmed with his drollery."

"Six o'clock struck—no M. Duhren; seven,—*Père* Colbert grows impatient; half past, he sends his servant to enquire at the *Hôtel d'Angleterre* for M. Duhren."

"Picture the dismay of the family when the servant returned with the compliments of mine host—"

"M. Louis Duhren arrived at nine, died at eleven, was buried at six."

We smoked on in silence a while. Then I remarked, musingly, "The true Frenchman is nothing if not dramatic."

"Ah, yes!" replied my friend, with an inexpressible shrug, "but what could one do? The *coquin* at the door made the mistake; I had to extricate myself."

W. H. H.

MY FRIEND.

A friend of mine has some odd views of life. A contemplative sort of fellow, he hides behind a cynic veil a heart really so warm that no atom of humanity is refused its love. If I judge rightly from what people say about him, this armour with which he clothes himself is generally taken for the real man.

A curiously credulous being is this friend of mine, filled with sentimental fancies and an admiration for womankind so profound that it may be called reverence. And yet by force of logic he is compelled to recognize the failings of the individual. Indeed, his love for woman is so impersonal that he may be said to worship all possible noble attributes of all possible women. To no particular incarnation does he bow, but it is a piece of his credulousness to imagine that some day he will meet in the flesh the combination of qualities which he has sorted out and arranged (like a bunch of flowers) to deck his impersonal goddess with. In this belief does he hopefully inspect every new face he happens to encounter. Thus he puts himself in the way of ever-recurring disappointment; but such is the fresh faith that springs in the breast of my friend that he will not listen to me when I tell him that he pursues a phantom.

Nay, he says, why discourage me in my pursuit? Better follow a fair dream than find my all-in-all in one of the world's conventional aims. What have you to offer? You ask me to give over seeking for truth, beauty, honesty, and to accept the makeshifts which mankind has adopted in their stead. My primrose way is dear to me, and my soul thrives better in this

celestial air than if it breathed a denser quality. Fleeting beauty leads—

"To the doorway of the dead."

So be it. I follow.

In this spirit does he confidently seek for truth. Nor in the search sparing himself much pain and trouble. Hoping that some time his thirst might be quenched, he has visited many old springs of knowledge, and has found them dry.

Firm in the belief that existence has a purpose, he yet refuses to agree that any of the objects I point out constitute it.

Position? He places so much store on humanity, and so little on the trappings of it, that this ambition he characterizes as mean. Money? He has no wish for it, and what more is there to say. Success? He answers "*Causa victrix dis placuit sed victa Catoni*." Then does not his creed fade utterly away? No; the "I believe" is still deeply written on my friend's heart, though vagueness follows it.

"This is irrational surely," I tell him. "You are right," he says, "Man is irrational. Is his manner of acting to carefully choose some worthy object, and, placing it before him, to work steadfastly towards it? Have his theories of life any bearing on his practice, and are the springs of his action really what he would have you believe? Has he in truth, for a great majority of his deeds, any motives at all (properly so-called), or do they not flow from the purest impulse?"

I scarcely know what to answer to this, and our conversation ends unsatisfactorily.

TABAC.

HERRICK'S HESPERIDES.

"A phase of our verse, illustrating its present station," writes Stedman, "reflects the new London vogue. I refer to the plenitude of metrical trifles, society-verse, *belles choses* in the French forms that are so taking. Various new-comers make their entrance accordingly; scarcely one but turns you off his rondeau or ballade, and very cleverly withal. Ditties written gracefully, like those of Sherman, Minturn Peck, and others, are more agreeable than the prentice-work of sentimentalists. A sprightly Mercutio is better company than your juvenile Harold or Werter." But in these days, when the blithe songs of the light-hearted choir are found so charming—when from every bough, as we walk the pleasant paths in the groves of poetry, we hear the joyous, airy notes of innumerable songsters, like flights of glittering *roulades* over the sonorous harmonies of the Tennysons and Brownings, it seems ungrateful in us that the sweet-voiced Herrick should be all but forgotten. Of that gallant company which steered in the glorious wake of Shakespeare, few have met with more undeserved neglect. A vicar in Devonshire, he wrote his verses in the leisure of his quiet country life, giving them the beauty and fragrance of the flowers and fields about his dwelling. He invokes Apollo at the outset, in one of his little poems; and if ever the god was gracious, it was to that prayer.

"Phoebus, when that I a verse
Of some numbers more rehearse,
Tune my words that they may fall
Each way smoothly musical;
For which favour, there shall be
Swans devoted unto thee."

He lived for a time, however, in London, and his friends were such men as Selden, Ben Jonson, Cotton, Denham, Weeks, William and Henry Lawes, to the latter of whom

His verses are amatory, anacreontic and bacchanalian, and pastoral. The hymns in praise of Bacchus are few, however; he loved his calm, leisurely country life more, perhaps, than the glorious nights at the Mermaid tavern. But he loved these too.

"Ah, Ben,
Say how or when
Shall we, thy guests,
Meet at those lyric feasts,
Made at the Sun,
The Dog, the Triple Tun;
Where we such clusters had,
As made us nobly wild, not mad?
And yet each verse of thine
Outdid the meet, outdid the frolic wine."

It is strange that our lyrists' gladness and grace did not make

him loved by all since his time; but the age succeeding his forgot him, and rejoiced in "the phlegmatic grace and pedantry of Waller, and the grace without pedantry of Carew." Palgrave's *Golden Treasury* restored some of Herrick's songs to their rightful place; who does not know—

"Gather ye rose-buds while ye may,
Old time is still a-flying"?

He is the most joyous of singers, fresh as the spring, singing for love of song. And there is no poet who has more *abandon*, who so wholly gives himself up to his present feelings.

"Mine eyes, like clouds, were drizzling rain;
And as they thus did entertain
The gentle beams from Julia's sight
To mine eyes levell'd opposite,
O, thing admired! there did appear
A curious rainbow smiling there;
Which was the covenant that she
Would no more drown my eyes, or me."

But one who would write of the *Hesperides* has under his hand such a copious store of charming little poems, that he could wish to print not a few of them, and nothing more.

I cannot, in ending, refrain from quoting the words that end the preface in my copy: "May thy finest poems be piped from hill to hill throughout England; and thy spirit, tinged with superstitious lore, be gladdened by the music! May the flowers breathe incense to thy fame, for thou hast not left one of them unsung! May the silvery springs and circumambient air murmur thy praises, as thou hast warbled theirs, and may those who live well, sing, and those who love well, sigh, sweet panegyrics to thy memory; ours shall not be wanting, for we have read thee much, and like thee much, and would fain hope that thy thoughts and language may be liked as well as we like thee." T.

HOW THE POET MAKES VERSES.

"He could songes make and wel endite."

—CHAUCER.

Business was pretty well over on that editors' night, and the sanctum presented an appearance of unpremeditated ease as the *habitués* mellowed into general converse. A glorious veil of delicate blue smoke shrouded the flickering yellow gas flame, and it needed all the fervour of the snug fire in the grate to bring out the quiet tints of the rich coloring of the wall-paper, pleasantly in contrast to the heavy shutter and old-fashioned casemate. The quaint legend graved on the mantel and the hieroglyphics that heralded to future ages the fame of mighty articles gleamed darkly forth so proudly that they must have been aware of their importance. The quiet talk went on.

All at once, I forget just the connection, Jack's voice was heard in full career overbearing all else—something derogatory to the testy tribe of bards. It was amusing to watch the Poet-Laureate, by merit raised to that bad eminence, when poets were mentioned. He had been sitting in an old arm-chair, the attitude more easy than graceful, fondling an antique pipe of common clay. He suddenly straightened up with conscious dignity and sedately rebuked the scoffer. At least such was my impression, for I awoke to the interest of the situation in time to catch the concluding words of Jack's reply: "That's all right about your *Poeta nascitur non fit*, but I suspect some poets have to have a pretty severe *fit* before they froth over as they do." For Jack dearly loves his pun, the more obnoxious it is the better. Vex not the poet's mind, eh? Entirely unnecessary injunction, my dear fellow. Why, I tell you any one can saw off words into lengths and label it poetry.

"Can you?" was the terse reply of the poet, with a brevity intended to be crushing.

"I think I can and if you care to witness the experiment, I shall try right here."

"Let her go Gal—, I mean that we shall be delighted," said the poet, with ironical politeness.

Jack turned his chair to the table, which as usual was littered with the miscellanea of manuscript, pens, exchanges, that accumulate on the editor's table during the year. For no one ever saw that table in its native hideousness. Jack carefully selected his pen, remarking that it should *de rigueur* be a

quill, and groped among the litter for a scrap of paper. Then in dumb pantomime tore his hair and invited the muse.

He began:—"I, the Poet, find it full time to turn off some melodious trifles, if I am to live up to my reputation. Let me see. Suppose I tackle a triolet." For as he put it with his vigorous slang 'it pans out better.' Under his breath he hummed over a refrain, beating the ground with his foot to see if it scanned and then announced: This will do to start on,—

My love is lost me evermore.

What then? Of course any one can see with half an eye that there should be a *weeping*. It is a little too much of a chestnut to say that I am weeping. So let me turn it differently. Oh here it is,—

Too sore is my heart for weeping.

You see, *simplex munditiis*. "But," interrupted your humble servant, "do you mean to say that you haven't selected a subject; don't know what's going to be the situation or thought?" "My dear fellow," said Jack, with a patronizing air, "there is no need; whatever it happens to be, we will find a title. 'Make the punishment fit the crime.'" Jack can't forget the Mikado. "But, don't interrupt me again."

"Now," he continued, "I want the rhymes." He ran over tore, wore, adore, dore, afore, door, roar, shore. "Oh, shore will do. Bearing in mind what has already been written, it is at once seen that we must justify the weeping. The next line must then be—

Forsaken on this *something* shore.

"Lonely is a pretty good adjective. Good local colouring, you know; so the line will run—

Forsaken on this lonely shore.

"The feet are a little gouty, but it will do. The first line is repeated. We have now to get another rhyme." Again he ran over the availables and seemed rather at a loss. At last he said: "The old, reliable *o'er* will fill the bill. That makes it imperative to bring in the sea and sailing. You have studied metaphysics and know that rule about the association of ideas? Sailing . . . the sea o'er. We will now try to fill in. Try 'far from me.' Then it reads—

Sailing far from me the sea o'er.

"That won't do. Let us put in an adjective before sea, and it will be better. Blue? Angry? No, we want a monosyllable. How about *salt*? Eureka!

Sailing far from me the salt sea o'er.

To abridge the process, again we hunt for our rhyme—say sleeping—and the next line naturally is

While 'neath a bower I was sleeping.

"Now the deed is done, and what is it? The only meaning in the thing is that someone is left on a shore by his or her lover. Let me see—wasn't there something of the kind on record? Arach—no that's not the name. The poet then will turn up his classical dictionary and fit it to Ariadne

"The Triolet complete then reads thus," and Jack read it in that sing-song cadence that poets do most affect when they read their own verses:—

ARIADNE.

A Triolet.

My love is lost me evermore,
Too sore is my heart for weeping;
Forsaken on this lonely shore,
My love is lost me evermore—
Sailing far from me the salt sea o'er
While 'neath a bower I was sleeping,
My love was lost me evermore,
Too sore is my heart for weeping."

Then, all forgetful of the grand old maxim, *Nonumque prematur in annum*, let your poems be kept nine years, he sends it to the Editor; and with swelled head the poet strikes the stars.

Jack concluded, and, remarking it was late, retired.

We sat mutely watching the Poet who seemed confused. At last he brightened, looked up, was surprised to see Jack was gone. Said with a slight air of hauteur: "Say! Do you know that I think that Jack made this up beforehand and wanted to show us that he too could write poetry, and mighty ragged lines they are too." *Chorus Omnes*, "Mighty ragged."

B,

THE VARSITY.

THE VARSITY is published in the University of Toronto every Saturday during the Academic Year, October to May inclusive.

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All communications should be addressed to THE EDITOR, University College, Toronto, and must be in on Wednesday of each week.

Contributions when not accepted will be returned if accompanied with a stamp for that purpose.

We draw attention to the letter of our correspondent referring to the communication from the College Council to the Literary and Scientific Society, in reference to the use of Convocation Hall for public debates, read at the first meeting of the Society for this term. Had the College Council taken the students into its confidence at the time when the occurrences complained of last fall led to what appeared to be an arbitrary act of the Council, any unpleasantness might have been avoided. Now that an explanation has been given, we feel sure that it will commend itself to the good sense of the undergraduates as a body. There is no reason why the keeping up of college customs and traditions—of which we have too few—should clash with reasonable demands on the part of the College Council.

Collegiate spirit, to avoid using the expressive but hackneyed *esprit-de-corps*, seems declining step by step with increasing numbers. It becomes more and more difficult to know even one's own year. Small coteries are then formed of men reading the same work. This is not as it should be, however well calculated to train specialists. A student who devotes himself entirely to reading, to the neglect of college life, misses some of the best effects of a university training. For he were a vain man who expected in four short years to master books enough to furnish his mind for life. Then it is that the foundations are laid for a life-time of thought and study. It is not so much book-knowledge that we should seek to acquire as habits of thought. Refinement and liberality, in the sense of breadth of view, should characterize the University man. If we gain these surely our college course has amply repaid us. How can this wholesome liberality be better acquired than by familiar intercourse with our fellow-students. College societies, college customs and observances, by bringing the men together, promote this intercourse, and none of them should be allowed to decay. The bookish man, while all very well as a portable encyclopedia, is generally a failure for the practical purposes of life. While we may not agree with Mr. Slick in his aphorism that "books spile the mind," it is too true that "the habit of supplying our ideas from foreign sources enfeebles all internal strength of thought."

It is gratifying to be able to record in the first number of this year the practical aid lately given by a friend of the College to the study of English literature, the subject which it is the highest aim and special pleasure of this journal to promote in every possible way. The President announced on Convocation Day that Frederick Wyld, Esq., one of the most prominent merchants in the city, had offered a yearly prize of \$25 in books for the best essay in English prose. It is unnecessary to dilate upon the great and lasting benefit to be derived from the independent study of our great writers, and from all attempts, feeble though at first they be, to contribute to the literature of our day. It is enough to welcome, with hearty appreciation of the munificence of the donor, this practical aid to the attainment of excellence in English composition. We understand that the prize is to be restricted to students of the senior years; and is to be awarded for the best essay on a subject selected by three examiners to be appointed by the College Council, who are to award the prize. We would suggest that these examiners

be appointed and the subject, with full conditions, fixed and published without any delay, so that those desiring to compete may be able to undertake the work before the pressure of the regular course is felt. On behalf of those interested in the development of the literary spirit, we beg to thank Mr. Wyld for his generous gift, and hope that he may himself see some satisfactory outcome of his attempt to promote the best expression of the best thought.

Though this is the "close season" for honorary degrees, perhaps a few words upon the subject may not be without some effect upon those who are either preparing to fish illegally for them, or who are going to connive at the irregularity. In looking over the reports of the college commencements of last summer, we are painfully impressed by the fact that the practice of bestowing honorary degrees is growing apace, and threatens to bring academical distinctions into contempt. Especially is this the case in the United States. Fortunately Canadian degrees are not hawked about so promiscuously. Our own University, we are proud to say, is leading the van in its silent and dignified protest against this evil habit, by bestowing no honorary degrees whatsoever. We sincerely trust it will continue in its present course, and that its example may influence other institutions to restrain their ardour. The possession of a university degree is of little value in itself. But since convention has stamped it with a certain meaning and has attached to it a certain importance, it is right and proper that it should be borne by those who have justly earned the right to assume it; and that its worth and dignity should be maintained and enhanced. The real worth of a university degree consists in its meaning to the individual who obtains it, and not in *any* honour or distinction which its possessor may seem to indicate. Its meaning to the individual is, that he has spent a certain time—long or short—at an institution for higher education; that he has read a certain prescribed amount; that he understood the same—or else what do examinations stand for? and finally that he has received a certain amount of knowledge and culture, which passes under the elastic name of education. Under these circumstances the already illusory value of a university degree should not be rendered more tenuous by being bestowed *honoris causa*.

Occasionally it is our privilege to see the *Phonetic Herald*. The only noteworthy feature of this publication is a peculiar zebra effect in spelling that is commonly associated with a school of American humour, the head and front of which was Josh Billings. The Canadian disciples of the sage Josh, though neither numerous nor influential, are clamorous in the public press for recognition. Their views are not novel, nor has their system one whit more of practical value than many others emanating from far higher sources. Admitting all that can be urged against established usage in spelling, there are abundant grounds, and these, too, sufficiently apparent, for declining the proposed change. No doubt the present system is arbitrary and conventional, encrusted with anomalies, the outcome of centuries of adjustment—anomalies hideous to the eye of the spelling-reformer; any other system, however, must be equally arbitrary, or else inextricable confusion will result; for what two men combine primitive sounds in precisely the same way? Again, to represent at all accurately the current mode of pronouncing a given word—so fluid a thing is pronunciation—different collations of symbols would be required at various times and places. If we are to sacrifice at the altar of consistency, we shall require the difference between the pronunciation of Shakespeare's era and our own to be marked in the literature of the new system. Fancy the intellectual dyspepsia that would result from viewing the transformation of Shakespeare into Billingsese! Such an apparition must suggest the idea of Harlequin in all the glory of paint and stripes tumbling over the page. There is a dignity in language quite a apparent to the eye as to the ear; and, apart from any effect of association, it is at least open to question whether pages thus uncouthly garnished could ever portray that harmony and grace so characteristic of what is best in our literature. It is to be regretted that men of any intellectual force should dissipate their energy in seriously advocating so visionary a scheme.

CONVOCATION.

The annual Convocation of University College loses none of its popularity. This year the number of invited guests who sought admission to the hall seemed greater than ever, and many were obliged to remain outside. The students were much quieter than usual, and there was very little unseemly behavior. It was, indeed, rather a pity to hear so little chorus singing between the speeches. Convocation Day is one of the few students' days, and no one is desirous of interfering with their characteristic proceedings, so long as they conduct them with due decorum.

The first item on the programme was the presentation to the President of students who had attained special academical distinction. As the names have appeared in the daily press, we omit them here. Since the abolition of medals and scholarships by the Senate, the Council have been endeavoring to substitute similar awards in the College, by means of private benefactions. These medals and scholarships were presented for the first time this year. It is significant of the difficulty of obtaining first-class honours in the graduating year, under the new standard, that, in each department, there was only one candidate entitled to receive the medal. The absence of Miss Balmer, who graduated first in Modern Languages, and of Mr. G. Chambers, who stood first in the final examination in the Chemistry department, was commented upon. No medals were announced as won in these departments. W. H. C. Kerr, Esq., M.A., who has endowed a medal in Classics, delivered a lengthy speech on the occasion of the first presentation of it, in which he eulogized the former Professor of Classics, Dr. McCaul.

The chief interest of Convocation, however, centred in the addresses of the Revs. Drs. Potts and Nelles, the former the General Educational Secretary to the Methodist Conference, the latter President of Victoria College, Cobourg. Dr. Potts delivered a short address, in which he expressed his great pleasure at being present in his official capacity to express in public, on this, the first opportunity, the satisfaction of the Methodist Church that Victoria was about to join the federation of Colleges affiliated to the University of Toronto, and to make its home in Queen's Park. He stated his belief that the educative power of Victoria College would be greatly increased through this affiliation, and took it as an omen of the increased efficiency of the Methodist Church to supply the educational requirements of its own people.

Dr. Nelles followed in a highly eulogistic and eloquent strain. He referred to the great pleasure it gave him to stand upon the same platform with the honoured President of University College, as a fellow worker and ally in the cause of university education. He congratulated the Methodist Church and Victoria College that it was in the near future to work side by side with University College in the common cause of higher education. Dr. Nelles spoke very hopefully of the future of his own college. He modestly referred to its achievements in the past, and predicted much greater results in the future. The doctor then spoke at length upon the attitude of the Provincial Government towards the Provincial University, and urged very strongly the necessity of immediate expenditure. The professoriate staff he described as altogether inadequate to the requirements of the large and ever increasing numbers of students attending the University. A hall of sufficient size to answer all purposes was a crying necessity, and he hoped the Government would give the matter immediate attention. During Dr. Nelles' speech several rather unseemly remarks were made by a few recalcitrants at the back of the hall. Visitors, at least, should be safe from interruption and annoyance. It was not in the best possible taste for a humorously disposed individual to call out *A-men* in ultra-clerical style at the end of one of the doctor's periods.

Dr. Wilson then delivered his annual address, which has been very fully reported in the daily papers, and needs no recapitulation here. The President spoke with that unpretending eloquence which always characterizes his addresses, and he was listened to with careful attention, even by the gentlemen in the rear. He courteously welcomed Victoria College, and took the opportunity of disclaiming the innuendo that it would be practically reduced to the level of a theological college. For his own part he was glad that Victoria had come into federation as an Arts college, and hoped that with greatly increased appliances, it would do still better work than it had done in the past. Before closing, Dr. Wilson publicly thanked the friends of University College who had generously contributed medals, scholarships and prizes to supply the loss occasioned by the expropriation of scholarship funds.

THE VARSITY also may be allowed to welcome the new affiliated college, and to extend to it hearty congratulation upon its present removal to the centre of learning and refinement in this country. We have every confidence in the future of the University to which we owe our existence. We believe it is destined to rank among the first educational forces in the world. As the tide of civilisation moves with slow but certain step from the old world to the new; and as even now this continent stands in the full light of the wisdom of the past, and gathers power for the wisdom of its own hereafter, our University, even now in the forefront, has a future before it which is not to be bounded, but by the fancy of prophetic vision. To this University does Victoria come; of it may she prove herself a worthy member.

COMMUNICATIONS.

HAZING.

To the Editors of THE VARSITY.

SIRS,—I think it right that the facts set forth in the letters from the College Council read at the first meeting of the Literary Society, should be presented prominently to the notice of all students. As no doubt there are many who did not hear the letter read, it may be well to recount here the position of the Council in the matter. It will be remembered that we were refused last year the use of Convocation Hall for public meetings, and as a consequence it followed that strained relations subsisted between the Society and the Council until the close of the year.

In the letter I have spoken of above, the College Council has condescended to explain, and it at once becomes apparent that like most other misunderstandings, this had at bottom nothing but what will commend itself to the good sense of all. The Council has decided to allow the Society the use of Convocation Hall as of old, wishing the students, at the same time, to bear in mind the following statement of fact. The insurance companies which have risks on the buildings have notified the Council that should a fire occur while students are in the vaults or otherwise about the buildings at illegal hours, the risks will be invalid.

This speaks for itself; and it is to be hoped that it will merit the attention it deserves.

STUDENT.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY.

To the Editors of THE VARSITY.

SIRS,—Steps were taken in the Literary and Scientific Society during the past year looking to a course of lectures to be delivered under the auspices of that Society. A committee was appointed and reported that the season was then so late that it was practically impossible that year to secure desirable lectures. Still later again the Political and Science Club were in treaty with Henry George. The Literary Society took action in the report presented and appointed a committee to sit during the summer and make what preliminary arrangements were necessary. By this the matter would be in a sufficient state of forwardness at the opening of the active work of the Society, to ensure a good course of lectures during the winter.

The students of every American College worthy of the name manage to secure for their course a very respectable lecture talent. There is an institution calling itself the Redpath Lyceum Bureau, Boston, U. S. A., through whose agency, even at this late day, it might be possible to complete a course. The Society could readily provide a series even from among Canadian men of letters and science. The matter should not be allowed to drop, an enterprising effort on the part of the Society would place the success of the movement beyond doubt.

The neverfailing objection to any new departure, Will it interfere with the conversazione? will be sure to be urged. But our body of students ought to be able to support more than one College event during the year.

VERITAS.

THE TUG OF WAR.

To the Editors of THE VARSITY.

SIRS,—In the language of Bret Harte's Truthful James, I would rise to exclaim sadly,

"What is this that I see,
My eyes do I doubt?
Which it's puzzling to me,
Or is visions about?
Is our civilization a failure,
Or is the Caucasian played out?"

For I can hardly believe the evidence of my senses—*did* four freshmen, unhazed at that, draw after them ignominiously, with a degrading rope, four seniors,—four seniors,—four fourth year men, and among them the *Mufti* of residence? Four seniors drawn *multa reluctantes*, like Virgil's bull!

I tossed on my bed in sleepless unrest, multitudinous thoughts surging through my brain all Thursday night. *O triumphery, O Moses!* I exclaimed. Have the seniors lost all the Roman vigour of their predecessors? Are they not the heirs of glorious traditions? Are the times wofully changed, that they cannot hold their own against the invading hordes of the unhazed? "Let them not lay that flattering function to their sole," as a great author has said.

And this is why I rise to remark, tearfully, as before,

"What is this that I see,
My eyes do I doubt?
Which it's puzzling to me,
Or is visions about?
Is our civilization a failure,
Or is the Caucasian played out?"

TUGSONOFOGUN.

ROUND THE TABLE.

Here is a little gem of word-painting from Carlyle's journal. It is winter of '34, and Carlyle has been reading Homer; his attention is drawn to that queer scene in the Council where Therstes makes too free with the godlike heroes, and his back pays the score.

"When Ulysses weals his back with that bang of the sceptre, how he sinks annihilated like a cracked bug! Mark, too, the sugar-loaf head, bald but for down, the shoulders drawn together over his back; a perfect beauty in his kind."

A grim kind of humour this of Carlyle, essentially characteristic of a ruder age. Quite incidentally in conversation it happened that reference was made to the Carlylean humour. It evoked the somewhat curious response—What! do you find any humor in Carlyle?—with a little laugh at the oddity of the notion. It might be worth investigating the conception of humour betrayed by such query. Probably it rises little above hearty appreciation of a pun, or the routine of funny paragraphs in comic papers. But observe how mechanical is this compounding of tunnyisms. The effect aimed at is a mild shock produced by something unusual or forced in the turn of expression. Suppose that the phrase to be operated on is—"There is some sense in that." Keeping in mind the effect intended, it is at once evident that for "sense" an unexpected word must be substituted—all the better if somewhat undignified. Then, the innocent assertion, "there is some sense in that," appears in its funny dress as "there is *gum* in that." Or, again, let a politician at a public meeting declare that such or such is his unalterable opinion on some question of the day. The reporter for the other paper feels it his bounden duty to ridicule the speaker. The usual method is employed—a familiar phrase, totally unexpected however in this connection is inserted, and the desired result is brought about. "Mr. A. gave it as his unalterable *registered-for-transmission-abroad* opinion, etc., etc." Thus reads the translation into the funny dialect. This is all very well in its way, and clever enough too, but something radically different is needed to constitute humour. It is not enough that an idea be tricked up in fantastic garb—in itself such results in mere prettiness at best. The peculiar savor of humor must inhere in the idea. Quaintness in diction is one thing—another to grasp an idea in its fanciful relations, relations however that serve to throw into strong relief its pregnant verity; and herein it is that the humour of *Sartor Resartus* consists. Because so founded on the real that, like a flash, it lights up the dark corners of a subject, places the reader at a new point of view by, as it were, "depolarizing" the fixed phraseology that encumbers it. Humor in this sense is a deadly weapon against sham, however bulwarked by protecting formulas. This powerful engine did Carlyle possess and employ to good purpose against unverities impervious to argument.

* * *

How few of us who are about University College day after day give what thought we should to the magnificence of design in its architecture, and the quaintness, the grotesqueness of detail! Have you ever come to it by moonlight, with the massive tower standing out above the sculptured portal, and the soft lines of light and shadow along the front,—with its pinnacles and gables and roofs, and all its lines and carvings bathed in that motionless silvery whiteness, like some perfect shape out of cloudland? Have you seen it under an autumn sunset? The sight would go far to gift one with an almost tremulous sense of the beautiful. Are you on familiar terms with each of the wide-mouthed, grinning heads and gargoyles set in the noble architecture like the quips and cranks in Shakespeare? Have you ever, except on hazy nights, gone down into the vaults to explore every corner? Have you stood in the vaulted chamber beneath the tower, straining your eyes to see something more than visible darkness "by the dim, religious light" of a match? Do you yet know,—or could you wish to know,—the edifice stone by stone, carving by carving? Have you found meanings in all this beauty of architecture? The two blindworms carved in stone, for example, one on either side the steps leading to the main entrance, are symbolical of the slow, painful strugglings up from the depths and darkness into the light of knowledge. Did you know of this before? Have you read what William Black has written of our University in *Green Pastures and Piccadilly*? Do you—but I pause for breath.

* * *

These rhetorical questions you will answer to yourself as best may please you. If it be that any third person,—not you or I,—looks on them as fatuous, senseless queries, pranked out in an affected mode, let him pray that it may yet be given him to gather to himself some of the wisdom beyond price which knows how to come upon

"Tongues in trees, wisdom in running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

* * *

A politician is constantly on thorns lest he be inconsistent with

previous utterances. In fact, consistency is the choicest jewel in the crown of political virtues. Honour and honesty the politician may have, but consistency is imperative. Consistency, however, is not the peculiar virtue of politicians; all manner of men sacrifice at her altar: in effect, wish it to be thought that their minds are well-balanced and trustworthy. All this savours of egotism. Pray, sir, who are you, anyway, that it concerns this busy world to reflect whether you have always thought as now? Of course, it is safe to predict that to-morrow one will think two and two make four, and so on. It is equally safe to presume that the general rules of conduct that have become part and parcel of our existence will still seem necessary and valid. But why seek to carry mathematical certainty into the realm of taste and judgment? What a dreary, monotonous existence this of ours would be if we could see before us in this way our mental furniture always the same. How tiresome it would be to be always knocking against the same old idea, like a machine, regularly, on due occasion, going through the same motions. Where, then, is there room for mental growth and expansion if, because we have once regarded such and such a standard as final, we are not permitted to change? Let us not be quite so consistent; rather should it be faced as a symptom of mental stagnation if your opinions on matters of judgment have not undergone some distinct, though it may be slight, modification. For if so, certain it is that either no further data have been found or that you are gifted with marvellous prescience. All of us who have been *boys* (some of us seem to have missed this stage of development) will remember a curious operation of which the subject used to be a hen. Take a staid old hen, whose youthful levity has disappeared under the cares of the world; with your hand press her beak to the ground, and draw with a lump of chalk a line straight from the tip thereof. Remove all restraint, and the deluded fowl remains in that position as if fascinated, steadily glaring at that line. This exactly represents the attitude of the man who boasts his consistency. By some means placed at one point of view of a subject, there he sticks, it being impossible to put him in possession of a different one, and thereby enlarge his mental experience. Let us not be quite so consistent.

* * *

A correspondent asks what is the sanctioned usage in the matter of spelling the name of the greatest of dramatists and poets. An exhaustive essay on this subject will be found in Elze's book on Shakespeare, in the Library,—one might term the essay exhausting, were it not that nothing can be tedious which treats of Shakespeare. From records, documents, the parish registers of Stratford town, and what other sources are to be got at, it has been found that the name is spelt very variously, as might indeed be expected in an age when orthography was still a matter of private opinion. It would seem that the true spelling is either Shakespeare or Shakspeare. The last needs explanation. When the immortal William came to be a man about town, he grew half ashamed of the homely name his forbears, stalwart Warwickshire yeomen, had left him. Names which have a specific matter-of-fact meaning cannot take on the nameless magic of courtly ease—even though when done into Latin they have the fine sonorous quality of *Hastivibrans*; for so did a poet of his own day name him. Elze has some interesting remarks on this frivolous fashion of the day, which is with us still in the person of Mr. J. Bandkerque Smythe. Shakspeare may well be forgiven this trifling vanity, if it fits us, whose minds and souls would be lost in that noble, godlike man's, to speak so of him; and I will own that I take a simple, foolish pleasure in writing his name as he would have it written in the hey-day of his London success.

* * *

We had been talking of Tennyson's "Break, break, break," and the ingenious man, who was sitting near the fire, in the broken arm-chair, repeated the verses slowly:

"Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

"O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!"

"Do you know," he said, "what the finest thing about these lines is,—the something which haunts you with its hinted pathetic grace? It must be sought for deeply. The initial letters of the first stanza are *b-o-a-t!* What superb 'local coloring' in a sea-piece! Ah, Tennyson is indeed a great poet!"

This, you must know, was sarcasm on the part of the ingenious man; for he had in his mind at the time certain critical Boeotians, with perceptions no blunter than the large end of an egg, who do analyze most deftly the spell under which the poets hold us.

HH.

UNIVERSITY AND COLLEGE NEWS.

All reports from Societies must reach us by noon on Thursday to ensure insertion.

Mr. J. J. Mackenzie is in Leipzig.

Mr. J. M. Palmer is in law in this city.

Mr. A. D. Crooks is in law in Toronto.

Mr. J. McD. Duncan continues at Knox.

Mr. J. W. Morrice is with McLaren & Co.

Mr. R. Baldwin is with F. W. Kingstone.

Mr. W. P. Mustard is the new Fellow in Classics.

Professor Loudon is spending a year in Germany.

Mr. G. H. Needler is off for Leipzig after a Ph. D.

We welcome Mr. J. E. Elliott to the graduating class.

Mr. Robert King has gone to Guelph Training Institute.

Mr. R. Shiell has entered law with Coatsworth & Hodgins.

Mr. C. P. Clark is training for a league umpire next season.

Mr. I. E. Martin is filling Prof. Loudon's position with ability.

Mr. H. J. Hamilton spent the summer in Prince Edward Island.

Mr. A. G. Morphy is organist of London South Methodist Church.

Mr. D. J. MacMurchy, is with Wells & MacMurchy, barristers.

Mr. T. A. Rowan is studying law with Beaty, Hamilton & Cassels.

Mr. W. W. Baldwin is studying Medicine at Trinity Medical School.

Messrs. R. Gourlay and T. Marshall are at the Hamilton Training Institute.

Messrs. R. A. Patterson and G. D. Wilson are at the Strathroy Training Institute.

Mr. Jno. McMaster has secured a partner in life and a position in Belleville High School.

Mr. Eugene W. Sterne has secured a position at the Passaic Rolling Mill Co., Patterson, N.J.

Messrs. J. C. Robertson and A. S. Johnston, ex-fellows, have engaged in the profession of pedagogics.

Mr. L. P. Duff wields the birch at Barrie Collegiate Institute. He will resume his collegiate studies after Christmas.

Miss E. Balmer has received the appointment of teacher of Modern Languages at the Ladies' College, Brantford.

Mr. T. M. Logie has been appointed Fellow in Metaphysics. His lectures are said to be popular and largely attended.

Mr. J. M. Baldwin is once more a freshman, this time in Wycliffe. Report says he has been hazed already, but this is untrue.

Mr. A. F. Chamberlain is still in town. He has been studying hard during the summer, and to his B.A. now adds the title M. P. I. R. R. S. (Member of the Park Irrational Radical Ranting Society.)

Rumour states that our G. O. M. (Professor Young) is writing a book on some recent discoveries of his own in Mathematics. There is some disappointment among his students that the subject is not Metaphysics.

Mr. J. P. Hatton, while returning home after Commencement last June, broke his leg in an attempt to save a child who was falling from the platform of the last car. Jim has recuperated, however, and is now at the Training School, Guelph.

Gibbard is now chief of the library *aides-de-camp*, and presides with ability and affability over a staff composed of himself and J. N. Dales. Business will be carried on at the old stand with a largely increased stock.

A meeting of the Historical and Political Society will be held in McMillan's Hall, cor. Yonge and Gerrard, on Tuesday, 26th, at 4 o'clock p.m. Wm. Houston, M.A., President of the Society, will deliver an address on "The Place of Political Science in a Liberal Education."

Sunday evening services have commenced in Wycliffe College. Students of University College are cordially invited.—The Rev. Dr. Sheraton has begun his Greek Testament class for University students on Sunday at 3 p.m.—The Alumni Association held its annual meeting on the 13th and 14th. Papers were read on different phases of Church work and life by the Revs. S. Weston Jones, A. C. Miles, B.A., C. J. James, B.A., and F. H. DuVernet. The annual dinner was held on Wednesday evening, and on Thursday evening a well-attended conversation formally opened the College.—Eight K. Co. men in Wycliffe, including two non-coms. Five novitiates were admitted to the family circle of the C. U., with customary formalities, on Thursday, 14th, early, nearly filling the gap made by the three secessionists of the past year.

Captain Delamere, K. Co. '66, having resigned the adjutancy, has been posted to K. Of course the captain considers it a promotion.—Sergt. Levesconte takes the colours lately worn by Sergt. Cronyn and Corps. Crooks and Hamilton each don an extra stripe. Ptes. Mustard, Patterson and Acheson for regular attendance decorate as corporals the ranks of the Q. O. R. non-coms.—Three Smiths in the recruit class, to the unlimited confusion of Lieut. Gunther. Mathematical men differentiate them as Smith, Smith dash, Smith double dash. Room for more.—K. Co. came well to the fore in the battalion rifle match, on Saturday, the 9th. Sergt. Crooks topped the list in both aggregate and general with scores of 79 and 59. Corp. Mustard and Pte. Redden carried off prizes in the nursery, general and aggregate matches. Captain Delemere, Ptes. Duff, McLaren, Elliott and Bugler Swift all got in, a total of 15 prizes.—Lieut. Mercer is at present taking a short course at the Military School in the New Fort.

The sixth annual meeting of THE VARSITY Publishing Company was held on Monday last, the 18th of October, in Moss Hall, Mr. Creelman, the President, in the chair. The financial statement was read and explained by Mr. Jones, the Treasurer, and Mr. Irving, the Business Manager. The statement, being satisfactory, was unanimously adopted. The election of officers and Directors was then proceeded with and resulted in the selection of the following gentlemen:—President, W. F. W. Creelman, B.A., LL.B.; Vice-President, W. H. Blake, B.A.; Editor-in-chief, F. B. Hodgins; Associate Editors, T. B. Phillips-Stewart, J. O. Miller, W. J. Healy, and W. H. Hunter; Secretary, John S. MacLean; Treasurer, T. A. Gibson; Business Manager, John A. Garvin; Directors, F. A. C. Redden, T. Nattress, J. E. Jones, B. M. Aikins, J. H. Moss, A. T. Hunter, A. A. Macdonald, and H. E. T. Haultain. A vote of thanks to the retiring editor, and to the contributors, was very heartily passed by the meeting. About 25 shareholders were present. The meeting adjourned at 10 p.m.

The first meeting of the Literary Society was held in Moss Hall last Friday evening. The attendance was very good, between sixty and seventy. The President, Mr. T. C. Milligan, B.A., occupied the chair. A new feature in the programme was the introduction of music, the Society having engaged a piano for the year. Mr. R. L. Johnston opened the evening's entertainment with a song, after which Mr. F. H. Moss contributed a reading from Bret Harte. The debate on Home Rule was very much above the average, and gave good promise for the year. Messrs. McMillan and Acheson specially distinguished themselves, though the speeches were too long to allow of any further discussion of the question before putting it to the meeting. The amendment moved by Mr. Acheson, and seconded by Mr. Gibson, in favour of Home Rule, was carried by a large majority. It is hoped that every student will render all the assistance in his power, both by his presence and willingness to participate in the proceedings of the Society, to make the meetings successful and profitable.

The Rugby Club has had a most successful season so far. The first team has played and won three matches. On the 9th of October it defeated Upper Canada College team by 52 points to 0. A. G. Smith, G. B. McClean and H. J. Senkler dropped goals from the field. On the same day the second team defeated the second Torontos by 23 points to 0. On October 16th the first team went to Guelph and defeated the Agricultural College team by 55 points to 1. In this match J. H. Senkler and A. G. Smith dropped goals from the field. On October 20th the following team defeated Trinity College by 66 points to 0.—Back, W. P. Mustard; Half-Back, L. Boyd and J. H. Senkler; Quarter-Back, E. C. Senkler and G. B. McClean; Forwards, W. B. Nesbitt, E. G. Rykert, E. Bayly, G. H. Richardson, D. Ferguson, R. McDowell, J. E. Mill, J. S.

MacLean, A. G. Smith and W. Cross. In this match Smith got 4 touch-downs and D. Ferguson dropped a goal. The forwards played a fast game, keeping constantly on the ball. The quarters—Senkler, E., and McClean, the latter an Inter-Provincial man and a decided acquisition—played an unselfish game, and, along with the backs, passed beautifully. They also managed to play some tricks on the Trinity men in throwing out from touch. In all, the first team has made 173 points to 1 in the three matches played, and will probably score another win against Upper Canada College on the 22nd. The tug-of-war comes on the 30th, when it plays Ottawa College—the champions of Ontario—on the lawn. It suffered its only defeat last year at the hands of Ottawa College, but hopes this year to turn the tables. The second fifteen plays the second Hamiltons on the lawn on the 23rd. As there are some very promising players on the second team a good game may be expected.

Last April a meeting of the students was held, at which it was decided to hold athletic sports after the commencement of the Michaelmas Term. The meeting chose a large and representative committee to carry out its wishes, and charged them to endeavour to re-establish an annual athletic meeting—for the first time in five years—which would develop the general athletic spirit of the students and give an impetus to sport in general around University College. The committee is, with one or two exceptions, the same as that appointed by the meeting of April last, viz.:—President, J. N. McKendrick; Secretary, F. B. Hodgins; Treasurer, F. H. Moss; J. S. MacLean, J. A. Garvin, J. T. Jackson, H. McLaren, H. B. Fraser, E. C. Senkler, D. Ferguson, J. S. Johnston, J. H. Senkler, J. H. Moss, A. A. Macdonald and L. Boyd. Ever since the opening of College this committee has been hard at work perfecting the details of the meeting, which passed off with such success last Thursday, the 21st instant. The following is the list of prize winners:—

Putting the Shot (16 lbs)—1st, A. N. Garrett, 34 ft. 4 in.; 2nd, A. McNally, 33 ft.

Running Long Jump—1st, A. N. Garrett, 18 ft. 3 in.; 2nd, G. McClean, 18 ft. 2½ in.

220 Yards Race—1st, E. O. Sliter; 2nd, J. H. Senkler.

Half-mile Race—1st, A. A. Macdonald; 2nd, G. McClean.

100 Yards Race—1st, J. H. Senkler; 2nd, J. N. McKendrick.

Sack Race (75 yards)—1st, W. A. Lamport; 2nd, W. P. Thomson.

High Jump—1st, J. H. Senkler, 5 ft. 6 in.; 2nd, A. N. Garrett, 5 ft. 5 in.

Quarter-mile Race (Undergraduates)—1st, E. O. Sliter; 2nd, L. Campbell.

Final Tug of War—Freshman Team, G. McClean, A. Campbell, A. McNally and G. H. Watt.

One Mile Race—1st, A. A. Macdonald; 2nd, W. A. Lamport.

Quarter-mile Race (Graduates)—1st, W. P. Mustard; 2nd, A. M. Macdonell.

Hurdle Race (120 yards)—1st, E. O. Sliter; 2nd, J. H. Senkler.

Quarter-mile Race (open)—1st, H. E. Sewell, Toronto Lacrosse Club; 2nd, R. B. Coulson, T. L. C.

Heavy Marching Order Race (half mile, "K." Co.)—H. B. Bruce.

The championship medal was awarded to J. H. Senkler, who scored 17 points to E. O. Sliter's 16. Firsts counted 5 points, seconds 3 and thirds 1.

Miss Wils on presented the prizes to the successful competitors, in Convocation Hall, addressing a pleasant word of congratulation to each. No official record of time was taken, as the track was rather rough and in some places decidedly heavy, owing to the recent wet weather. The open quarter-mile brought out some "flyers" from the Toronto Lacrosse Club and from University College. The race was hotly contested, and was won by H. E. Sewell, of the Toronto Lacrosse Club, with R. B. Coulson, of the same club, second. The meeting was managed with great success and afforded an afternoon's splendid sport. It brought out several "dark horses" amongst the students, and has, we believe, given the start to a movement which we certainly expect, and most sincerely hope, will result in the formation of a general athletic association at University College. But of this, more anon. The prizes presented, consisting of medals and others of the usual sort, were handsome and appropriate.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE VARSITY is conducted by undergraduates of the University of Toronto, and will appear every Saturday of the academic year. It aims at being the exponent of the views of the University public, and will always seek the highest interests of our University. The Literary Department will, as heretofore, be a main feature. In the next issue will appear the first instalment of a Novel, the scene of which is laid in College. The news columns will be full and accurate, containing reports of all meetings of interest to its readers.

A CURIOUS HARVARD WILL.

There was long in the possession of the writer's grandfather, the late John Bulfinch, Esq., (Harvard, 1813), the following humorous farewell to college life at Cambridge. The lines were written by William Biglow, of Natick, a member of the class of 1794, and probably have never been published. As their age, wit, and lively description of life at Harvard almost one hundred years ago will interest many, I send them to the Drawer for publication.

Yours, JOHN H. LOWELL.

A WILL.

Being the last words of Charles Chatterbox, Esq., worthy and much lamented member of the Laughing Club of Harvard College, who departed college life June 4, 1794.

I, Charley Chater, sound of mind,
To making fun am much inclin'd,
So, having cause to apprehend
My college life is near an end,
All future quarrels to prevent,
I make this will and testament.
My soul and body, while together,
I send the storms of life to weather,
To steer as safely as they can,
To honor God and profit man.

Imprimis, then, my bed and bedding,
My only chattels worth the sledding—
Consisting of a maple stead,
A counterpane and coverlet,
Two cases with the pillows in,
A blanket, cord, a winch and pin,
Two sheets, a feather-bed and hay-tick—
I order sledded up to Natick,
And that with care the sledder save them
For those kind parents first who gave them.
Item.—The Laughing Club so blest,
Who think life what it is—a jest—
Collect its flowers from every spray,
And laugh its nigged thorns away,
From whom to-morrow I dis sever,
Take one sweet grin, and leave forever,
My chest and all that in it is
I give and bequeath them, viz :
Westminster grammar, old and poor ;
Another compiled by Moore ;
A bunch of pamphlets *pro* and *con*
The doctrine of . . . salvation ;
The college laws I'm free from minding ;
A Hebrew Psalter stript from binding ;
A Hebrew Bible too lies nigh it,
Unsold because no one would buy it ;
My manuscript in prose and verse
They take for better and for worse—
Their minds enlighten with the best,
Their pipes and candles with the rest—
Provided that from them they cull
My college exercises dull,
On threadbare themes with minds unwilling,
Strain'd out through fear t' avoid a shilling,
To teachers paid t' avert an evil,
Like Indian worship to the devil—
The above-named manuscripts, I say,
To club aforesaid I convey,
Provided that said themes so given,
Full proof that genius won't be driven,
To our physician be presented
As the best opiates yet invented.

Item.—A gown much greased in commons,
A hat between a man's and woman's,
A tattered coat of college blue,
A fustian waistcoat torn in two,
With all my rust through college carried,
I give to classmate O—, who's married.

Item.—C— P— has my knife
During his nat'ral college life,
That knife that ugliness inherits,
And due to his superior merits.
The said C— P—, humor's son,
Who long shall stay when I am gone,
The muse's most successful suitor,
I constitute my executor :
Myself on life's broad sea I throw,
Sail with its joys or stem its woe ;
No other friend to take my part
But careless head and honest heart.
My purse is drained ; my debts are paid ;
My glass is run ; my will is made.
To beauteous Cam I bid adieu,
And with the world begin anew.

WILLIAM BIGLOW, L.S., of NATICK.

—Harper's for November.

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DI-VARSITIES.

TO MY BEARD.

Wee, timid, struggling phantom shade
Like some weird spirit, half afraid
To expose thyself to mortal gaze,
Or like some tinted mist or haze
That seems to be—but yet is not—
And gathers round some favored spot
Upon my phiz, a thing of hope,
To meet sometime my shaving soap—
Oh, haste! pray haste, I beg, and grow,
Dost feel no pride to be so slow?
I long to know what is thy hue,
And run my happy fingers thro'
Thy meshes thick, and grip them fast—
Then I could be a man at last?

Fortnight.

Marginal note in Prof's note book : " Use
my joke No. 4 in connection with this para-
graph.—Polytechnic.

Lecture in Mor. Philosophy :
Prof.—" Yes, sir, I see it, and I thought I
made it clear to you."

Professor (who has told the young men to
bring in an essay on an original subject) :
Well, Mr. Dumley, what have you got to-day?
Collegian (who has spent the summer as a
waiter at one of the mountain hotels) : Er.—
roast beef, roast pork, fish, and corn-beef
hash.

" Aurella, darling."
" Yes, Arthur."
" You know we are soon to be married."
" Yes."
" And we should learn to be economical in
small things."
" Yes."
" Hadn't you better turn down the gas?"

This is from *Our Dumb Animals*: A
Vassar graduate, out in the country, went
into the stable of a farm house. " Dear me,
how close the poor cows are crowded to-
gether," she remarked.
" Yes, mum, but we have to do it."
" Why so?"
" To get condensed milk."

What God of the Ancients presided over
betting? Back-us.—*Courant*.

SMITH, (at the club). Has Major Snaffles
been in this evening, steward?
STEWARD. No, sir, he's not been in here
for a month, sir.
SMITH. Is his absence owing to illness?
STEWARD. No, sir, but his bills is owing
to the treasurer; which I think it's the
reason, sir.

Two dogs one day went lion hunting, one
of them being a smart dog with a classical
education and the other being very ignorant
and unsophisticated. Pretty soon they struck
the track of a lion and the educated dog
started off in the direction of the royal beast,
while his ignorant companion, making an ab-
surd mistake, took the back track and start-
ed off in the opposite direction. In a few
minutes the educated dog was serving as an
inanimate free lunch for an enormous lion,
while the ignorant dog escaped unhurt.
Moral: This fable teaches that classical
lore should be plentifully sprinkled with prac-
tical knowledge.—*Life*.

At a house in Ohio, where a minister was
boarding, the servant girl was anxious to an-
ticipate everything in her work that any one
wished her to do. She had always "just
done it," or was "just doing it," when any



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order was given. This amused the young divine greatly, and on one occasion he thought to nonplus the girl by a ruse. "I don't think Eliza has washed my Bible since I have been here," he said to the mistress in a low tone, but designed to be overheard by the girl. A few minutes later the mistress said to her in the presence of the clergyman: "Eliza, have you washed Mr. Blank's Bible?"

"No, ma'am, but I've got it asoak."

One of the darky waiters at an Alabama college is a noted hypocrite. He was taken to task lately by the students for some shortcoming, and in the course of the examination one of them asked, "Why, Sam, what are you going to do when you die and go to hades?" "What I does now, sah. Wait on the students," he replied, naively.

Nice young man (lecturing to a Sunday-school):—"Now, is there any little boy or girl who would like to ask any question? Well, little boy, I see your hand; you needn't snap your fingers. What question would you like to ask?"

Small boy—"How much longer is this jawin going to last?"—*Madisonensis*.

In a Toronto college a certain classical student, learning that his Professor had a translation of a difficult Greek author, went to borrow it from him. "Ah—um," said the Professor, "this is a practical illustration of the old and well-worn saying, 'The ass seeketh his master's crib.'"

Tailor—"Married or unmarried?"

Customer—"Married."

Tailor (to cutter)—"One pocket concealed in lining of vest."

Customer—"Eh! What!"

Tailor (explaining)—"To hide your change you know, at night. I'm married myself."—*Queen's Col. Journal*.

The scene is a young ladies' seminary. "Ah," said one young pupil to another in triumph, "my mamma gives me a penny every morning for taking a spoonful of cod-liver oil!" "And what do you buy with the penny?" eagerly returned the second girl in a tone not devoid of envy. "Oh," returned the former speaker, "I do not spend it at all; my mamma puts it away for me every day to buy more cod-liver oil with!"

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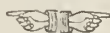
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
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
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
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

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THE VARSITY

A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.

Vol. VII.

University of Toronto, Oct. 30, 1886.

No. 2.

A TALE OF TWO IDOLS.

IN TEN SHORT CHAPTERS, AND WITHOUT A MORAL.

I

"I can't say," said the monarch, "that may be just as it happened, true or else a bam."

—Keats.

A bronzed, athletic, self-sufficing young gentleman, who made his home in Residence, stood one evening at his open window, smoking his long pipe and seeming to think that the world was pleasant in the early Spring time, under a sunset sky. April was a fortnight old.

Now the solitary horseman who used to be met with in the first chapter, slowly wending his way, just before sundown, over the desolate but picturesque road that led to the lonely grange whose broken turret caught a gleam from the sinking sun, cannot be introduced into the College quad, where he would be so obviously out of place; but had some maiden, fancy-free, chanced to stray into this precinct of the gownsmen,—sweet girl undergraduates roam now through all the groves of Academe,—she would at once have observed the dark, keen-eyed youth looking down from his little dormer window, and would probably whisper to herself that he was handsome. Were he to overhear this soft-voiced soliloquy, he would lazily decide that on the whole she was right; partly because he thought so himself, and in part out of his good humour. He used to say, "My name is Easy."

Yet when some one who had just entered the room called, from behind him, "Jack!" he turned from the window. "Well?" he said; "oh, it's you, Evans," and he continued smoking.

"Where are your matches?" asked Evans, poking around for them on the mantel.

"On the table," came the answer, as Evans knocked over something that fell to the floor with no little noise. He lighted the lamp, and picked up what proved to be a stone image, not as large as a tennis ball,—a small head carved grotesquely, with the face half man's, half dog's, and polished to a dull reddish brown. He was about to replace it on the mantel, when a second little reddish-brown head, almost its exact counterpart, caught his eye. He examined both with curiosity.

"Two of a kind, eh?" he ejaculated. "I say, Wiley, where did you get these idiotic graven images? I never noticed them before."

"They were given me."

"Well, isn't there any more about them?" insisted Evans. "They seem the work of some Indian,—quite a masterpiece, you know,—regular old master, hey? I tell you the noble red man,—that is, of course, the original Isaacs,—knew a thing or two about the fine arts. Sculpture, now, for instance!"

"If you'll be quiet, Evans, I'll tell you how I came to get those stone heads," Wiley said. "When I was coming down the lakes last August, on the *Algonquin*, we passed through the locks at the 'Soo' about seven one morning, and that afternoon we were steaming down the channel below Garden Island, when two men put out in a small boat from one of the little islands to meet us. The water was like glass,—not a breath of air stirring; and the soft, blue, cloudless sky seemed —"

"Oh, come off, now," broke in Evans.

"Well," Wiley went on, laughing, "the *Algonquin* slowed up for the two rowers. Their little yacht, as they told us later,

had been wrecked in the channel through their own carelessness, and they had been camping on one of the islands, waiting for the next steamer down. As they came towards us, their boat, which was large and rather clumsy, was pretty well laden, but all the passengers were looking on from the upper deck, and the two rowed with laborious gracefulness, as if the eyes of all Europe were on them. When they came alongside, the ropes were lowered to them from the davits, and they made them fast to their boat."

"And they were lifted on board, boat and all?" asked Evans.

"They were only about halfway up the *Algonquin's* side, when something gave way at one end of their boat, and those two travellers, with all their belongings, were spilled into the placid deep, like peas out of a pod."

"They weren't drowned?"

"No; they were fished out wet and bruised,—it's a wonder they weren't killed. Now, as the *Algonquin* had way on, and was moving all the while, you can imagine where the different articles of their outfit were by this time,—*rari nantes in gurgite vasto*. To make an end of it, all they saved was their boat and the clothes they were wearing. It was a moving accident."

"Who were they?"

"I knew one of them well,—Mr. Pearson, a lawyer, of Chicago. It was he gave me those stone heads. They were the only things left in the boat,—jammed down in a corner."

"Why, it must have been Elsie Fraine's uncle," said Evans.

"Yes, he is. I think he said he got them somewhere on Lake Superior."

Evans stared at the little images for a long time before saying suddenly that he had "best get back to his room, as he had intended to do some work that night." He turned with his hand on the door.

"So you know Elsie Fraine, Jack?"

"Used to be acquainted with the whole family when they lived in Winnipeg."

"Is that so? Why—"

"Oh, yes, I'm an old friend. If you want me to put in a word for you—"

"No, no," laughed Evans, opening the door. "The exams," he said, coming back, "are deucedly close now, aren't they? Oh, as to Miss Fraine, I was just surprised that you should be acquainted with her,—that is, you never spoke of her before, you know. But about the exams, now. Laborious days and nights devoid of ease were never much in my line,—that sort of thing. I used to like classics, but Greek prose, now! I'm disgusted with it all."

"Well, *de disgustibus*,—you know the rest," answered Wiley. "But I'll give you a pointer, Fred. To write Greek prose, you must first of all get a clear idea of the force of the optative; and that you cannot have until you've got yourself into the corresponding mood in English,—which is, of course, the potative mood. Come down to the Caer Howell."

And the room was left in the care of the little household gods on the mantel, above the fire in the grate, fallen now to a mass of red coals, the heart of a mellow glow which lingered about the fireplace. Now and then the light flickered vaguely about the framed testamur which hung above the mantel, sealed duly, and setting forth at length, in

"Choice Latin, picked phrase, Tully's every word,"

Joannem Wiley boni socii admisisse in gradum. The rest of the room would have been in shadow but for the bright cone

of light cast down from the shaded student-lamp on the table which made the shadows about it softer and less vague, subduing well the effect of disordered arrangement so characteristic of interiors in Residence. A large, red arm-chair had been drawn up to the table, on which were to be seen, in motley assortment, pipes, note-books, a stray neck-tie, cards, pens, matches, cigar ashes, a magazine, and so forth; not forgetting volumes in the familiar binding of Bohn, and others, from the book-shelves in the corner. Such were the undergraduate belongings of Jack Wiley, who, having left College some time before, on being plucked at the end of his third year, had lately come into Residence to read for the Supplementals, and was now living his third month in his present quarters, two pair back.

II

Whenas night's lamp unclouded hung,
And down its full effulgence flung.

—*Rejected Addresses.*

"It was a very strange accident," Elsie Fraine had said, when Evans told her, a week later, of the *Algonquin* episode. "I did not hear of it till now. Of course I knew of the wrecking of their yacht before that. How unfortunate!"

They were on College Avenue, returning from a concert at the Gardens. The night was clear and beautiful in the quiet streets, where each lamp-post stood with light unlit, as though it had escaped his dull wits that with his lanthorn he was to present the figure of moonshine in the most tragical comedy of *Pyramus and Thisbe*. As they walked on with now the bright soft moonlight about them, now under the shade of the trees on the Avenue, they felt the freshness of the early spring. Elsie was singing softly to herself snatches of music in a low, cooing voice that Fred thought very sweet. She turned to him suddenly, and it seemed to him quite irrelevantly.

"But Mr. Wiley was with uncle on the yacht! They were together all summer, and came to Toronto together in the fall, and stayed with us a few weeks."

Evans said that from Wiley's account it would seem they had met on the *Algonquin*.

"Oh, perhaps," she answered. "But not for the first time, Fred. They are as old friends as we are—although we're not so very *old* yet," she added, laughingly.

She was, indeed, youth and gracefulness personified, and could look, when she chose, very frank and engaging out of her large, bright eyes,—clear and grey, with dark pupils; eyes that will conceal their secret mirth behind the long black lashes, with such demure artlessness. Her voice was soft and sympathetic; and though she would cleverly wing light darts of sarcasm, it was done with an air of wonderful innocence. A handsome figure she was, walking by the side of our friend Evans, with her light step and graceful carriage.

As they stood before parting, she felt, no doubt, the mild air on her cheek, like the peaceful breathing of the night, and, gazing up into the serene heavens, and the brightness of countless stars, she murmured, "Oh, it's such a lovely night, and I *do* love to be all, all alone, like this, with the far off stars." And she seemed to have forgotten him.

"All, all alone, like this." Now, isn't that rather hard on me?" he protested, with a burlesque suggestion of tragic delation, after the manner of Howells. "I pause for a reply."

"You are so ridiculous, Fred." And while she laughed she seemed to come down again to sublunary things. "Isn't this a nice way," she said, "for us two second year men to be preparing for the examinations?"

"Yes," he admitted, "I *do* find it rather nice."

"But I didn't speak so much for myself,—we girls always study as we should," she said, gravely. "Now, you'll stay in, won't you, from to night, and study hard, Fred? But you mustn't injure your precious health."

He laughed, and promised as dutifully as a child. And in these last days he did study hard, as the word goes. We wearers of the cap and gown, in Residence and out of it,—even those of us whose devotion is to the hard-grained muses of the cube and square,—seem scarcely to have time, at this season of the year, for observing how widely Newton's law prevails, and how invariable a fact it is that year after year, the amount of work done varies inversely as the square of the distance from the examinations.

Evans' thoughts wandered at times, and he would look up from his books often, seeming to see many things. In one of

these intervals he was thinking how fond of her uncle Elsie seemed to be,—if he could get the little stone images from Wiley, she would like to have them, and he might so please her, perhaps; and before going back to what he was at he used to wonder at himself that she was so often in his thoughts. But Wiley did not seem disposed to part with the two small heads which his friend Pearson had given him under such odd circumstances. He, alone in Residence, was enjoying his days in peace of soul; with the Supplementals far in the vague distance, his time was spent in smoking his long pipe over a great variety of books altogether foreign to the curriculum, enticing someone out to play tennis in the afternoons, and reading translations, by request, to small but eager audiences.

And so April passed into May, and the examinations were at hand.

(*To be continued.*)

TO MY LADY.

So pure, so fair, so bright,
How like a star thou art!
Sweet Star of Hope, arise
Within my heart.

How like a dream thou art,
That wraps the soul in peace!
Oh! dreams, abide with me
Till life shall cease.

Like silver clouds thou art,
That sail in summer skies.
Oh! clouds dissolve—reveal
Those wondrous eyes.

Thine eyes, like violets dim,
Blooming in shadows deep,
Thy lips—the tender curve
Of chin and cheek.

Thy hair, like golden grain
Swayed by the wind at noon—
Thy voice, as one who plays
A low, sweet tune.

Oh, Love! draw near, lay down
Thy head upon this heart;
That all my life may prove
How dear thou art.

KATE WILLSON.

WHY WE FIGHT.

I

It is a startling fact that at the present time there are more than three-and-a-half millions of men, in Europe alone, ready to engage in war, at a moment's notice, only waiting a signal from their leaders to begin. If the question could be asked an outsider—one from another planet—why this immense number of men were taken away from industrial pursuits, and, so to speak, laid on the shelf, in the prime of life, only to be employed, when called upon, to destroy life, and for one particular purpose? why were they permitted to be idle consumers only and not useful producers? the answer would be given readily enough, from every civilized nation, that a paternal government must protect the lives and property of its subjects. This is true, but misleading. This so-called protection is in reality nothing more than one nation preventing, or trying to prevent another nation from gaining some political or commercial end. It is not that every citizen is in danger, but that nations, like individuals, have their differences and disputes, and that some method of settling these national differences and disputes, must be secured. It is the readiness or ability which one nation displays in settling a disagreement with any other nation or nations, in one prescribed way, which constitutes its naval or military power.

The accepted method of settling international differences and disputes is by fighting. But why by fighting? our hypothetical questioner may be supposed to ask. It is unlike the way in which individuals settle their disputes. But indi-

viduals are subject each to a higher power than themselves. Nations are not. But that does not answer the question why fighting should be the only way adopted by mankind of settling a national quarrel. The consideration of one of the probable reasons why it is so, may be interesting.

It must, however, be admitted that a few instances have been placed on record, of national differences of opinion being settled by other means than by fighting. The Geneva award forever settled the "Alabama" claims, without a blow being struck. The evident desire of the European powers at present to adjust international differences shows also that a clearer light is breaking in upon the nations, and that the god-like faculties of reason, will not always leave fair play, justice and right to the uncertain arbitrament of arms.

In looking for a cause we naturally desire to consider whether or not the generally accepted method be the cheapest, most expeditious, and best that could be employed. We desire to apply the same tests that we would employ in considering the utility of any projected commercial undertaking or enterprise. Here we are met, however, by very strange contradictions. Mr. A. L. Wallace, in an able article on a kindred subject, says:—

"The loss involved in these huge armaments is of three distinct kinds: 1. By the number of men, mostly in the prime of life, and of the very best physique, who are kept idle or unproductively employed; 2. By the burden of increased taxation which the rest of the community have to bear; and 3. By the actual destruction of life and property in war, which, wherever it occurs, inevitably diminishes the productive and purchasing powers of that country."

War impoverishes the victors and the vanquished, and, for a time, embarrasses neighbouring nations by the suspension of commercial arrangements. If, then, this, the generally accepted method, is found to be a *loss* to all concerned, why is not something else found to take its place? But there are other anomalies to be considered. This method involves certain strangely pre-arranged consequences or effects which do not naturally follow from a given cause. For example: if 100,000 men contend with 50,000 men, and, at the end of the struggle, the figures stand 70,000 against 15,000, all the world will rest perfectly satisfied that a national wrong has been righted, or that a national insult has been resented, requiring only a treaty to emphasize the triumph. If it could be so arranged beforehand, the destruction of an equal number of women might be made to do duty as cause for a similar result. Clearly the effect is not produced by the assigned cause. But war imperatively calls for the destruction of men, and for their destruction in prescribed ways. International regulations prevent modern warfare from descending to the level of massacre. The use of explosive bullets is prohibited, but the use of larger and more deadly shells is encouraged. To mine below a fort and blow it up, thus destroying a whole army at one blow, would be considered inhuman, but to use a torpedo and destroy the same number of lives on a man-o'-war would be perfectly legitimate. If the destruction of life be the desideratum, why make these distinctions? But that faint gleams of light are trying to pierce the gloom of ages. When a soldier is armed with a Winchester or "Martini-Henri" repeating rifle, he is potentially endowed with power to destroy an unlimited number of his fellow-men, and he wields an absolute power, against which no resistance can be successfully offered. But the strange part of it is that each soldier is endowed with and exercises this power for the purpose of destroying the lives of men who have little or no concern—certainly as little as their destroyers—with the national question supposed to be in solution at the time. It is, therefore, a most desperate tyranny over the individual who suffers; for the power of restitution is not known to mankind.

If, then, it is conceded that the generally accepted method is most hugely expensive, that it entails great loss on those nations employing it, and also on surrounding nations, that it is illogical, that it is hedged about by arbitrary restrictions, that it is not the most expeditious, that it is tyrannous in its operation on the individual, that it is not the best method that could be employed. If these things are conceded, then most surely it is strange that it should have such a hold upon civilized nations. It has a strong hold on mankind, strange as it may seem, or else the sober judgment of an intelligent humanity would long ago have relegated war to the limbo of the forgotten arts. But the origin of the hold it has is deep-seated and deep-rooted in man's nature.

A. O. BROOKSIDE.

Yale, B. C.

MY FRIEND.

The problem of the ideal and its attainment is one which presents itself to us all. "My Friend" has undertaken to solve it in his own way; so do most of us. But in spite of individual and therefore diverse treatment, the problem does not at last elude us; nor does it change its nature. It presents itself wherever there is admiration for the beautiful in nature and in art. The majority determined largely by force of circumstance, compromise the matter, and finally make choice of the woman possessing most of the admired qualities—since Pygmalion's experience was too blissful to be repeated—happy if the choice be blessed in the making. But there are some like "My Friend" whose ideal is too delightful to forego, and who live upon the daily manna of imagination.

Such a man is *my* friend, who has opened his heart to me in rare moments when the human soul yearns for sympathy, the offspring of mutual and confidence confession. A man of fine susceptibilities and lofty aspirations, he placed his ideal in the hands of the gods themselves. "Your ideal," he used to say, "cannot be placed too high." Very good; but what about the attainment? For him the search for the ideal has been a labour of sorrow and disappointment.

How he loved the beautiful and good in those days! At times, in his enthusiastic way, he would speak of the intellectual pleasure of the search, and the brightness of hope would inspire him to quote from a famous love song:—

"Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth,
Where thou feedest thy flock, where thou makest it to rest at noon;
For why should I be as one that wandereth,
Beside the flocks of thy companions?"

And then he would break into that magnificent song from the same poem, beginning,—

"Rise up, rise up my love,
My fair one, and come away."

The enthusiasm of those early days lingers with me yet, and adds a touch of pathos to the gentle memory of the unforgotten past. Alas! that my friend has, after a long time, failed in his search. Faith in his high ideal is gone forever. Living my own quiet bachelor life, and speculating sometimes upon this subject of high ideals, my friend's present opinions—greatly changed in these years—have still a fascination for me, and I listen now, as then, with deep interest to his lucubrations.

"In no woman," he says, "do we find the attainment of our ideal. I have sought it long; I have searched faces; I have analysed motives; I have examined the springs of action and conduct; and I am forced to confess the time wasted and the effort futile. Let me warn you, my dear fellow, against any such waste,"—then looking down at my somewhat well-worn coat of ancient cut, and my generally seedy appearance, he goes on:—"at least warn any young enthusiast friend who may ask you for advice not to undertake a task of that kind. The ideal woman is a phantom of the imagination, a phantom that dwells longest in the imagination of a fool. Look at my experience, where I have found great, almost perfect, beauty, I have generally found some terrible defect in character or understanding. In cases in which physical beauty was wanting, where I have been told character and beauty of soul existed in their place, I have found pedantry or conceit, or what, if we spoke of men, we should call priggishness. At best I have found the common place. Of course I have been most interested in beautiful women; it is hard to maintain your ideal without great physical beauty. To them, Pope's lines, which I used to detest, are not so inapplicable after all:

"Nothing so true as what you once let fall,
Most women have no characters at all;
Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,
And best distinguished by black, brown or fair."

"Another writer, and a greater than Pope, has a remark, the truth of which I have often seen exemplified: 'man's desire is for the woman; woman's desire is for the desire of the man.' The inherent vanity of the sex you see—"

"Are you not misinterpreting Coleridge there?" I ask, confident that I can confute him in this one point at least.

But he rises, passing one hand rapidly over the other, as if to put an end to the discussion; and, soon after, he leaves me alone, to ponder the moral of all this; with some sadness, too, that he has thus come to speak of women with flippant indifference.

GERAINT.

THE VARSITY.

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Contributions when not accepted will be returned if accompanied with a stamp for that purpose.

In connection with the recent athletic sports we have a word to say in regard to the prizes. We should prefer to have medals for prizes and to discontinue the giving of "useful" presents to winners, believing that a spirit of "sport for sport's sake" would be thereby more largely encouraged, and the somewhat selfish desire of competitors to enrich themselves at the games discouraged. We also hope that a larger measure of undergraduate support will be given to athletic sports in coming years, and thus obviate the present most unpleasant and somewhat undignified proceeding of canvassing the city for funds and prizes. Notwithstanding all this, the sports this year were an unqualified and most gratifying success.

Now that King's College building in the park is being pulled down, old memories are awakened in those who remember it in its happier days, of whom there are but few remaining. There is in the Library a water-colour drawing of the building as it was conceived, which is of some historic interest. Of the building as originally designed, the portion now in course of demolition was only the east wing; the whole building, if completed, would have stretched a long distance across the park, with a southern frontage. It cannot be a matter for great regret that it was not completed, because the gentleman who occupies a seat among those who sit Round the Table could not have penned his little rhapsody, last week, on the architectural beauty of University College.

There has been no proposal of late to which THE VARSITY could wish to give a more unqualified approval and advocacy than that on which the men of the Fourth Year decided to take action at their meeting last Monday. It was then arranged that a reception on the part of the seniors be tendered the first year; the feeling which prompted the suggestion of this innovation,—for with us it is indeed an innovation,—being a regret that there should be among students so little of social life, and such a lack of the sentiment or fellowship. The knowledge which may be acquired from books is as nothing when compared with the knowledge of mankind to be gained only in hours which the hard-working, bookish student foolishly considers lost time. The step taken by the fourth year is decidedly in the direction of better things.

It is announced that a gentleman, who for the present desires to remain unknown, has founded a scholarship for the Natural Sciences in University College. Whatever objection might be reasonably taken to the University offering scholarships out of its own funds, already severely taxed to provide necessary instruction, it cannot but be gratifying to all University men, that private liberality should thus be forthcoming to supplement her resources. The founder wishes his gift to be known as the "Daniel Wilson Scholarship," to commemorate the faithful services of the President, and to keep ever green in the memory of the students the recollection of his scholarship and example. There could be no more graceful compliment to the President than thus to bear testimony to his long years of devotion to the interests of the University, and the watchful guardianship of its rights. For it should be frequently called to mind that to the efforts of the late Chancellor Moss, and more especially to Dr. Wilson, it is owing that the Provincial University was not robbed of its endowment, and so crippled in resources as to have been unable to take the high stand that it now holds among the universities of this continent.

A gentleman who takes great interest in collections of natural history, and who has visited the principal museums of the world—writes a correspondent to us—spent an hour in our museum the other day. He expressed himself much pleased with the excellence displayed in special departments, but his severe scientific mind

was inexpressibly shocked by observing some ludicrous transfers in nomenclature. One specimen, he was pained to observe, and a very diminutive one at that, was weighted with a thundering classic appellation, that the man of science, with an eye to the eternal fitness of things, had appropriated to a goodly sized ruminant. We know how difficult it is to keep track of objects of natural history that are regularly used in the lecture room, but a little attention on the part of the curator would prevent the humiliation of submitting to witnessing the scorn of captious visitors. It might be pertinent in this connection to draw attention to the fact that Canadian Coleoptera and Insecta are not adequately represented in our museum. The Provincial University certainly should afford the student of Canadian fauna and flora every facility for studying his special branch in its museum.

Our correspondent, T. A. Gibson, brings up a matter which we are pleased to see taken up at this early date. The annual undergraduate dinner is one which should appeal very strongly to all students in attendance at University College. We believe a few plain words upon this subject will not be out of place; indeed they are imperatively called for, if the dinner is to be a genuine success. In the past few years the annual dinner has been only nominally an undergraduate affair. The students have had charge of the preliminaries of these gatherings, but in all the pleasant details in connection with the after enjoyments of the dinner they have been entirely overshadowed and overpowered by the presence and eloquent rhetoric of the invited guests. We hope that this year the students will make a decided change, and manage the dinner themselves in every particular. Another very important point is that the price of tickets be placed at a figure which will admit of every single student being present, and thus remove any reasonable excuse there might possibly be for non-attendance. We would cordially second our correspondent's suggestion that the dinner should be held sometime towards the end of November, when there will be no possibility of its interfering with the conversazione. There is one other point worthy of remark. Last year there was a deficit which the committee was obliged to make up. This was in itself an unpleasant circumstance; but it was infinitely worse to ask certain guests who had received cards of invitation to subscribe towards the payments of arrears. It is to be hoped that such an unfortunate necessity will never arise again.

The most interesting thing about King's College now is the foundation stone. Strange to say, no one seems to know in what part of the building the stone was placed. It is to be hoped that it was not placed in a similar position to that occupied by the foundation stone of University College, because it is well known that the stone in the old building contained a bottle, and if it has already been taken down, the men at present engaged in the work may have allayed their intellectual thirst—where there is so much fine dust—by appropriating the contents. Our readers may be curious to know how we found out about the bottle; so we append the following, copied from the original, at present hanging in the Senate Chamber. "Programme of the Order of Events at the Ceremony of Laying the Foundation Stone of King's College, April 23rd, 1842. The procession will be formed at 12.30 p.m. on the grounds of Upper Canada College, under the direction of the Marshall, Geo. Gurnet, Esq. On the arrival of the Chancellor, an address will be presented from the officers of the College. The bell will then be rung and the procession will move forward in the following order: 'Escort of First Dragoons; Pupils of the Home District Grammar School; Head Master and Assistant Master of the Home District Grammar School; Porters of King's College and Upper Canada College; Superintendent of the Grounds; Contractor; Superintendent of the Building (these three gentlemen abreast); Clerks of King's College; Pupils of Upper Canada College; Junior Masters of Upper Canada College; Members of the Faculties of Arts, Law and Divinity; Architect, Bursar, Solicitor (these gentlemen abreast); Senior Masters of King's College; Council of King's College; Bedel and Verger (two deep); Esquire Bedel; Chancellor (in the middle), President of King's College and Senior Visitor of King's College (one on each side of him); Governor-General's suite; Executive Councillors; Legislative Councillors; Members of the House of Assembly; Bailiff; Mayor and Corporation; Judge, Sheriff and Warden (three deep); Magistrates; Band; St. George's, St. Patrick's, and St. Andrew's Societies; Masonic Society; Mechanics' Institute; Fire, Hook and Ladder Company; Gentry; Escort of First Dragoons.' Arrived at the Ground, service will be read by the Lord Bishop of Toronto (Dr. Strachan), after which the '*Laudent Omnes Deum*' will be sung. Prayer will then be offered by the Rev. John McCaul, D.D., and by the Rev. H. J. Grasett, M.A. The Hon. L. P. Sherwood will then present to the Chancellor the silver and gold coins and the bottle (*sic*) and the Hon. Wm. Allen will present the charter and papers. The inscription on the plate will be read by the Hon. R. S. Jameson, Solicitor General, and by the Hon. W. H. Draper, Attorney-General. After this the '*Non Nobis Domine*' will be performed; the procession will then be re-formed and will return to the grounds of Upper Canada College."

AN ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

The recent successful revival of athletic sports at University College, after a period of unexampled and inexplicable dullness in general athletics for five years, and the most creditable records of the University foot ball teams thus far this season, have awakened a more than usual interest in college sports. We hail this fact as a most encouraging omen for the future, and regard it as an indication that a more generous and enthusiastic college spirit is growing amongst the students. That this sentiment exists there can be no possible doubt. One great need is that a proper and appropriate channel be opened in order to allow it free course. Such a spirit needs frequent stimulation and careful cultivation. In all student undertakings what is most requisite is the co-operation and hearty interest of every student. To secure this there must of necessity be an element or characteristic in all such undertakings which will appeal strongly to the sympathies or preferences of the majority. In this respect general athletics are pre-eminent, and to this fact may in some measure be ascribed the popularity of the recent athletic meeting, and the favor with which the proposal to hold, later on in the season, a "Cross country" steeplechase has been received. Football, cricket, and tennis all may play who so desire, yet the members who can possibly secure positions on the various teams are of necessity limited by the laws of the different games. This fact, doubtless, deters some, who, not being able or willing to give the time and attention to the preliminaries, become ineligible as active members of the various sporting clubs that exist amongst us. Turning their attention to other pursuits their interest in these organizations either abates or disappears altogether. And thus the numbers to which these clubs appeal become limited to those who can take an active, or comparatively active part either as players or managers. And thus the constituency from which these clubs draw their financial support is proportionately reduced.

Another point to be mentioned in this connection is that of the difficulty and confusion occasioned by a multiplicity of collections on behalf of different societies. An undergraduate who supports the different clubs and patronizes the various regular college events which take place every year finds it no inconsiderable drain upon his exchequer, to do so with any degree of readiness or moderate liberality. Not wishing to deny—we speak of the average student—any recognized college organization that support which he feels it deserves, he yet finds it difficult to adjust his subscriptions to his own satisfaction, and that of the various societies. This is no less true of the numerous athletic clubs existing at University College than it is of the many literary and scientific organizations that flourish amongst us. Some system of central management and united control is needed in the one and in the other. Because there is less opportunity for deliberate action in this matter with regard to athletics we venture to draw the attention of the undergraduates to a proposal looking to this end which has been suggested by the recent boom in athletic matters. Our idea is indicated by the title with which we have headed this article—An Athletic Association. By this we understand a central student organization which shall have under its control all the athletic clubs at present, and those which may hereafter be established at University College. To suggest probable details of this scheme would be beyond our province, and perhaps beyond our power. But a few ideas have occurred to us in regard to the proposed organization which are given for what they may be worth, in the hope that their suggestion may inspire some of our readers with thoughts upon the subject which a future meeting of students can put into more practical and effective shape. Our idea of an Athletic Association is that of a central body, composed of representatives from all the clubs interested in athletics, which now are a law unto themselves. This Association should have control of the finances,—levying fees, and granting aid to the various clubs represented, upon some basis to be hereafter devised and agreed upon. This would obviate the difficulty at present created by the clashing of the various clubs with one another in regard to the collection of subscriptions. Each club should be allowed to elect its own officers and to enact bylaws for its own governance, so long as such by-laws did not interfere with any rules or laws of the general society. The association could also be a court of general appeal, and could arbitrate in cases of disagreement between clubs or individuals. Under this new scheme the committee which now controls the gymnasium would become part of the general Athletic Association. The gymnasium is at present supported by the College Council out of a portion of the fees. This is somewhat in the nature of a rebate, since the money is applied to the benefit of the students. If an Athletic Association were formed it could with propriety apply for the control of at least a fair portion of the money now spent by the College Council on the gymnasium. This money could be applied judiciously to aid the various athletic sub-organizations, and would lighten considerably the burden now borne by those who support the athletic clubs of our College. Other details and improvements will doubtless suggest themselves when the matter comes up, as we hope it will soon, for discussion and legislation. For the present we shall be satisfied to have directed attention to the subject, and shall be pleased to receive communications from all those who feel an interest in college athletics.

COMMUNICATIONS.

UNDERGRADUATE DINNER.

To the Editors of THE VARSITY.

SIRS,—In University College as elsewhere the maxim that old superstitions die hard is generally found to be true. That such is the case is not only natural, but being in accordance with the time-honoured standing of the institution is worthy of admiration. But what is more laudable is the fact that among the long-lived customs there are others besides superstitions. The present academic year has been entered upon with an unusual amount of genuine collegiate spirit. We have seen the revival of the annual sports after an interval of some years attended with a due measure of success. In fact, in every department of college work there seems to be an active and healthy spirit. There is one thing however to which I would call your attention. Last year the custom of holding an Annual Dinner was revived; all who attended it can testify to its success. With regard to this year's, so far at least as I have heard, nothing has yet been said, and it is this that induced me to bring the matter up through the medium of your columns. It is not too early to consider it. If a committee be appointed it will be their duty to provide against some of the mistakes into which last year's committee unwittingly fell. Such as the permission of political speeches by long-winded M.P.'s, without mentioning others, in order that the dinner may be more strictly for those interested in University College. Hoping that the matter of improving the social advantages of the college in this respect will receive the timely attention of the undergraduates, I remain, yours sincerely,

T. A. GIBSON.

AMATEUR DRAMATIC CLUB.

To the Editors of THE VARSITY.

SIRS,—I have long wondered why it is that we Canadians pay so little attention to elocution. Surely it is not because we are already perfect in this respect. In order to be convinced that we are not, one has but to listen to those of our public men who are acknowledged to be the best speakers. They all pay great attention to matter, but very little to manner.

And this may also be truly said of our whole educational system. Till lately reading was deemed too childish a study for High School pupils. Happily, however, a change has taken place, which bids fair to make good reading of as much importance from the examination standpoint as any other subject. It is a pity that pupils should be urged to learn to read well just that they may obtain a larger number of marks, but better to learn for that reason than to neglect it altogether.

If we turn to University College, we find even a worse state of affairs. There is no provision whatever made for elocution, though perhaps it should be taken up by the lecturer in Rhetoric. No one, I think, will say that he learned to read in a college classroom. But let me say here that I do not mean to find fault with the lecturer in Rhetoric. He is trying to do the work of three men, and does not receive for it what would be a fair remuneration for one. The governing body (whatever it is, for it is hard to give it a "local habitation and a name") must be held responsible for the present state of affairs. Nor will a change come till the authorities recognize the fact that a liberal education does not consist merely in being able to read easy classical authors at sight, and more difficult ones with the help of a translation, nor indeed in acquiring a stock of information of any particular kind, solely because our forefathers found such an education sufficient for them. To say that colleges in the United States teach elocution will produce none but an injurious effect, for we are not to copy even any good thing from the Yankees.

If we are to have an opportunity to study this subject, we must take the matter into our own hands, as we have already done with Political Science and other subjects. Let a dramatic club be formed and some good elocutionists engaged, and the Club will become one of the most popular about the College.

Nor will drill in reading, reciting, or speaking be the only benefit to be derived from such a club. Some good play would be taken up, thoroughly studied, and perhaps presented. By thorough study I do not mean the kind of treatment dramatic writings receive from lectures in literature, but the study which leads a man to try to find out what the author meant, and to search for the beauties of thought and expression therein contained.

Again, this club, unlike the Modern Language Club and other specialists' clubs, would be open to all undergraduates, and would thus tend to rouse them from that social deadness into which they have partly fallen and partly been driven by the dons. Of course objections will be made to the formation of a new society; but this one will be so eminently social in its character that we should by all means form it at once,

GUYON HOPE.

ROUND THE TABLE.

The following was copied by a University College man, during a recent trip to Europe, from the notice stuck up in his bedroom, in the Rheinischer Hof, Mainz :—

"Hotel Rhine. Rhinewine of the best positions very carefully bought and attended; warranted for purity. I sell on wishes in delivering several dozens of bottles for a moderated price. Please to apply yourself to the bureau."

This piece of excellent Teutonic English is commended to the study of the First Year German Class, on condition that nobody laughs till he has rendered it into—at the least—as good German, and made sure that the hausnecht (*Anglice*: Boots) of the Rheinischer Hof might not be set on the broad grin by his excellent translation.

How hard sometimes to suit the word to the thought in the easy flow of conversation! He is a consummate conversationalist who has never to take refuge in cumbrous circumlocutions, trite sayings and tedious repetitions of hackneyed phrases. With what telling force an apt phrase strikes us as it comes, ere it has had time to cool, hissing hot from the brain that minted it! Such a one just now occurs to me. The Flemish school of painting happened to be the subject of conversation, suggested very probably by an illustrated article in *Harper's* on the Madonnas. The old Dutch masters seem to have honoured their patrons by introducing their generous phlegmatic countenances into paintings, sometimes as shepherds or as Magi, occasionally, however, in more exalted rôles. A painting of the Supreme Being, among rolling, mountain-piled clouds, intended to suggest the most striking attributes of the conservator of the world, was referred to as illustrating the Dutch feebleness in dealing with the sublime. My friend graphically summed up the situation by remarking that it reminded him "*of a fat Dutchman wading through a feather bed.*"

Pay attention to the mechanism of an ordinary conversation on any higher topic than the weather (meaning no disrespect, an it please you, to that venerable topic) and you will be surprised how largely it is composed of phrases. In fact it may be said broadly, that phrases are the counters of the conversational game. They roll glibly off the tongue, and provided that the inherent meaning is exactly understood, form very tolerable labels for thoughts, otherwise difficult of utterance. For be it known that the efficient cause of phrase-making is the desire for a happy expression to, as it were, exhaust the content of a thought.

Phrase-makers, then, are highly estimable members of the literary guild. Indeed it is usual to establish the popularity of an author by the number of phrases from his writings that have become household words. Not by any means an unfair test. One characteristic of phrase-makers is rather unpleasant; they are in the habit of bringing their peculiar expertness to bear upon all who may happen to come in contact with them.

In this respect Beaconsfield was one of the happiest of phrase-makers. His light darts of pleasantry used to penetrate the epidermis of the most hide-bound political opponent. For him there was a certain fascination in the writhing of his victim, struck down by a felicitous phrase—which rankled and which in the public mind henceforth was inseparable from his personality. Beaconsfield's facility herein is too well known to need illustration; but if one is required, his famous characterization of Gladstone will be remembered—"intoxicated with the exuberance of his own verbosity."

There was a merry device set up in the old tilt-yard to train the novice in the gentle sport. A cross-piece bearing a shield at one extremity, and a sand-bag dangling from the other, was mounted so as to revolve freely. This was the *quintain*. The jousting had in full career to strike his lance fairly on the centre of the shield, else would the other arm swing round and strike the luckless wight from his horse—a reward for inexpertness. In toying with language there is much the same spice of danger.

Every writer must be a law unto himself in selecting his vocabulary. The graceful command of diction, the weight of the thought, the nervous power displayed in handling his theme, will carry one author through triumphantly, where another must have failed. There is a rugged grandeur in Carlyle's prose which makes even the most barbarous of his word-inventions seem in perfect harmony. And this is the only guide that can be suggested, if the word in question seems to be so natural where it is, that no ordinary word of kindred meaning could be substituted for it: without serious detriment to sense or rhythm, use that word whatever may have been its antecedents. In this, as in everything else, it may be said nothing succeeds like success.

The use of slang and cant terms in serious writing is a very vexed question. However distasteful to purists, there can be no doubt that slang is the natural feeder of language. And it is unnecessary to point out the wealth of illustration and the variety of expression derived from the use of the cant of trades. For it is not too much to say that every occupation has its own cant.

"Such fashionable cant terms as 'theatricals' and 'musicals,' invented by the flippant Topham," we read in the *Curiosities of Literature*, "still survive among his confraternity of folly." As we read, we may take to heart what little comfort there is in the reflection that the venerable shade of D'Israeli, hovering over University College, will hold us free from at least this reprehensible frivolity. Indeed, it is to be regretted that any survival of dramatic art among us seems almost a thing past praying for. Convocation Hall once resounded *plausu theatri*; but the echoes have long died away.

We should go about organizing an amateur dramatic club as may be. True, the desire in this direction may not be, as yet, general; but it will soon become general—it is merely latent. Shall not the undergraduate suit the action to the word, as saith my lord Hamlet? Shall he not saw the air with his hand, thus? Shall he not strut from L. to R. F., and bellow, rant and scowl, imitating humanity abominably, and holding, as 'twere, a cracked mirror up to nature? Shall he not split the ears of the groundlings?

And a dramatist from among ourselves—is it too much to hope for?

But in all seriousness—we have Mr. Stedman's word for it—the time has come for poetry of any form "that shall be essentially dramatic. This kind has rounded each recurring cycle in other literatures than our own. It is a symptom of maturity, and we, in our turn, approach the age when life attains fire and colour, and is full of the experiences that give tone to art." Over and above the arguments, then, put forth in Mr. Youn's letter in the present issue, there are two of great weight and purport to be presented here.

In the first place, "for a poetic play to have a success," as Brander Matthews writes, "it must be the work of one who is both poet and playwright; who is, in fact, playwright first and poet after." He cites the examples of Molière, Shakspeare, and Hugo, and of lesser men; and we all know what a number of dramatic failures have been attributable to the authors having laboured under the disadvantage of being poets to start with. Very few of those who read Shakspeare know how his plays, before being put on the stage, are tampered with and vamped—how, for instance, hundreds of lines are taken from the mouths of the minor characters, with a view to enhancing the "star" part. Salvini, as the result of his study, has actually placed it on record that in his opinion the sleep-walking scene ought to be assigned to Macbeth instead of to his wife. The coming dramatist, it will be seen then, must be familiar with stage "business" and people; he must know too the life about town. It is likely that he will come from the ranks of New York journalism. But should the fates, in a capricious moment, dower some gifted, seemingly unobservant freshman with Melpomene's dagger and bowl, and the laughter of golden-haired Thalia, what a fine thing for the dramatic organization it would be to have guided his first steps!

In the second place, for the development of what we may call the ideal drama, the public taste and sentiment must rise to far higher levels than in these days of melodrama and scenic effect. Writer, actor, theatre and public must be at one; and by faithful, conscientious work in a dramatic organization such as has been suggested, we shall be doing our part, however limited our scope may be, towards making the conditions surrounding the drama most propitious and helpful, against the coming of the second Shakspeare.

"Of the two," writes Stedman, "tradition is less essential to romance and the drama than a favouring atmosphere. The wreath must be held out by a public that delights in the Pythian games, and won by contestants worthy to receive it."

"When I was on the stage in a humble capacity," said the ingenious man, "we used to present 'Julius Caesar' sometimes; and I remember that a new acquisition to the troupe made his first appearance one night when that was the play. He went on in the second scene of the first act, as one of the tunic-clad Roman soldiery—designated 'supes' in the demotic phraseology of the gallery—and seemed to throw his whole heart into striding about the stage in the train of Caesar. He carried a javelin, and a banner inscribed S. P. Q. R., chewed tobacco, and was sublimely unconscious of the anachronism. When he came off, I asked him if he knew the meaning of the letters. He glanced at them—seeming to have not noticed them before; gave them his attention for a few seconds, and said, 'Salaries paid quite regular.'"

UNIVERSITY AND COLLEGE NEWS.

All reports from Societies must reach us by noon on Thursday to ensure insertion.

Mr. R. Shiell, whom we spoke of in our last issue as having entered law, has ceased to be a disciple of Blackstone, and is now at Toronto Medical School.

We hear that J. N. Elliott, one of the third year representatives in the committee of the Literary Society, is about to go to the North-West in a short time.

Laval University has honoured a Toronto graduate, Mr. D. A. O'Sullivan, M.A., LL.B., with the degree of LL.D., for his services to Canadian history and legal literature.

The Glee Club has got into regular work again, and has already received several invitations to sing at entertainments in the city. Mr. W. Elliott Haslam, Musical Director of the Toronto Vocal Society, has received the appointment of Conductor for the current year. It is to be hoped that all gentlemen possessing musical talent or knowledge will join this excellent organization at once. The Club hopes to pay special attention to the singing of part songs and glees. A quartette is to be selected from among the members of the Club.

Knox College opened formally on Wednesday, 6th, when Dr. Maclaren delivered a lecture on the "New Theology."—The Alumni Association met on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 5th and 6th. There were some very interesting discussions on important subjects. The annual dinner was held on Wednesday evening. —The different societies and clubs are all in working order and everything is full of life and vigour.—Mr. J. McGillivray, B.A., and Mr. J. Goforth have been elected representatives of Knox to attend the Interseminary Missionary Alliance at Montreal.

The Games' Committee, with an eye to the future, have arranged for a new departure in college athletics. Through the kindness of Mr. S. B. Windrum, jeweler, of this city, they are enabled to offer an exceedingly handsome cup as a first prize for a "cross country" steeplechase. It is proposed to hold the race about the end of the regular football season, or towards the close of November. The course will most probably be from the university lawn to Oulcott's Hotel, Eglinton, where a re-union will most probably be held at the conclusion of the race. It is the intention of the committee to offer additional prizes,—perhaps seven or eight others, and thus render the interest more general, and secure a large number of entries.

The Varsity played its second game in the series for the Ontario championship with Upper Canada College on Friday, Oct. 22nd, on the College grounds. There was a very large attendance, including many ladies, attracted by the fine weather and the distribution of prizes at the College, as well as by sympathy for either club. The Varsity started badly and, for a few moments, it looked as if the College were going to score, but the Varsity settled to work and put their opponents on the defensive. The College team was badly handicapped in weight but played a very fast and plucky game throughout. The Varsity, however, won by 38 points to 0. To-day the Varsity meets Ottawa College and, probably on next Saturday, McGill College in Montreal.

Father Vincent has resigned the presidency of St. Michael's College and is succeeded by Rev. Dr. Cushing, late director of Assumption College, Sandwich. Father Cushing received his early training at the college of which he is now superior, and his studies were completed in France. The skill with which his duties as professor and administrator in Sandwich were performed augurs most favourably for the prosperity St. Michael's may hope to enjoy under his management. We are sure Dr. Cushing will be welcomed as the head of an affiliated college and a member of the university senate.—J. M. Reddin, '88, is attending college at Plymouth, England.—Rev. J. R. Teefy, M.A., has gone to Devonport, England, as a professor in the Basilian College in that place.

The demolition of old King's College building proceeds apace. The Government, in return for the plot of ground there, surrendered by the University, grants \$20,000. This sum, with \$10,000 from other sources, is to be devoted to building a new Convocation Hall, of which we are greatly in need. An opportunity for an interesting ceremony will be presented by the uncovering of the foundation stone of old King's College. There should be a procession of university graduates and students, and a few addresses by prominent university men would be a pleasing feature. The stone and its contents will probably be deposited in the museum, as the university has no regular muniment room. It is expected that Dr. Scadding and other old residents will assist at the proceedings.

We are informed that arrangements have been made for a lecture to be delivered in Convocation Hall on Saturday, November 6th, by Miss F. H. Churchill, on the subject of Voice Culture. Many of the students have already heard this talented lady in her inimitable interpretations, and noted the wonderful power and purity of her voice. But from what we hear from numerous sources Miss Churchill's greatest triumph is her lecture on this subject. It is said to be practical and instructive, and at the same time it is rendered as entertaining as a concert by varied and apt illustrations of tone and method. She reduces voice-culture to a practical science, and one cannot hear her without being convinced that she has discovered the true secret of voice-building. We bespeak for her a crowded hall, and would recommend every student to take advantage of this opportunity.

Wycliffe Literary Society held its first meeting on Friday, the 22nd, and, to be in the fashion, took Ireland for the debateable ground. N. W. Hoyles, Esq., M.A., the President-elect, took the chair. Mr. Hamilton dilated on Ireland's wrongs and Mr. Murphy on Ulster's rights. F. J. Lynch and J. Thompson ably assisted their leaders. Having Gladstone's Bill as subject and the good of the Empire as object, the affirmative could not induce the Society to reverse the decision of the British Parliament. The issue was at one time in the balance, but a graphic picture of the "clouds of heaven lowering earthward to wipe out with tears of compassion the vengeance-clamorous blood of the martyred Mountmorris" tipped the scale in favour of the negative. Readings were given by Messrs. C. H. Owen and Johnson, and December 3rd was settled as the date for the first public debate.

The first regular meeting of the Historical and Political Science Association for the session was held in McMillan's Hall, on Tuesday, the 26th, and was numerously attended. The President, Wm. Houston, M.A., occupied the chair. Owing to the absence of the regular officers, W. V. Wright was appointed secretary, and J. A. McMillan treasurer *pro tem*. A communication from the President of University College, refusing the use of Moss Hall or any other College building for the meetings of the Association unless they were willing to withdraw the programme prepared last term for this year's meetings, was read and caused considerable discussion. It was finally decided to reaffirm the programme and accept the inevitable refusal to allow the Association to meet in Moss Hall. McMillan's Hall was fixed upon as the place of meeting, the next meeting to be held at 4.15 sharp on Wednesday, Nov. 3rd, at which steps will probably be taken to make final arrangements for the session. The programme for next meeting will be an address by the President on the Place of Political Economy in a Liberal Education.

A very important meeting of the Fourth Year was held Monday afternoon. For some time past there has been noticed a want of sociability in college, which has increased as the number of students has increased. The fourth year at last determined to take steps to remedy, at least to some extent, this very undesirable state of affairs, and met in Moss Hall for that purpose. Mr. A. H. Young, who was asked to take the chair, thought the object could be attained best by giving the first year a supper. Messrs. Hume, Nesbitt, J. S. MacLean and others, spoke in favour of the project, and thought it could be carried out without doing any injury to the prospects of the annual college dinner. Finally it was moved by Mr. J. A. Ferguson, seconded by Mr. T. H. Rogers, and carried unanimously, that the Fourth Year give the First Year a reception at an early date. It was understood that the reception will be as informal as possible, and simply to promote the social intercourse and good fellowship between the years. An energetic committee was appointed to make all arrangements, with power to assess the year for it. We have no doubt of the success of the scheme, and hope it will be the forerunner of many other social unions.

DRIFT.

HOW TO CHOOSE A LIBRARY.

Books should to one of these four ends conduce,—
For wisdom, piety, delight, or use.

—Sir T. Denham.

There are substantial grounds for deprecating a too exclusively book education, as tending to enervate and to hinder mental development and the highest grades of literary production. It is very pleasant to "let books think for us," as Charles Lamb said he did; but it was no wonder that he was obliged to add, "I cannot sit and think." We all can say with him, "I love to lose myself in other men's minds," and this is one of the blessed uses of books. They "are not companions, they are solitudes; we lose ourselves in them, and all our cares." But the opiate which serves us in pain may become a poison and a paralysis by excessive indulgence. Mere passive receptiveness of other men's thoughts is like always riding in an easy carriage instead of walking: one is in danger of gout and dyspepsia. We read, as we eat, for strength, for the elements of growth and nourishment, for refreshment, for relish, and for medicine. And our errors are also analogous in the two cases—in repletion, in defective nutritiousness in the food, or in imperfect assimilation on our own part.

If possible, and as far as possible, have your own books. Only, as I have already suggested, let your library be a growth, and not a construction on any one's plan. When you feel sure about a book for the permanent value of its "wisdom," or need it for "use," or crave it for "delight," or are drawn to it from "piety," buy it, and bring it home with the feeling of a mediæval master-mason when he set a new stone in his cathedral walls. Buy one at a time. Let its acquisition be a separate transaction and expedition; and, if you can, bring it home under your arm. To drop into a store and order a great bundle of volumes sent home is to lose the true flavor of book-buying,—as if one should cram down his strawberries by the ladleful or gulp down his wine at one draught. Neither do as I did when, quite a boy, smitten with an ambition to begin a library, and taking Chancellor Kent or some other friend of education as my guide, I went to a store with a long list,—the first on the list being, I think, Polybius! Fortunately, the prospect of becoming insolvent long before I reached any of the books that I really wanted deterred me from becoming a foolish builder of wood, hay, and stubble, instead of gold, silver, and precious stones.—F. N. Zabriskie, in the *October Lippincott*.

The first number of the new *Scribner's Magazine* will make its appearance in December. It will be published simultaneously in all quarters of the United States and Canada. The edition will exceed 100,000 copies. It is to be observed that this is the only issue of the new periodical to be "dated in advance." Succeeding numbers will appear on the first of the month named on the cover.

A distinguished author wrote to another author less distinguished: "You have not been through a good deal of really vigorous study, but you have not *gone in harness* yet." By harness he meant discipline settled beforehand like military drill. Now, the advantages of drill are evident and very generally recognized, but the advantages of intellectual *flânerie* are not so generally recognized. For the work of the intellect to be clear and healthy, a great deal of free play of the mind is absolutely necessary. Harness is good for an hour or two at a time, but the finest intellects have never *lived* in harness. In reading any book that has much vitality you are sure to meet with many allusions and illustrations which the author hit upon, not when he was in harness, but out at grass.

Leon Curmer, the French publisher, tells an amusing story of Balzac, who had promised to contribute to his projected periodical, *Les Français peints par eux mêmes*, but who lost interest after the first delight in the novel speculation had passed away. Curmer could get nothing from him. At last, on the eve of publication, one of the printer's messengers was sent to Balzac's lodgings for copy, with strict injunctions not to come back empty-handed. The envoy returned with three or four slips of paper, on which a few lines had been hastily scribbled. The manuscript was speedily in type, and a proof was dispatched to the author. Balzac returned it, doubled its former size, with erasures, corrections, and additions crossing each other between the lines in inextricable confusion. Eight times was the process repeated, and at last the memorable monograph entitled *Nos Épiciers* was the result. "The corrections of that proof," says Curmer, "cost me one thousand francs. But I sold twenty thousand copies of the first number."

THE BARTHOLDI STATUE.

The land that from the rule of Kings,
In freeing us, itself made free.
Our old world sister, to us brings
Her sculptured dream of Liberty.

Unlike the shapes on Egypt's sands,
Uplifted by the toil-worn slave;
On Freedom's soil with freemen's hands
We rear the symbol free hands gave.

O France, the beautiful, to thee,
Once more a debt of love we owe:
In peace, beneath thy fleur de lis,
We hail a later Rochambeau.

Rise stately symbol; holding forth
Thy light and hope to all who sit
In chains and darkness; belt the earth
With watch-fires from thy torch relit.

Reveal the primal mandate still
Which chaos heard and ceased to be;
Trace in mid-air th' eternal will,
In signs of fire "Let man be free!"

Shine far, shine free, a guiding light,
To Reason's ways and Virtue's aim,
A lightning flash the wretch to smite
Who shields his license with thy name.

—J. G. WHITTIER in *N. Y. Independent*.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE VARSITY is conducted by undergraduates of the University of Toronto, and will appear every Saturday of the academic year. It aims at being the exponent of the views of the University public, and will always seek the highest interests of our University. The Literary Department will, as heretofore, be a main feature. In this issue appears the first instalment of a Novel, the scene of which is laid in College. The news columns will be full and accurate, containing reports of all meetings of interest to its readers.

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A Tale of Two Idols. I.

To My Lady.....Miss Kate Willson.

Why We Fight....A. O. Brookside.

My Friend.....Geraint.

Topics of the Hour.

An Athletic Association.

Communications.

Undergraduate Dinner.....T. A. Gilson.

Amateur Dramatic Club....Guyon Hope.

Round the Table.

University and College News.

Di-Varsities, &c., &c.



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DI-VARSITIES.

"Why is a lawyer like a horse?" "Because," said Snifkins, "he has to draw so many conveyances."

Tramp—I have lost an arm, sir; will you—Passer-by (in great haste): Sorry, but I have'n't seen anything of it.

O'Hoolihan.—Och, Lavery, here comes some ladies!

Lavery.—Ther divil! O'Hoolihan, rin up on ther bank and war-r-rn thim aff!

"Dear George," said a young woman, "I am willing to marry you, if we have to live on bread and water." "Well," said the enthusiastic George, "you furnish the bread, and I'll skirmish around and find the water."

"Ergo," remarked the professor to his class, after a long preamble. "Ergo"—then he stopped to take breath. "Well, let ergo, Gallagher," sung out one of the students, and the conclusion was ruined.—*Ex.*

It looks bad to see a dog preceding his master down the street, and calmly turn down the stairs to the first saloon he approaches. It shows there is something wrong, something lacking, a deplorable tendency on the part of the dog.

Three students returning home alone along College Avenue a night or two ago, did their best to make Rome howl with melody. "Look here, now," said one of the finest, coming up breathless, "what are yez hollerin' about?" "We're hollerin'," answered a hilarious member of the games committee, "about the streets, you know."

Six McGill students, after leaving the Academy on Friday night, went round the vicinity of Beaver Hall hill, turning out the gas in the street lamps, ringing door bells, and in Bleury street they rolled a large water pipe into an excavation, completely smashing it. His Honor told them the next morning that their conduct was disgraceful, and fined them all \$5 or fifteen days in jail. The fines were paid.

Lady (to her physician whom she has called from town to her country place)—"Oh, Doctor, I am ashamed to have brought you such a journey; but I felt so wretchedly low that—" Doctor—"Don't mention it, my dear madame. Your neighbor, Mrs. Woodruff, is also a patient of mine, and I must see her while here. Kill two birds, you know, with—h'm! h'm!—I mean—it's of no consequence."—*Ex.*

The late Dr. Kemper, the theologian, once commenced carving at the table a boiled ham that was doing duty for the second or third time.

"Why, my dear!" exclaimed his wife in surprise, "you have forgotten something. You have not asked the blessing."

"Yes, I have, too," bluffly responded the doctor. "I've asked the Lord to bless this old ham all I'm'a going to."

A brakeman in the employ of the Delwaare and Hudson Canal Company is a very obliging person and thoughtful withal. An excursion party, which included many young men and women, recently made the trip from Albany to Lake George, and as the train would near a tunnel, of which there are a good many on the line, he would call out in stentorian tones: "Gents, choose your partners for the tunnel."

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Banker—I seldom fish myself, but I understand that Mud-creek over-against-Bill-Simmons'-Mill-pond, Knox-county-over-the-left-and-under-suspicion-Maine, United States of America-four-hands-'round is a fair sporting ground.—Tid Bits.

A young woman picking her way across the railroad tracks in Indianapolis saw a brakeman wave his hand to her from the top of a departing freight train. She smiled sweetly and waved back. Then the brakeman waved more violently, and the girl smiled more sweetly and stopped and tried to get out her handkerchief to fittingly carry on the flirtation. The next thing she knew she was yanked off the track by a flagman, just in time to escape a backing train, which the brakeman had seen and tried in vain to warn her of.

A three-pint dog in a five-quart muzzle of heavy wire was laboriously trudging along yesterday morning, just after the rain, when he came to a small excavation. This he mistook for an ordinary Fourth Ward puddle, and walked into it. The heavy muzzle carried his nose to the bottom, and only his tail remained visible. The spectacle of a dog's tail furiously lashing the water attracted the attention of a neighboring apple-woman. After satisfying herself that it was not the sea-serpent, she caught hold of it and set the dog on dry land, with the observation, "If yez had been a bobtailed dog, where would yez be now?"

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THE VARSITY

A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.

Vol. VII.

University of Toronto, Nov. 6, 1886.

No. 3.

MY STAR.

Behind blue hills the golden sun slides down,
Aweared with fierce driving of his car ;
Then swift the sea lifts up an ebon bar,
And where was golden light now blackly frown
The darkening clouds, and shadow all the town.
Behold ! a rift in the veil afar—
A sweet white hand points upward to a star,
That soon cloud-wreaths again in darkness drown.
Dark-shrouded I from golden gleams of light,
By mists of care that from the earth arise,
When thou, dear one, like angel in the night,
Didst look upon me with thy star-pure eyes ;
The darkness yet shall shroud my path awhile,
Light fills my heart, remembering thy smile.

KENNETH MCKEN.

WHY WE FIGHT.

II

As we look carefully around us in the world, we are certain to be struck by the curious fact, that there is undoubtedly a peculiar form of pleasure experienced by human beings, at least, in the infliction of pain. The boy gives evidence of it in his nature, by the persistency with which he persecutes and even tortures the various domestic animals which come in his way ; or when he grins with suppressed merriment when one of his comrades receives a caning from the schoolmaster. Man gives evidence of it when he pushes his way into the yelling crowd, to witness a dog-fight on the street, or when he eagerly stakes his money on the champions of the prize-ring. His very games, though perhaps somewhat brutal, have in them the element of the struggle—strength contending with strength for the mastery. The continental boar-hunting and bull-fighting is born of the desire to experience this peculiar form of pleasure without restraint. The North American Indian, upon whose nature the humanizing effects of civilization or the restraints imposed by constituted authority have never acted, shows clearly his keen delight in inflicting pain. One of his greatest pleasures consists in eagerly watching the ghastly effects of slow and agonizing torture of the most ingenious kind, having for its object the infliction of the maximum amount of pain, for the longest possible time. The extent of this savage pleasure is only measured by the physical endurance of the pinioned victim. The fierce Indian wars of extermination, like that waged by the Iroquois against the Hurons, so often said to be the result of ancestral feuds, were nothing less than tribal gratifications of this extraordinary desire to destroy and inflict pain. We reach the acme of this unbridled and bestial passion when we contemplate such combats as that of the Secutor and the Retiarius on the blood stained arena of the Coliseum.

This love of violence and combat which we find "bred in the bone" of all nations both civilized and barbaric, in all stages of the world's history, may largely account for tacit agreement among modern nations to invoke no arbiter but the sword to settle all differences, and may in part account for the

readiness in which men can be found, against sober judgment, to enter the lists, or eagerly to rush into the fray without consideration, without investigation, without aught but preparation. To fully solve the problem we must venture to follow the development of mankind backward beyond the limits of historic times, and seek for the cause among still more subtle influences.

In the long course of the ages, the rapid multiplication of species in the animal kingdom brought with it its inevitable concomitants—the extension of range, or the increased area inhabited, and the competition among individuals of the same or different species, to maintain life. Natural selection was rooting out the weaker individuals, and rendering competition more keen among the strangers. There was slowly, little by little, but nevertheless, surely developed from downright necessity, traits which have left an abiding impress on all the varied ramifications of animal life. As the severity of the contest increased, the individual pressed upon on all sides by other species, and pressed upon sorely by his own fellows in the struggle to survive must needs live by a strenuous and lifelong exertion. He must obtain food at all hazards. If individuals of a neighboring species form his prey, he must sharpen his faculties, in order that he may overcome them. He must be fleet, more cunning, more on the alert, more persevering, more audacious, in a word, stronger than they are, or he will not survive. In their turn his prey will have to struggle against him, and will, like him, have to grow more fleet, more wary, more astute, match him in all his now rapidly developing powers, or perish. Again, as the prey is more difficult to catch, the competition amongst the catchers themselves increases more than a hundred-fold, and in time of death a battle for possession follows the struggle for capture. But simply to live is not all, and even if life is ensured by a desperate and ever-continued strife, it is not all. The individual must leave behind him something of his wonderfully formed individuality, and bequeath to succeeding generations the highly developed faculties which have enabled him to live his life. But even to propagate his own species is a difficult task. Sexual selection once more forces him to engage in a struggle with individuals of his own species and sex for the possession of his mate. He fights to live, and fights to fulfil the end of living.

To live is a pleasure, and to gain food for the satisfying of famished nature, or to give sustenance to his offspring, is certainly a pleasure—no matter of how low an order we may conceive it to be—and it is not at all surprising that the habitual gaining of this kind of pleasure by the inflicting of pain, and the sight of suffering so caused, may, in the lapse of time, have come to be more or less confused with the pleasure, and at length insensibly regarded as in part its cause. The pleasure not being distinguished from its concomitant, suffering, the two which at first were only incidentally connected, come to have in the mind a definite relation one to the other. As the sight of the victim dying in agony and blood was to the victor an earnest of subsequent enjoyment, the pleasure became inseparably connected with the necessary infliction of pain. By a process known as the "Lapsing of Intelligence," an action at first rational, becomes, through constant repetition, at last instinctive and involuntary. So the constant sight of suffering preparatory to the experiencing of a species of pleasure could not fail to produce in the animal the desire to destroy and inflict pain, not always necessary. We have examples of this to-day of animals which kill others, not for food or for any purpose that we can see, and which appear perfectly satisfied with

simply having taken the life of their victim. After æons and æons when the anthropoid progenitors of the human race emerged from the lower stages of development, and man appeared to come bearing in his nature the animal love of destruction and the infliction of pain for the pleasure it gave him, without it in any way ministering to his actual physical wants, the exultation of victory and the anticipation of the enjoyment of food, or the possession of a mate in the animal, bequeaths to man his enjoyment in the suffering of others. So we say it is natural. The vestiges of the savage nature of man still appear in his mental life as the rudimentary organs do in his physical structure, slowly disappearing, at length to atrophy. By a sort of reversion to type we may at times see phenomenal brats in the guise of men, but the grand effort of evolution is forward.

As the effects of civilization become more and more strong; as the education of the masses is diffused; as the conditions of the environment relax their power, or as we grow strong to resist them; as the crowded nations find new homes in other parts of the globe; the onward march of the centuries will find less and less of the savage nature left in man. Commerce will become all-powerful, and nations will be too busy to quarrel, and the pursuit of the means of sustaining life will force itself upon the attention and supplant the pursuit of the means of destroying it; and, finally, in order to prevent utter extinction, not from devastating wars, but by the pressure of commercial competition from without, a nation will be forced, from the necessities of its new surroundings, to beat its swords into ploughshares and its spears into pruning-hooks.

Yale, B. C.

A. O. BROOKSIDE.

TO A ROBIN IN NOVEMBER.

Sweet, Sweet, and the soft listening heaven reels
In one blue ecstasy above thy song
In the red heart of all the opening year
In the hushed murmur of low dreaming fields
Hung under heaven, 'twixt dim blue and blue;
Where the young Summer purpled and pearled in dew,
Mirrors herself in June, and knows no wrong.

Sweet, Sweet, throwing thy lack of fear
Back to the heart of God, till heaven feels
The throbbing of earth's music through and through.

Dreaming in song,—great pulsing-hearted hills,
Cradling the dawn in mists and purple veils
Of vapors, over pearls of lakes and brooks
Girdled about the neck of half the world,
When the red birth of the young dreaming June,
Kisses the lands with gales, and murmurs, and trills
Of melody, lips that blossom with tales
Of music and color and form and beauty of looks
And snowy argosies in heaven furled,
All summer set to one sweet warbled tune.

And thou, red-throated, comest back to me
Here in the bare November bleak and chill,
Breathing the red-ripe of the lusty June
Over the rime of withered field and mere;
O heart of music, while I dream of thee,
Thou gladdest note in the dead Summer's tune,
Great God! thou liest dead outside my sill
Starved of the last chill berry on thy tree,
Like some sweet instrument left all unstrung,
The melodious orchestra of all the year.
Dead with the sweet dead summer thou had'st sung;
Dead with the dead year's voices and clasp of hands;
Dead with all music and love and laughter and light,
While chilly and bleak comes up the winter night
And shrieks the gust across the leafless lands.

WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL,

FANTASIO.

"My head is like an old burnt-out chimney," he said to Hartmann, in Alfred de Musset's comedy, "nothing in it but wind and ashes . . . I wish that great heavy sky was an immense cotton night-cap which would muffle this stupid city and its inhabitants down to their ears!"

" . . . What a failure the sunset is! Nature is pitiable this evening. Only look at that valley over there, and those four or five wretched clouds climbing up the side of the mountain; I used to draw landscapes like that on the fly leaves of my school books when I was twelve years old.—How I must bore you!"

"No, indeed; why should you?"

"Because you bore me so horribly. . . . If I could but come out of my skin for a couple of hours! If I could be that gentleman who is passing. See what beautiful silk breeches he has! What lovely flowers those are upon his waistcoat! His bunch of seals bobs against his paunch in emulation of his coat tails which flap against his calves. I am sure that man has a thousand notions in his head which are absolutely unknown to me. Everybody carries a whole world about in him, an unknown world which lives and dies in silence! . . . Look at this smoky old town; there is not a square, street, or alley where I have not wandered fifty times; not a flag stone over which I have not dragged my weary feet; not a house of which I don't know the old woman's or young girl's tiresome phiz, eternally to be seen at the window. I can't take a step without retracing my steps of yesterday. Well, my dear fellow, this is nothing compared to my own brain. All its purlieus are a hundred times more familiar to me; I have rambled in a hundred more directions through this dilapidated brain whereof I am the sole inhabitant; I have got drunk in all its taverns; I have rolled through it in a gilded coach, like a king; I have trotted about it on a quiet nag, like a good citizen; and now I don't dare to enter it even with a dark lantern, like a burglar."

A TALE OF TWO IDOLS.

IN TEN SHORT CHAPTERS, AND WITHOUT A MORAL.

III

Within were galleries, long and spacious, adorned with the carved heads of bucks and unicorns; with rhinoceroses, water-horses, called *hippopotami*; the teeth and tusks of elephants, and other things well worth the beholding. The lodgings of the ladies took up all from the tower Arctic unto the gate Mesembrine. *Rabelais.*

"No: my first paper is to be to-morrow. Mechanics. No cards, no cakes," Evans said, in answer to a question which met him as he came into Wiley's room early in the forenoon of the fifth of May, the first day of the Examinations. "But, I say, Jack," he continued, "what I came up for was to see if I can't get those two little stone heads, by way of chop, swap, barter, exchange, or any other way you please."

Observing that Wiley was surprised, he went on speaking, rather volubly. Out of the multiplicity of cunningly carved grotesques which peer down fantastically on you, within and without University College, from their numberless nooks and coigns of vantage, like sunbeams playing and rippling about the lines of the noble architecture, or, like fanciful gleams of humor in a grave discourse,—from amongst these countless carvings, Evans said he had discovered two, with a likeness to Wiley's small stone images; and that, as he was returning late to Residence one night, these two particular visages,—he said they were in the row running around the cornice of the low massive tower at the western end of the University,—had regarded him knowingly in the moonlight, as he passed on through the gate, and seemed to broaden slowly into distorted grins.

"But you needn't haw-haw like that, you noisy beggar," he remonstrated uneasily, at the end of this recital; for Wiley was lying back in his chair, laughing loudly. On recovering, he felt for his eye-glass,—it was a foppery he indulged in at times. "Now, Evans," he asked, smiling,

"With eye-glass poised i' the light sarcastic eye,"

"don't you want the images that you may give them to Elsie Fraine?"

It was some time before Evans, having at length admitted the point with not a little confusion and sheepishness, got possession of the small stone heads, on which his heart was set. The two then proceeded to the north reading room, which they

found filled by a noisy, jolly, undergraduate throng, moving slowly towards the door of the senate chambers. Wiley was disturbed and uneasy, and yet he smiled inwardly at himself for shrinking from thoughts of the examination; he was abler than most of those about him, but after being once plucked he could not recover full confidence in his own skill in tilting at University tests, and he felt vaguely like one standing on a wharf amid the bustle of the last few minutes before the departure of a vessel, who sees on the horizon a ship coming up from the under-world, in which he too must sail. But the designations, distinguishing words, pseudonyms, appellations,—for Mr. Baker varies neatly the phrases in his short harangues,—were at length distributed *virginibus puerisque*, as so often before, and the examinations were once again under way; and Wiley, as he saw his friends becoming more or less anxious and preoccupied, soon regained his ease of mind, and took little thought of the supplementals.

And now, while the bell is slowly ringing at two in the afternoon, our story, not unlike a pious Moslem in the gateway of a mosque, pauses on the threshold of the ladies' common room. As the door opens, we make way for a lightly moving group that comes out and passes on towards the Hall; before it closes again, we have entered.

A bright, pleasantly-lighted room, with a certain attractive and distinctively feminine air of rest and refinement, is this sanctum in our University, this abode of dove-eyed peace, with noisy corridors round about it, and gaunt, bare lecture rooms; for to those who have the privilege of entering the ladies' room they must seem so,—except, perhaps, the English lecture room, where we all were once so much at ease, as freshmen. The attractive air which I have spoken of as distinctively feminine is, of course, an added grace and charm, a something superimposed on the dull, musty, bookish traditions and arrangements of a University, making a cosy nook out of a room which in itself does not differ greatly from the other rooms about the buildings. The windows and ceiling are the same; in the library reading rooms there are just such fireplaces, with large stone mantels set in the wall about them,—but there one does not see fresh-cut flowers of a morning.

We will read one or two of the notices pinned above the letter-box. It is requested (the request is nearly a year old,) that there be "no communication between the young ladies and the young men attending the Matriculation Examinations." This survival from an irrecoverable June is now *pene nos*, carefully treasured. Here is another: "Those who wish to talk while someone is studying, will please go into the other room." Though you dislike interruptions, you are no doubt amazed at this stringent, straight-laced Draconianism in the little republic; but you will call to mind Thackeray's remark, that the gentler sex are often a great deal more exacting with one another than a man could have the heart to be. The ladies' room, it would seem then, is dwelt in by beauty, and an awful silence,

"Deeper, denser,
Than all the works of Herbert Spencer."

The silence on this afternoon was broken by the entrance of Elise Fraine, flushed a little, and in smiling haste. It was probably an accident that when she put down on the table the two images which had become Evans' such a short time before, they were hidden by some books from Miss Miller, the matron, who was near the window. The cause of her being twenty minutes late was not to be guessed from her manner, but plainly it had been that incongruous dog Evans, who had not to write on history himself. After a few pleasant words with Miss Miller she hastened to the Hall—do you remember how you looked up from your papers that afternoon, not at all put out by the interruption, and watched her dreamily as she went to her desk? All this, you must know, happened in the year eighteen hundred and never mention it, when Plancus was consul.

Not many minutes after Elsie Fraine left the room, Miss Mayne came in—"you pale sweet thing, with your large eyes," Elsie would call her sometimes; for she was Elsie's greatest friend. She was quiet in her ways, and her voice was of velvet, this lily maid: Elaine they should have named her; whereas Elsie was radiant and impetuous, with a fascinating dash in her frankness. But the two loved each other, and—O, infinite small thing!—they took not a little comfort in the thought that until they were married their names would rhyme.

While Miss Mayne, having placed the book she had with her

in the elevator, was asking at the speaking-tube for *Marsh's Lectures*, Miss Miller spoke, without lifting her eyes from what was in her hands, and which, in our plentiful lack of particular knowledge on the subject, we must denominate "fancy-work."

"Please return those two *Indian Remains of the Stone Age* also, Nellie. I was looking at them a little to-day," she said, referring to Burton's well-known two volumes, which were on the table, and would have prevented her, had she looked up, from seeing the two images.

After half an hour's study, however, Miss Mayne complained of headache, and said she would go home. She was ill the following day, and did not write on the examinations that year. And though they wrote long letters to each other through the summer, it was not until the next October that Elsie learned what her friend's headache had brought about that afternoon while she, in the hall, was sorting out all manner of facts and theories for the examiner in History, and then setting herself to arrange them, "as though one were working," she said fancifully, to herself, "in coloured wools."

IV

Multa in collegio nostro præclara;

Cicero, De Sen., xviii, 64.

The elevator by which books pass on their way to and from the Library and the ladies' common room, although it may not be pointed out as one of the many notable things to be seen about University College, is worthy of attention, at least as an ingenious application of mechanical principles, if for nothing else. It probably escapes the notice of casual visitors to the Library, giving evidence of itself only by protruding a small iron crank above its two little doors, at the end of the shelf whereon rests the University's oldest volume,—Dante, imprinted by Bernardino Benali and Matthio da Parma, in the year of grace, fourteen hundred and ninety-one, at Venice.

Whether or not it was that the aged time-worn tome, speaking to him in that quiet afternoon, with a voice out of mediæval times, drew him to where it rested, is not to be known,—in truth, it was a strange place for a man from Residence; but there stood Jack Wiley, looking into the ancient book, and alone in that part of the Library, when a summons came from the ladies' room below. It was unheard by Duodecimo,—for so, in default of a more appropriate name, was the assistant who had been left in charge designated in Wiley's mental catalogue; having hoped for an almost uninterrupted afternoon's study, he was, at the time, in a far corner, hunting up a book for Chamberlain. Wiley looking about him, stepped out of a reverie woven from tales that have the rime of age, and chronicles of old, and with his ear to the speaking-tube,—he used to say, "my name is Easy,"—he was asked for *Marsh's Lectures*, by a soft, strange voice. It was Miss Mayne's. And then he turned the handle, experimentally, and the elevator came up, freighted with one book and the two dumpy squat-faced little images he had given Evans in the forenoon.

Though greatly surprised at this sudden and altogether unexpected and unexplainable reappearance of theirs, *ex machina*, he had them in his pocket before Duodecimo came toward him. "A young lady," he said, "who is so near and yet so far, has just told me in low, concentrated tones, that she wants *Marsh's Lectures*." "I suppose," he added facetiously, "I suppose it's a proper book for young persons to read?"

"Why, of course it is," answered Duodecimo, "it's first year work."

This seemed to amuse Wiley. He said, as he replaced the Dante, before going,

"I have one book, myself, almost as rare as that."

"What is it?"

"It was returned to me, after being borrowed."

"Well, but what was the name of it?" asked Duodecimo, with the air of being at all times prepared to arrange any book whatever under its proper letter in the catalogue.

On reaching his room, Wiley blamed himself for not having left the images in the elevator, where he had found them; but he was soon laughing to himself, as he thought of how eager Evans had been to get them. He said, long after, that it was at this time he was first conscious of the whimsicality of the spirit under whose prompting the two small images seemed to exert an influence which was, as you will acknowledge, certainly most strange and mysterious.

(To be continued.)

THE VARSITY.

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All communications should be addressed to THE EDITORS, University College, Toronto, and must be in on Wednesday of each week.

Contributions when not accepted will be returned if accompanied with a stamp for that purpose.

There are frequent complaints that there is a vague unrest in men's minds as to the validity of all the clear-cut principles that have guided human action in their advancing civilization. In the economic field this is seen in the gradual saturation of our looser forms of thought with socialistic formulas. In the field of Ethics it may be described as a weakening in the moral fibre. The largely speculative character of our training may in some measure be held responsible. It is so easy to question, so hard to answer. The highest culture may come, under such a regimen, to consist in vague idealism, out of which no good can ever result. The best safeguard that can be devised is a careful scientific examination into the conditions of the existence of human society, the vital principle that seems to underlie civilization. A severely practical course in economics and jurisprudence is the easiest and most effectual stop to the crude notions that are now seeking utterance in all discussions as to property, law, government, and the like. This may yet be the consideration which will induce the Senate to establish a course with competent instructors, dealing with the great subjects of jurisprudence and sociology.

It is certainly productive of good that any system should be criticized as sharply as may be. It is thus only that the disadvantages connected therewith are brought out so clearly that our attention is attracted and a possible remedy suggested. This is the peculiar function of the idealist, who has, as a rule, a glowing picture of an ideal state in his mind. He contrasts his ideal with the reality, and the imperfections of the latter assume such large proportions as to outweigh in his mind any conceivable advantage. He forgets that in any state of society existing institutions were not established arbitrarily, but to satisfy as far as might be the wants of that society. Therefore the social enthusiast, while he is not to be treated with that contempt usually in store for him, for he merits better treatment at our hands, is not a safe leader. His narrowness of view is precisely what makes him an enthusiast, and this narrowness of view unfits him for that calm deliberation and wise foresight which must precede all innovation that is to have the confidence of men. Being blind to all but the evil of the system he opposes, he becomes a fanatic, his utterances are extreme, and his denunciations of all who admit that disadvantages exist, yet decline to commit themselves to his guidance, become so violent as to defeat his own object. For our world is a practical world, and the social enthusiast, riding his hobby, becomes wearisome, and his efforts are futile. University men should be characterized by soberness of thought and careful examination of conclusions presented to them for acceptance. This should be the case, not from any unreasoning fondness for what is old and established, but from conviction that a theory must be able to stand the severest criticism before being accepted as a guide in legislation. This position is not weakened by the theorist objecting that the present system does not satisfy this requirement. For in its practical working an insensible adjustment to circumstances has taken place. In addition to making clear the advantages of the proposed change, the theorist can be not unfairly asked to point out the manner of substitution.

A college paper is emphatically a medium for the expression of the thought of its students. It exists for them, and it can have no reason for existence unless it succeeds in interesting them and

drawing from them practical evidence of their interest. If the college paper succeed in doing this, in the way of cultivating the literary spirit, and in the establishment of fine literary taste, it will achieve its highest aspirations, and work a permanent good. This is, in a modest way, the aim of THE VARSITY. If we should succeed in assisting in the production of one writer, who, in after years of success and eminence, could look back to the time when he began his literary career as a contributor to these columns, great would be the ground for satisfaction and congratulation. It is with this not unworthy aim that we try to present to our readers, week by week, the best literary productions to be had in our constituency, remembering that the conditions upon which the creative faculty in literature is based, depend upon a just appreciation of what has already been written. But, as we have said, the life of the paper depends largely upon the students themselves. There must be many in attendance at the University who have thoughts worthy of expression, and who really possess facility of expression, but who abstain from modesty, from offering them for publication. If there are such, as we are persuaded there are, we urge them to assist us in this work. Fear of refusal often keeps men from offering their productions to the press. This is a great mistake. Most writers have had to suffer the humiliation of the return of manuscripts with the usual note, at the beginning of their career. The discipline, though unpleasant, is in itself wholesome. A man generally sees many of the errors in a returned manuscript, which he would never have seen if it had been accepted, and thus learns to guard against them in future. So that refusal should not at first discourage, but should lead to stronger effort.

Last week we made a suggestion looking towards a centralization of government in athletic matters. A similar one, *mutatis mutandis*, might with propriety be made with regard to the literary and scientific organizations that exist at University College. The parent society still retains its "literary" character, but the "scientific" department has been usurped by the several specialist clubs that have been formed of late years. The success of these organizations has certainly justified their formation, and reflects credit upon the enterprise and ability displayed by their founders and present members. But it has occurred to some who have noticed the tendency amongst students to gravitate into small select cliques—we use the word in its best sense—for the furtherance of their own particular objects, that by so doing they cut themselves off from participation in the more general work of the Literary Society. Excellent and even necessary as these smaller societies are, they draw off large sections of students from the parent Society, and do not help to advance one of the most important functions of the Literary Society—that of maintaining and developing the social element. If we emphasize this point—at the risk of appearing to repeat an oft-told tale—it is because we are very strongly impressed with its importance as a factor in college life, and one which needs to be constantly set before the undergraduates of Toronto University. It is far from our intention to discourage or disparage the work of any of the special clubs that exist. Our only wish is to suggest a plan by which these societies may be brought into more vital and practical relation to the undergraduate body in general. If these various organizations would consent to become sections of the Literary and Scientific Society they would then be open to all students who belonged to the general Society, and would not only become more popular and generally useful, but would do much to develop general scholarship and culture. They would benefit themselves in no small degree by this means, while ministering to the instruction and enjoyment of many at present outside the range of their influence. The British Association for the Advancement of Science, and the Royal Society of Canada, furnish us with examples—with regard to management and constitution—which might be studied with advantage by those who have charge of these societies. Many of the arguments which we advanced in reference to the advantages to be derived from the formation of an Athletic Association might be used in support of the case before us. They will readily occur to the minds of our readers and need not be reproduced. We shall be glad to hear from undergraduates on the subject—which is an important and interesting one.

THE ORIENTAL DEPARTMENT.

There can be no doubt that if a University exists for the advancement of higher education and culture, every branch of learning which tends in that direction, should as far as possible, have a place in its curriculum. The recognition of different graduating departments by the governing body of a University implies that each department represents in the main the same degree of scholarship, and seeks to provide the same amount of academic culture. Discussions as to the relative merits of different departments, while they may be interesting and instructive, are prone to be conducted on wrong lines. Enthusiasts for this and that department of polite learning appear to forget, in their zeal to score points in favour of their own special course, that education and the acquirement of culture do not inhere in any one study or series of studies, but in the manner in which the study is carried on. Education does not consist in the amount of information which one possesses upon any one subject, but in the mode of its acquirement. Moreover, it is not an end, but a continual development and progression, if one may so term it. And it matters comparatively little upon what lines this development and progression take place, so long as it is healthy, natural, and regular. Granting this, no exception upon these grounds can be taken against the establishment of a graduating department in Oriental Languages in the University of Toronto. Few will be so prejudiced as to deny that the study of the Oriental Languages can be placed under the head of liberal studies; or to object to their being placed upon a par with the Classics or the Modern Languages. Every additional facility and encouragement that can be given to the study of any useful branch of learning, marks an advance which all will welcome. But at the same time we cannot but acknowledge that the new department will benefit but a very small percentage of University students; and that this small percentage will be made up almost entirely of theological students attending the affiliated colleges. Now, this fact of itself would not necessarily be an argument against the establishment of the Oriental department. But attendant circumstances must be taken into account. In the first place University College is called upon to do work that lies within the province of the Theological Colleges. If there were a University Professoriate there would not be such ground of objection. But as we have not such a staff at present it is unfair to saddle University College with the expense of this department. Again, the Senate was repeatedly urged, and had indeed pledged itself to establish a Lectureship in Political Economy as soon as funds could be spared for that purpose. The study of Political Economy, every candid reader must admit, will attract and benefit a hundred students where Oriental Languages will gain one. And while we are very far from wishing to apply Mill's utilitarian axiom in matters of education, we cannot but feel that with inadequate resources, and with pressing wants, University College should, for the present at least, take great care to study in the establishment of new courses the greatest good of the greatest number. In the instance before us such has not been the case. There is no necessity to go into the reasons for this, but we can only urge upon the Senate most strongly, that since they have established a new department which will benefit but few, they will feel their responsibility even greater than before to create a Lectureship in Political Economy, which will be of incalculable benefit to hundreds of students who have to rely upon their own private reading for their knowledge of one of the greatest and most practical sciences of the day. We will not discuss the relative merits of Oriental Languages and Political Economy farther than to say that, in the present condition of affairs, the Senate of the University would have done greater service to the majority of students if it had established a chair in the latter subject. Of course a very obvious difficulty in the way of establishing a Lectureship in Political Economy is in finding a suitable man to fill it. There is no one in Canada whom we could name at present, whose attainments in this branch of science would entitle him to consideration. Doubtless there are such, but we are not aware of their names. But if the department were to be established, we doubt not that the Senate would find a suitable man to take charge of it. In the meantime we briefly sum up our position as follows: We do not object to the department on any ground but that of present utility and serviceability to the majority of students. We regard the science of Political Economy to be of more general interest and usefulness to the average student. We cordially wish the new department every measure of success, but very earnestly press upon the Senate the importance of making provision for official instruction in the science of Political Economy at the earliest date.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Editors are not responsible for the opinions of correspondents. No notice will be taken of unsigned contributions.

A STREET WANTED.

To the Editors of THE VARSITY.

SIRS,—The authorities should obtain a right of way somewhere between St. George street and the University grounds before it is too late. Vacant lots are being bought up for building purposes, and unless this is done Knox students and others living in the west end will be seriously inconvenienced at no distant date.

NOX.

THE UNDERGRADUATE DINNER.

To the Editors of THE VARSITY.

SIRS,—It seems that with the gradually sharpening coolness of autumn comes the appetite for this festival's good cheer. Or rather, that the hungry yearning for good fellowship is thus satisfied by a square meal. O, custom truly Britannic! To load, with offerings to the guardian gods of friendship, the groaning altar of your paunch.

But, after all, cannot the students do better? The two dollars apiece expended last year for one night's sociability would have gone far towards hiring rooms in the city, where friends might enjoy one another's company all year round.

SOPHOMORE.

SUBJECTS FOR DEBATE.

To the Editors of THE VARSITY.

SIRS,—I have been struck by the singular way in which the committee of the Literary Society—for I imagine, they are the guilty parties—have contrived to word all the subjects for debate which have been selected thus far. They have put the subjects in the affirmative-negative form—such, for instance, as that of the recent public debate, viz.: "That the awarding of scholarships is *not* beneficial." Now this renders the task of the affirmative a rather difficult one, since they have to bring forward arguments of a distinctly negative kind; and makes it the duty of the negative—instead of what it should properly be, one of criticism—partake of a positive and affirmative character, the only answer to which can properly be introduced in the counter-reply of the leader of the affirmative. If the Committee would take care to put the subjects for debate into a positive-affirmative form, much inconvenience would be avoided.

F. B. HODGINS.

AN OUTSIDE OPINION.

To the Editors of THE VARSITY.

SIRS,—I was an interested spectator of the well contested match played last Saturday on the fine lawn before your university, between an undergraduate team of University College and a visiting team from one of the collegiate institutions of Ottawa. Ontario has reason to be proud that her youth, while not contemning studious pursuits, enter with emulation into the mimic warfare of the campus; for if it is imperative on the one hand that the mind be duly trained in scholastic exercises, it is not the less an absolute necessity that the body, on the other hand, be schooled in the curriculum of the gymnasium and the lawn.

That to which it was my intention to animadvert in penning this communication, was the fact that a compact—I had almost said integral—body of young men stationed itself now here and now there about the field in accordance with the progress of the game, and with a continuity of concerted vociferations made under the direction of a leader, loudly encouraged the visiting team in its strenuous efforts. I was pleased at this enthusiastic display of the sentiment of fellowship; for to a stranger like myself it seemed obvious that they were students of the Ottawa institution, urging their fellows to renewed efforts. When I gathered from the desultory conversation of several bystanders, and from the answers made to my inquiries by a courteous undergraduate, that the group which was making itself prominent by its noisy applause, was composed of the students of St. Michael's College in this city, my surprise was unbounded. This institution, I learn, is in affiliation with your University; and it seems anomalous that the disposition of its students toward the undergraduate readers of your valuable journal should be such as I conjecture them to be from what I saw last Saturday. I did not think it proper to leave your beautiful city before giving expression to my sense of the bad taste which was evinced on the occasion to which I refer, by the students of the affiliated institution.

GEORGE TEMPLE STANHOPE.

Balham, Surrey, England.

ROUND THE TABLE.

We present to the readers of THE VARSITY a choice specimen of the result of the spelling-reform mania upon the masses. It is quite unique in its way, and though intended to be serious, is as good a burlesque upon the system as any we could devise. The original is in our possession and can be seen in the sanctum "Tuesdays and Thursdays, on presentation of a visiting card." The post-card reads as follows:—

OBVERSE.
Youneversete
Coledeg queen's
park
REVERSE.
to stydents
o good habets
can hav anis
frunt bed
Room with
grat and
bord if Requ
ired
Richmend St
east

We have been prejudiced against spelling-reform, but this post-card convinces us that it is a necessity—so far as the communication on the post-card is concerned.

A mutual acquaintance was the grist of the conversational mill the other day, and with our usual freedom we were canvassing his peculiarities. The second actor in the colloquy seemed to think the subject of debate finally disposed of, when he remarked, "Oh! but he's an insufferable snob." Now, even after the almost divine effort of Thackeray to clear up the momentous question, What constitutes a snob? I confess that a slight haziness still darkened my faculties. Such a confession would have been too humiliating, so I sagely nodded my entire acquiescence and retreated in good order. When I found myself alone I began to reflect, and now make the public partner of my newly acquired wisdom. Of course I have consulted all authorities and merely profess to give a diagnosis corrected, as it were, for our latitude and longitude.

The man who, dazzled by the glamour of a high-sounding name, deliberately expresses his preference for tough chicken to good corn-beef, is a snob. The man who will wear to his own discomfort a trim pointed abortion of a boot, rather than a comfortable broad-heeled, thick-soled cowhide, the handiwork perchance of the humblest disciple of St. Crispin, is a snob. The man who is painfully aware that his comrade's dress is shabby and proposes to take the back street, because, you know, it is less crowded, is a snob. The man who in conversation will inflict on his listener a polysyllabic horse-mounted word, where a modest monosyllable would suffice, is a snob. The man who reads and talks about a book for which he cares nothing, because it is the proper caper, you know, is a snob. The man who will listen to a broad story with grinning face, then recollects that he is a pillar of sanctity, and upturns his gaze and reads you a moral lesson, is a snob, the snob hypocritical, the worst of the tribe. The man who—

"But," I hear you interrupting, "you might prolong your list *ad nauseam* and yet not give me clearly to understand how I may detect the snob. Can you give me no succinct description?" Not the easiest thing in the world, but I am bound to try. Shortly, egotism is the essence of snobbery. The all-important question with John Thomas, the snob, is how John Thomas doing this will look to the world. He fancies himself the centre-piece of the universe. Growing out of this egotism is a keen appreciation that everything John Thomas does must be done with *an air*, to attract the desired notice. The true snob is always playing a part, and is conscious that it is a part. Naturalness is the extreme opposite of snobbery—be natural is the best safe-guard for the snobically inclined. The snob must evince no interest in anything beyond the cut of a coat, the flavour of a cigar, &c., &c., in short, in anything that is not connected with his exquisite personality. The snob must have no trace of sentiment or affection—that is vulgar; must know as little as possible—learning is a bore; must show no enthusiasm—that is low. A snob is selfishness incarnate—a developed—On second thoughts I forbear.

For some months a genuine live specimen of the native American usually called *Yankee*, has been the unwitting subject of my observation, indeed, I may say, my minute observation. To my great delight his character is gradually unfolding itself, and I shall report progress regularly. All that a bird's-eye view of his exterior reveals is—a tall, lank figure, an active springiness in all his movements, a rather meagre face with strongly marked features, not so sharp, however, as caricatures would lead you to suppose, hard gray eyes,

with nothing filmy about them. The most significant feature about his face is the forehead, which is not what is styled spacious, but is slightly convex, and is curiously wrinkled by two deep parallel lines that run up into the centre from the base of the eyebrows—lines betokening intense thought? He speaks but little, and that not in the nasal drawl that the stage *Yankee* has stamped on the down-easter. He does not chew tobacco and does not use slang on all occasions. At first these purely negative characteristics, upsetting as they did all my preconceived notions, inspired in me deep mistrust that my swan was but a goose after all.

The conflict between science and tradition was never waged with such determination as in these days; and many are fearing that the outcome will doom all poetry and art, for the chemist analyzes his wife's tears, the Linnæus will botanize upon his mother's grave. And hear Keats:

"There was an awful rainbow once in heaven:
We know her woof, her texture; she is given
In the dull catalogue of common things,
Philosophy will clip an angel's wings,
Conquer all mysteries by rule and line,
Empty the haunted air, and gnomed mine,—
Unweave a rainbow, as it erewhile made
The tender-person'd Lamia melt into a shade."

But while the imaginings of noble minds are greater for all time than mere facts are, as such, the advance of science is as grand as the entranced poet's dream; and, indeed, poets and artists keep pace with the scientific *renaissance*. They even forestall some of its greatest wonders. I heard a freshman in the Library yesterday ask for Victor Hugo's "*Chants of a Corpuscle*."

Though it seems to be thought the proper thing to speak of *Punch* with a certain tone of disparagement, one finds no little difficulty in elbowing his way to the copy in the Society reading room. I do not wish to claim for *Punch* more consideration than what may be accorded to the light *vers de société* of the day, and the bright gossip of clever men; but why should you, sir, who are consumed with laughter when telling how awfully good that thing in *Punch* was, don't you know—why should you be half ashamed to own that you've read last week's *Punch* too?

We will say nothing now of the weight of either in the world of politics, though in neither case is that a thing to be made light of. I once admitted (in an argument) that the best things in *Punch* are better than the best in *Puck*; and sometimes I am not sure that I wouldn't do so again. It would depend on who the other man was.

Punch, of course, is under the disadvantage of being considered, rightly or not, the head and front of English wit and humour; and it's a fact that your Englishman laughs before you have begun to repeat to him one of its jokes. The humorous intention suffices; it does not often, indeed, go beyond being an intention. *Puck*, on the other hand, is merely the work of a few New York journalists, and some other penmen. Burnand is not to be compared with Bunner. The latter has lately won his spurs as a novelist, and his "Airs from Arcady and Elsewhere" are as graceful and charming as the deffest verses of Dobson and Lang. His more ideal lyrics and sonnets are commended by the fairest of critics for the depth of feeling under their grace. It may be, indeed, that lightness of touch is becoming a disease in Literature (printed with the capital L, and pronounced with bated breath); but it is certainly the life of journals such as we are speaking of. And the present writers for *Punch* seem absolutely unfitted to be gifted with that airy cleverness of thought and expression which I may be allowed to call the Puckesque.

Wit and humor, it has been well said, are born of sober parents. *Punch*, in a land where an aristocracy is not yet an anomaly, may, perhaps, rest on its fathers,—and Thackeray, Hood, Leech, Cruickshank, are not names that will be forgotten. In these later days, however,—not taking into account, of course, Du Maurier's delightful work,—its wit and humor seem to come of a rather dull parentage. "I suppose you have lots of jokes in here," remarked Gilbert, coming into the *Punch* sanctum one day. "Oh, yes," said Burnand, rubbing his hands together cheerfully, "Oceans of 'em,—oceans of 'em, old man!" "I say," said Gilbert, with the air of one who has a felicitous thought, "why don't you print one or two?"

"Do you remember," asked the ingenious man, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, "these verses from *L'Allegro*,—

"Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Johnson's learned sock be on?"

On learning that our remembrance of them had not faded, "I was thinking," he said, "that if they were known to the dealer in 'gents' furnishings' down town who entraps us all into reading his rigmorale advertisements by having his name printed without a capital, they might be put to a use undreamt of by Milton, when he penned them."

HHH.

UNIVERSITY AND COLLEGE NEWS.

All reports from Societies must reach us by noon on Thursday to ensure insertion.

Mr. W. Hird is at Strathroy Training Institute.

Mr. W. Steven is at Hamilton Training Institute.

Mr. D. Maclean is in Guthrie's law office in Guelph.

The committee appointed by the Fourth year has decided to hold the entertainment for the First year on Tuesday evening next in Moss Hall.

The Modern Language Club met in the Y. M. C. A. building on Monday. Heine was the author under discussion. An essay was read by Mr. J. N. Dales, and readings were given by Messrs. A. H. Gibbard and F. J. Steen. There was a good attendance. Some time was spent in German conversation. Ruskin's works will be taken up on Monday next.

The Engineering Society of the School of Practical Science held its first meeting this year in Prof. Pike's lecture room on the 21st of October. The President, Prof. Galbraith, opened the meeting with his inaugural address, taking for the subject, "The Disposal of Sewage." A paper on trench-marks and reference points was read, being the contribution of J. H. Kennedy, C.E., and proved the source of much useful information. A large number of applications for membership were received, proving the interest being taken in the Society. The next meeting will be on the 9th inst.

On Tuesday, the 26th, a very important and interesting meeting of the Knox College Student Missionary Society was held to discuss the practicability of sending out, in conjunction with the alumni, a missionary to the foreign field, and supporting him while there. The scheme was entered upon with enthusiasm, and a committee was appointed to canvass the students, and the subscription list has mounted up to about six hundred dollars, which is a very promising sum to begin with. The gentleman has not been actually chosen, but the next thing to it, and he is one very suitable for the life work he has selected. The field is to be China, but the exact post is not known as yet.

The Games Committee met on Tuesday last at 5.30 p.m. in Moss Hall. It was then decided to hold the cross country race about the 24th or the 25th of the month. The course will be the same as that on which the Canadian championship race was run on the 30th of October last, viz.: from Rosedale Grounds, *via* Taylor's Mills, to Oulcott's Hotel, Eglinton. The distance is about 5 miles. The first prize will be the Windrum cup, valued at \$20. Other prizes will be given by the Committee. It is expected that about forty or fifty will enter for the race. A supper will be on the cards at Oulcott's at the conclusion of the race. The exact date, with particulars of the course, rules, and number of prizes, will be published as soon as final arrangements are completed. The committee have decided to charge an entrance fee of 25 cents. Entries should be made at once to the Secretary, Mr. F. B. Hodgins.

The Glee Club organized for the season on Friday, the 29th ult. Mr. W. E. Haslam, the conductor, was present, and tried the voices of the members, for the purpose of ascertaining their power and compass. About fifty names were enrolled. The Club is in great need of tenors, and will be most happy to welcome any accessions to this section of the chorus. After some preliminary practice the chorus "Brigadier" was sung. The Club has now in rehearsal "The Winds Whistle Cold," a glee by Bishop, from the incidental music to the opera of "Guy Mannering." Practices will be held every Friday at 4 o'clock sharp in the West end lecture room. It is hoped that every member will be regular and punctual in his attendance, as it is only by such co-operation on the part of the members that the Club can hope to achieve that success which it deserves and which it can attain. The annual fee is \$1.00, and should be paid as soon as may be to Mr. T. Nattress, the Treasurer, in order that the Club may meet necessary current expenses.

The Mathematical and Physical Society met on Tuesday afternoon last at 4 o'clock in lecture room No. 8, the President, Mr. T. J. Mulvey, B.A., in the chair. An interesting paper on "Units" was read by Mr. I. E. Martin, B.A. Experiments in Electricity were performed by Mr. W. J. Loudon, M.A., Demonstrator of Physics. Mr. T. Gill, of the second year, read a paper on Des Cartes, his life and works, after which a discussion was carried on by Messrs. Loudon, Mulvey, Bowerman, and others. Mr. J. G. Wilton was elected Corresponding Secretary of the Society. Mr. W. McTaggart was elected to represent the First year on the Committee. The next meeting will be held on Tuesday, the 16th of the

month, when a paper on Newton will be read by H. R. Moore; also one by J. M. Clark, M.A., on a subject to be hereafter announced. It is the intention of the Society to have a paper read at each meeting on the life and works of some eminent mathematician. This new departure will be a most interesting feature of future meetings.

The regular weekly meeting of the Historical and Political Science Association was held in McMillan's Hall, at the corner of Yonge and Gerrard streets, on Wednesday afternoon, the President, Mr. Houston, in the chair. After the transaction of the business, which included the election of ten new members and notice given of two or three important resolutions to be moved at next meeting, the Association listened to an able and interesting address by the President on "The place of Historical and Political Science in a Liberal Education." The aim and scope of the science was stated and the principal subjects included under it defined at length in their relation to one another. History and Political Science should be studied together, for one throws great light upon the other. Constitutional Law, International Law, Jurisprudence and Political Economy, too, form very important parts of this comprehensive science. The speaker then dwelt at length on the method in which these should be studied. The study of Political History should begin with our own times and our own country. International law should be studied in connection with the relations of Canada to neighbouring nations. Political Science should have a large place in a liberal education on account of the culture which the student derives from its study through the contact with great minds, on account also of its great value as an intellectual training and the toleration and broad sympathy it imparts. If we should study physical science because we are surrounded by a physical world, we should study Social and Political Science because we have such an environment. The next meeting will be held at the same place at 4.15 p.m., on Wednesday, Nov. 10th, the subject being "The Definition of Political Economy."

An unusually large number of students assembled at the usual meeting of the U. C. Y. M. C. A., on Friday evening of last week, to hear Dr. Wilson's address, the meeting having been postponed from Thursday in response to a request from the Sports Committee. The Doctor, at the close of an eloquent and instructive address on the Christian soldier, learning that there was a debt of \$200 on the building, expressed his regret that such was the case, and offered to pay one quarter of this sum if the students succeeded in raising the balance within six weeks. This generous offer, supplementing, as it did, a liberal subscription on the inauguration of the scheme, elicited such prolonged applause that before it subsided the Doctor had retired from the meeting. The students should respond to such an offer by promptly raising the amount required to clear off the debt.—This week the regular meeting was conducted by Mr. H. J. Cody. About one hundred students were present. The subject under discussion was "The Wages of Sin." Rcm. 6: 23. This dark side of the picture was drawn by the young speaker in the most touching manner, and when the bright side was reached, where life was offered through faith in Jesus Christ, a real weight seemed to be lifted from the attentive audience. A number of others took part in the discussion, among whom was Mr. Fatt, of Wycliffe College, a well known Y. M. C. A. secretary. At the close of the meeting, the first of a series of missionary concerts was announced for Tuesday, 2nd Nov., at 4.45 p.m. The speakers, Messrs. Reid, McLecd, Scott, Sparling and Hart, are to discuss mission work in Inland China.—The work of giving instruction to the newsboys in their Lodging on Frederick St. is to be carried on this year as usual by the Association. The following gentlemen have charge of the work for next week:—Monday evening, Mr. John Crawford; Tuesday, Messrs. W. Gale and W. V. Wright; Thursday, Messrs. G. A. Wilson and W. G. Fortune.—The College Secretary, Mr. L. D. Wishard, of New York, who was present at the opening of the new building, and made so many warm friends among the students, will visit the College next week. As he can only stay twelve hours in the city, he will address but one meeting. This will be held on Thursday, Nov. 4th, at 4.30 p.m. Mr. Wishard being an out-and-out college man (Princeton), will no doubt meet a "packed house" on Thursday next.

During the last two weeks, several very interesting matches have been played by the association Football club, in all of which the Varsity team has been successful, except that played with the Aetnas on Saturday, 30th ult. This resulted in favor of the latter club, owing principally to the number of second eleven men which the committee were obliged to place in the field on account of the absence and inability of many of the first team to play. Tuesday, 26th ult., saw the teams of the Toronto School of Medicine and Varsity face each other on the lawn. The contest proved rather interesting, but resulted disastrously for the "Meds," as at the finish the score stood 5 goals to 1 in favor of Varsity. On Friday, 29th ult., a team journeyed east as far as Cobourg, and tried their strength against a representative team of Victoria University. After a very exciting contest, which was witnessed by a large and enthusiastic

crowd, the game fell to Varsity by a score of 3 goals to 1. The "Vics" have a good team and gave Varsity the hardest work they have had this season. There was a regular boom in Football on Wednesday afternoon on the lawn, where two matches were played. The first took place between a team from Weston High School and the Varsity second eleven. Some of the players on both teams did good service for their respective sides, but the game was characterized by long kicking rather than sure passing. The result was 1 to 0 in favor of Varsity. Soon after the close of this match the "Normals" and Varsity 1st eleven took their places on the field. As the Normals have a strong team and are taking a very good stand with other clubs in the City, a keen contest was expected. But, although the forwards of the latter team made several good rushes on the Varsity goal, the sphere was almost continually in dangerous proximity to their own. When time was called Varsity had succeeded in passing the ball four times beneath the tape, while their opponents had failed to score. A very exciting contest may be expected on Saturday, 6th, when Varsity meet the Victorias in their first cup-tie match. As this game will decide which team is to hold the championship of Toronto, considerable interest will no doubt be manifested. Thus far, then, the association club has scored 13 goals to 2, a very good showing indeed.

The long expected match between Ottawa College and the Varsity for the College championship of Ontario took place on Saturday. It will be remembered that last year the Varsity suffered defeat in Ottawa by 19 points to 2. But those who saw that match thought there was no such disparity in the play as the figures would seem to indicate, and our boys felt confident of making a much closer game on their own ground. Nor was their confidence unfounded, for a closer match than Saturday's was never played. In order to be in the best possible condition, the Ottawa men left home at noon on Friday, arriving here that evening, and enjoyed a good night's rest at the Rossin. On the other hand, the Varsity left nothing undone to improve their condition. Those who were present at the match with Upper Canada College shook their heads, but a week's hard training made all the difference in the world. As each day passed their chances became better. "Scout" MacLaren returned in the nick of time—Sullivan's shoulder improved continually—the new men on the team fell into their places instinctively. Saturday was as fine a day as ever favoured a football match. At the commencement of the game there was present the largest and most enthusiastic crowd of spectators ever seen on the lawn—among them a large percentage of ladies. Although the game lasted for an unprecedentedly long time, their number was apparently undiminished, while their enthusiasm seemed to have increased. The teams were composed as follows:—Ottawa College—Back, J. Murphy; half-backs, T. Murphy and Riley; quarter-backs, O'Malley (Captain) and Bannon; forwards, Hillman, Delancy, McConly, McLaughlin, Guillet, Gascon, Mahoney, McDonald, Kavanagh and Masson; umpire, Max. Hamilton (Peterboro'). Toronto University—Back, W. P. Mustard; half-backs, F. Mill and J. H. Senkler; quarter-backs, G. B. McClean and E. C. Senkler; forwards, W. B. Nesbitt, E. A. Sullivan, R. McDowall, W. Cross, J. S. MacLean (Captain), E. G. Rykert, H. MacLaren, D. Ferguson, A. G. Smith and A. H. O'Brien; umpire, E. W. H. Blake. Referee, R. Max. Dennistoun, Queen's College. The Ottawa men wore a pretty suit of garnet jerseys and stockings and gray knickerbockers, while the Varsity appeared in their well-known blue and white. Captain O'Malley won the toss and elected to defend the northern goal, and the ball was kicked off by Mustard promptly at 3 o'clock. It was returned by Murphy, the Ottawa back, and then scrimmaged. We may here remark that the game was almost a series of scrimmages from beginning to end. The ball was very seldom out of the scrimmages, and even then only for short periods. Before long it went into touch, and Mahoney had an opportunity of showing his skill at throwing out. He was the best man at it we have ever seen, always placing the ball where he wanted it. In a few minutes Mill got the ball, made a run and kicked it far down the field. Murphy returned it and scrimmaging again followed. The ball was passed to Bannon, who ran back nearly ten yards in the hope of passing Ferguson, but the latter tackled him in beautiful style. Scrimmaging followed in which Ottawa had the best of it until half-way was reached. Mustard got the ball, but, unfortunately, kicked it side-ways into touch. For a considerable time the Varsity goal was in great danger, but when time was called, the Varsity forwards had worked the ball up a few yards again. After a few minutes' intermission play was re-commenced. O'Malley, instead of giving a long kick, merely touched the ball and then picked it up. The Varsity forwards were too sharp for him and immediately tackled him, thus spoiling the little trick. Scrimmaging again followed. One of the Ottawa backs kicked the ball behind the Varsity goal, and before it could be returned rolled into touch; 1 point for Ottawa College. The ball was kicked off, and shortly after O'Malley obtained a fair catch from which a goal was nearly obtained. The Ottawa forwards charged so fast that Mustard was unable to get the ball out and had to rouge; 2 points for Ottawa College. The ball was again kicked off. Shortly afterwards the ball was passed to H. Senkler, who made the longest run of the day before being tackled. For the remainder of the three-quarters of an hour the honours were evenly divided, and when time was called the score was 2 to 0 in favour of Ottawa College. As

this constituted a draw it was decided to play half-an-hour longer, fifteen minutes each way. Mustard made a splendid kick-off and scrimmaging ensued again. Ed. Senkler obtained a fair catch from which Harry Senkler almost obtained a goal. However, Ottawa College was compelled to rouge; 1 point for the Varsity. Shortly afterwards the ball was dribbled over Ottawa goal-line. Cross made a dash and almost succeeded in obtaining a try, but the Ottawa backs ran into him with such force as to knock the ball from his hands, and Ottawa managed to rouge again; 2 points for the Varsity. During the remainder of the first fifteen minutes and the whole of the second fifteen, play was about even, and when time was again called the score was still a draw 2 points to 2. The Captains agreed to play twenty minutes longer in the hope of settling the question. It was now becoming rapidly dark and difficult to see the ball. Heavy scrimmaging was the order and both sides lay on the ball considerably. At length time was called and the match declared a draw.

The tie of last Saturday was played off on Thursday afternoon on the Rosedale grounds in the presence of a large number of spectators. The same teams as played last week faced each other at 2.30 when the ball was kicked off. Remembering the great staying powers of the Varsity team, the Ottawa College men put forth tremendous exertion, which was somewhat of a surprise as they kept the ball in the scrimmage in the last match. The result was that owing to a miss-kick by Mustard, they secured a try in the first fifteen minutes. Soon after this, Mustard was badly kicked on the shin, which spoiled his kicking for the rest of the game. Harry Senkler was also lame, and many of the onlookers were enraged to see him successfully tackled, where on ordinary occasions he would have shown a clean pair of heels. Soon after the try O'Malley was tackled in goal, which added four points to the Ottawa College score. Four rouges raised the score to twelve where it stayed. Just as our men were waking up thoroughly and were working the ball up the field, half time was called, score 12 to 0. Things now looked decidedly blue, and the hearts of Varsity supporters began to sink. But in the second half they nobly redeemed their reputation, and though they only managed to score one point, they played a brilliant game, and had decidedly the best of it, keeping the ball well up toward their opponents goal. It would be unfair to individualize. Our forwards, we may safely say, never played so well before, and will compare with any team forwards in Canada. The whole team is worthy of the college; they should receive only stronger support on account of the lost game of Thursday. Upon one thing we may congratulate ourselves; our men play a square, honest game; they never take unfair advantage. This can hardly be said of the Ottawa College team. Their forwards played off-side whenever there was an opportunity of eluding the vigilance of the referee. The ball too was not unfrequently picked out of the scrimmage and passed back to be punted. The referee deserves a vote of thanks for his strict fairness in ruling. He took the greatest pains to make an impartial ruling in every case of dispute. Thus is the championship once more lost to us; we can only hope, and back our team to our utmost next year.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE VARSITY is conducted by undergraduates of the University of Toronto, and will appear every Saturday of the academic year. It aims at being the exponent of the views of the University public, and will always seek the highest interests of our University. The Literary Department will, as heretofore, be a main feature. The Novel is continued. In the next issue will appear the first of a series of articles on the University of Toronto. The news columns are full and accurate, containing reports of all meetings of interest to its readers.

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The Undergraduate Dinner. SOPHOMORE.
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DI-VARSITIES.

"Why," asked a School of Science man on the lawn yesterday, "Why is the College paper like San Francisco?" "Because its the far city."

In Russia no one ever asks, "What's in a name?" generally speaking there's the whole alphabet.

RHYMES A LA MODE.

There was a young fellow named Jno.
Who went skating out over the Dno.
The ice being thin,
Poor Jno'y fell in,
And was, very nearly, quite gno.

There once was a fellow called Jas.
Who called a companion bad nas.
His playmate replied
With a kick in the sied,
And this put an end to their gas.

There was once a Freemason bro.
Who told all he knew to ano.
The Grand Lodge agreed,
On account of his screed,
That the recreant Mason they'd smo.
—Eric.

A despatch says that Alphonse Daudet has been going through a cure at Malon. It does not state what he got, but leads us to infer that novel-writing must be dull when an author is compelled to rob a clergyman.

There is a man over in Brooklyn who has been robbed so many times that he has taken out his burglar alarm and replaced it with a chestnut indicator.—Life.

An attachee of this office recently heard a skilled vocalist sing "Wait Till the Clouds Roll by." She rendered it:

"Wah taw the claw raw baw, Jawy,
Wah taw the claw raw baw,
Jawy, maw aw traw lah wah,
Waw taw the claw raw baw."

And then she smiled so sweetly and broadly over the well-merited applause that the corners of her mouth had a sociable on the back of her head.—Ex.

"Why so gloomy this morning, Jacob?"
"Ah, my poor leetle Benjamin Levi :—he is deat!"
"Dead? You surprise me. How did he die?"

"Vell, you see, my leetle Benjamin was at der synagoge to say his brayers, and a poy put his het in at der door and gries 'Job Lot!' and leetle Benjamin vas gilt in der grush."

A female of uncertain age was asked by a census taker—
"How old are you, madam?"
"Thirty years," she replied.
"That's what you told me last census, ten years ago."
"Well, I'm not one of the kind of women who tell one story at one time and another story another."

"Teach Yer Gran'mither," etc.—Englishman (to Highland friend, who is on a visit south, and "fir-rst acquaint" with asparagus)—"Mac! Mac!" (in a whisper) "you're eating it at the wrong end!"
Mac (who is not inclined for learning anything from a "gowk of a Saxon")—"Ah, but ye dinna ken, man, ah pr-ruffur-r't!"—Punch.

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If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost—that is where they should be. Now put foundations under them.
—*Thoreau.*

A correspondent writes to ask what age has done the most for journalism. You can't "stick" us on that, friend. The mucilage, by long odds.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"If there is anything under the canister of Heaven that I hold in utter execration," says Mrs. Partington, "it is a slanderer going about like a boy constructor, circulating his calomel upon honest folks."

At a social gathering on Austin avenue the following proceedings were had ;
"So your nephew is going to get married?"
"Yes, ma'am ; next Saturday the knot will be tied"

Little Johnnie, who has been listening with open mouth, says : "I say, ma, on the last day they let the poor feller eat anything he wants to, don't they ?"—*Ex.*

"Why did God forbid Adam and Eve to eat of the forbidden fruit?" asked an Austin Sunday-school teacher of his class.

"For fear they might fall out of a tree and hurt themselves," replied Jimmie Fizzletop, who had his arm in a sling.

Would that the Canadian hotels could be induced to refuse to sell bait to American defaulters.—*Buffalo Courier.*

Sam Johnsing desired to renew his membership with the Austin Blue Light Tabernacle, but Rev. Whangdoodle Baxter, the pastor, objected.

"I heah you beats yo' wife ebery night, so de neighbas tells me," said V'hangdoodle.

"Yes, sah, I has been in de habit ob correctin' her."

"Dat's not right. You must quit dat."

"Ef you say so, I'll not beat her no moah. I promises you dat when I goes home ter night I'll gib her de las' beatin' she's gwinter get from me, but it will be a good one, you bet."—*Siftings.*

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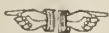
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THE VARSITY

A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.

Vol. VII.

University of Toronto, Nov. 13, 1886.

No. 4.

NATURE'S SECOND THOUGHT.

When earth possessed one sex alone,
And man was lord of all, serene,
One-half life's sweetness was unknown ;
No golden link was forged between
This world of ours and the unseen ;
This golden link has stood the test
Of ages. Woman reigns supreme,
And Nature's second thought was best.

The golden link was forged, I ween,
'Twas stolen, too, from Adam's breast ;
But by these words I do not mean
That woman is a fraud at best.
She dwelt by nature next man's heart,
Since torn from thence by Heaven's decree ;
He seeks to win her back, to be
For ever his, no more to part.

FREDERIC B. HODGINS.

THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.

I. KING'S COLLEGE.

Our University is growing venerable. There are few survivors now even of those who were in their cradles when Georgius Rex affixed the royal sign manual to its first charter. As to its history the present generation is very imperfectly informed on the subject ; and so THE VARSITY, as in duty bound, has set itself to enlighten its readers ; and with the aid of certain grave and reverend seniors, purposes to hunt up the record for their behoof.

The crest of the University is not the Lamp, with which we are all familiar, the College symbol of intellectual illumination. It is an umbrageous Maple, with the motto : *Crescit velut arbor ævo*. The supporters, we may add, are Minerva, and the Dolphin of Orion, as blazoned on the Ridgeway memorial window in Convocation Hall. If the restless spirit of everlasting change do not end in uprooting it, we see no reason why it should not fulfil its motto, under the fostering guardianship of its graduates.

But already in the first sixty years there has been more than one uprooting and transplanting of this tree of knowledge. The foundation stone of King's College was laid with wondrous clat, and much processioning ; amid ringing of bells, firing of cannon, singing of the "*Laudent omnes Deum*" &c., on the 23rd of April, 1842. It was St. George's Day ; Shakespeare's birthday ; the practical birthday, as was hoped, of a grand home of intellectual life for Upper Canada. But from the first it has been—as Sir Edmund Head designated it,—a college militant ; and in the struggle at its inception a long interval of inertia, or do-nothingism, transpired between the obtaining a charter, and this first step towards turning it to any practical account. It was in the year 1827 that a charter was granted by His Majesty George IV., for the establishment of a University at York (now Toronto), under the designation of "King's College ;" and in the following year the institution was endowed, by patent, with a portion of the lands which had previously been set apart by His Majesty George III. for educational purposes. Lord Bathurst's despatch accompanied the charter with a promised grant of £1,000 sterling per annum for the College buildings. Few incidents in the history of our

young province are more creditable than the Act of the Legislature of Upper Canada, so early as 1797, whereby King George III. was asked to set apart lands, to create the necessary fund for the establishment of Grammar Schools, "and also a College, or University, for the instruction of youth in the different branches of liberal knowledge." It is a proceeding to which Canadians will ever revert with pride. Assuredly in that first step the Loyalist Fathers of Upper Canada meant the liberal knowledge to be equally free to all.

With charter, funds, and all else at their disposal, it might have been expected that the promoters of the new College would go ahead. But the charter—in which His Gracious Majesty George IV. "of his special grace ordained that there shall be established, in the Province of Upper Canada, a College with the style and privileges of a University, to continue forever, to be called King's College"—was a somewhat peculiar document. It adapted itself to the special wants of the young western Province by ordaining "that our trusty and well-beloved, the Right Reverend Father in God, Charles James, Bishop of Quebec," shall be Visitor, and the Venerable John Strachan, D. D., Archdeacon of York, and subsequently Bishop of Toronto, President ; and his ecclesiastical successors in all time coming were to fill the same office as Heads of the College. It further provided for seven professors, who "shall be members of the Established United Church of England and Ireland, and shall, previously to their admission into the said College Council, severally sign and subscribe the Thirty-nine Articles of Religion as set forth in the Book of Common Prayer." No wonder that the Charter proved unworkable in the youthful Province of Upper Canada, or Ontario as it is now styled.

The terms of the Charter were from the first a source of irritating controversy ; and, as stated in the official account of "The Educational System of the Province of Ontario" prepared for distribution at the recent Intercolonial Exhibition : "In consequence of a feeling of discontent, engendered by its exclusive character, the Charter was amended in 1834 ;" and some of the most objectionable denominational restrictions were abolished. Nevertheless it retained its Faculty of Divinity and other essentially Church of England features ; and all students belonging to other denominations occupied the position of dissentients, exempted from the regular requirements of the College. Bishop Bethune, in his life of his predecessor, Bishop Strachan, dwells with enthusiasm on the choral services in the College chapel, "with its plaintive tone of sacred song conducted by the rule of the ancient chaunts," where the antiphonal responses were rendered by the student choristers in their white surplices.

The inevitable fruit of such a system speedily made itself manifest. In 1828, the very year after the granting of the first Royal Charter, the Wesleyan Methodists started the movement for their Academy at Cobourg ; which by 1841 had developed into the University of Victoria College, with Rev. Dr. Ryerson for its principal. In 1835 steps were taken for establishing a Roman Catholic College at Kingston, under the name of Regiopolis College. In 1841 Queen's College was founded there, with its faculties of Arts and Theology, in connection with the Presbyterian Church ; and so the whole higher education of Canada was thus decreed to be denominational in its character. This is the work which the friends of higher education are now striving to undo, by getting rid of divided counsels and crippled efforts at feebly and imperfectly doing with four or five poorly equipped institutions, what may be thoroughly and successfully accomplished by united action.

VIDI.

AD MAIAM NOSTRAM.

Nata cara, Maia mea,
Mihi carior quam dea
Jovi magno Atlantea,

Dudum me rogāsti, qui, pro
Pudor ! nondum scripsi, libro
Autographico ; en ! scribo.

Album est volumen, quare
Nolo nigro, quod precare,
Atramento violare.

Adhuc habet nil scribendum
Musa senex, nil vel flendum
Vel virginibus ridendum.

Quodsi placeat, et quia
Tu vis, cara mea Maia,
Hic inscribam vota pia :

Quicquid est in terræ solo,
Super astra, subter polo,
Boni esse tuum, volo ;

Longam vitam et salutem,
Et felicem juventutem,
Et apricam senectutem ;

Quantum sufficit nummorum,
Dies plenos gaudiorum,
Turbas fidas amicorum ;

Nomen carum, locum clarum
In choreis puellarum
Virginumque dilectarum ;

Mox matronam, anne dicam ?
Viro unico amicam,
Pulcram, garrulam, pudicam.

Viden' nescio quam sedentem
Aviam, speculis splendentem,
Inter parvulos ridentem ?

At humani nil securum,
Multum triste, multum durum,
Nec fas scire quid futurum.

Quod Fortuna dextra dedit,
Id sinistra extorquebit ;
Felix, illi qui nil credit !

Quod videtur tutum, pulcrum,
Ruiturum habet fulcrum,
Certum solum est sepulcrum.

Hinc in solis his precatis,
Non invenies tu satis
Sine Dis felicitatis.

Vos, cœlestes, hanc donate
Fide, spe et caritate :
Gratiarum trinitate ;

Cui, post multos annos rite
Actos, tandem redimite
Tempora coronâ vitæ.

W. H. C. KERR.

Kal. Novemb.

SUMMER IN NOVEMBER.

On this bleak evening, pacing to and fro
The empty rooms beneath this lonely roof,
Listening the echo of a distant hoof,
Or the November winds that wildly blow,
One thought pursues me whereso'er I go,
As close entwined with me as warp to woof—
Dear one, no power can hold our hearts aloof,
Because—I love you so ! I love you so !
To-night your shadowy form to me is real
As when your visible presence made more blue
The August skies, and turned to song its rain :
Gone is the storm—the solitude—I feel
You near to me ! What can November do ?
For us midsummer days have come again !

A. ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

A TALE OF TWO IDOLS.

IN TEN SHORT CHAPTERS, AND WITHOUT A MORAL.

V

Comme dit Servius—*Nullus enim locus sine genio est*—vous savez.
Notre Dame de Paris.

It was five o'clock on a rainy afternoon that seemed dismally out of place in the third week of May, when Wiley threw down a book he had been reading for more than an hour, as he sprawled lazily in his red arm-chair, with the tobacco canister at his elbow. He went to the window and looked down upon the deserted quad ; letting his eye follow listlessly the lines of the wet, shining roofs, from Convocation Hall to the tower, which stood massive and cold and gray in the dreary light of the late afternoon. Since morning the rain had not ceased.

What with the rain and the examinations, Residence, he was thinking, had become intolerably dull ; and were it not for his own pleasant company, he should feel bored. He turned cheerfully to put his thought into words as Evans entered and threw himself into the arm-chair, remarking after a pause, "I didn't tell you, Wiley, that I gave those little stone heads to Miss Fraine, and she lost them the same day. I'm sure I don't know how."

Wiley gave expression to what he judged to be the proper degree of surprise.

"I don't think she was greatly pleased with them," Evans went on meditatively. "Of course I told her I got them from you, and perhaps that was the reason—maybe she doesn't like you, Jack."

"That's quite impossible, you know," modestly announced Jack, adjusting his neck-tie.

After another silence, Evans said, without looking up, "Well, it's all over now."

"Hello !" cried Wiley, "what's the row ?"

Evans continued, mournfully, "I'll not forget the way she drew herself up and said, 'You are forgetting yourself,'—there was such a cold look in her eyes, and she was so handsome, standing there ! Why, she doesn't care anything for me !". He paused, and went on despondently, "I thought that she saw,—why, I adore her, Jack. I don't love as others do !" he exclaimed, passionately.

"Nobody ever does" said Wiley, laughing. "But that's nothing. You'll be friendly again in a few days."

"No ; I met her on the Avenue this afternoon, and she looked at me as though she had never known me. She was with that pup Gus Dekker,—he was holding her umbrella, and you should have seen the way he grinned at me."

At this climax Wiley burst into laughter, "Why, Sir Knight of the Rueful Countenance," said he, "you should have gone

up briskly and poked him in the ribs, roaring out, "How do, Chawls Augustus?" And then, as it was raining and all that, you might have got off neatly, *juvat ire sub umbras*,—that is, under the umbrella, you know. Now why didn't you quote that waggishly, you classical dog,—hey?"

This pleasantry failed to fathom the depths of Evans' melancholy; but as he thought of Dekker, whom Wiley used to speak of as "a mild, offensive young man," his disconsolate look changed of itself to a wrathful one, which afforded his friend still greater amusement.

"If you'd only stalk across the room, now," he suggested, "and scowl, like Othello! You're black enough in the face already, and I can let you have a superior article in blank verse."

"I'd need blank verse," Evans answered, "to tell what I think of that slim little sap-headed dude!"

"You'll challenge him, of course; pistols for two, coffee for one. I'm not a military man myself—like the flowers that bloom in the spring, tra-la, I've nothing to do with the K's—but I'll act as your second, and try to do my best, you know."

Evans' wrath, however, had not carried him to the point of wishing to blow out young Mr. Dekker's hypothetical brains; indeed, he seemed most angry with himself. We could wish to be able to analyze his feelings, and weigh everything that went to make up his regret for having offended Elsie Fraine; "it were not unprofitable, too," as Tenfeldsdrockh would say, could we look into Wiley's mind, where, in all likelihood, we should see unexpected things. But I have neither microscope nor skill in its use, and it strikes me now and again that even my spectacles, though an heirloom not to be parted with, and without which I should boggle dreadfully, are not to be trusted at all times. "It may be," Wiley once said to me, *moi qui vous parle*, as we talked together late into the night, "It may be that you think yourself resting in the fairy pavilion of a mid-summer eve, gazing upwards at the moonlit tracery of the tremulous screens that seem hovering over such slender graceful pillars, entwined around with the wreathed flowers that bloom only in fancy,"—and, pleased with the author of all this imagery, he paused to pat himself on the back mentally; "your friend sees you smoking Pace's twist in a long pipe. And you, when you would look through the smoke cloud to your friend, puffing his pipe in the midst, are at a loss to see him as clearly as you could wish, and cannot wipe the perplexity from your spectacles."

"There are faces," he went on, after an interval, "which, like that of a stopped clock, tell you no more than that they are not now betraying the secret workings of their inner mechanism; but even so obstinately reticent a clock as the one that does not move its hands at all, does tell the true hour at least once in the day. Did you ever notice how at that time the blank clock-face takes on a more conscious blankness, not unlike that queer uneasy easiness of expression,—which seems too subtle and fleeting to be transferred to a face on canvas,—by which you can tell that the eyes of a person, who is now perhaps looking another way, have been watching you closely until a moment ago?"

However, we have allowed ourselves to be led away from the metaphor of the spectacles and pipes, by which was meant, no doubt, that it is not such an easy matter, after all, for one person to read from another's face what is passing in his mind. You will doubtless have observed the art with which Wiley introduced pipes and the herb *Nicotiana*; thereby setting aside all question of reading the thoughts that have shelter behind fair brows and bright eyes. This he pronounced immeasurably more difficult than reading a Greek play without the crib.

But the bell of Residence has rung while we have been lost in these ill-timed, aimless musings, and Evans and Wiley have left together. We have missed their talk, and now there is an end of it; for after having dropped into Evans' room for a short time, they go on their way to tea speechless.

The two images were squatting, with complacent ugliness, on the open pages of Evans' Greek lexicon!

VI

The extremity of dire mishap!

Comedy of Errors.

Evans was staggered at the sight of the images, and altogether at a loss to make anything out of their so unaccountable return. But that they had come back to him, and were there staring

him in the face, was not to be denied, however puzzling it might be. He was dumb-founded; and even Wiley admitted that though at all times prepared to explain the obvious and make clear the evident, this was a problem beyond his powers.

After striving vainly for the greater part of the evening to unravel the mystery, Evans gave it up hopelessly. He had now come to regard the images with a sort of uneasy dislike for their uncanny ugliness, and a very unpleasant evening he passed, with his Greek lexicon still open at the same pages, and his other books untouched; after which it is not to be wondered at that, having written the following afternoon on a Greek honour paper, he left the Hall in what is commonly spoken of as "a state of mind." It was the last day of the examinations. "Think of my being plucked," he said gloomily to Wiley, "after my stand last year, and after taking two courses this year!"

The noisy rejoicings in Residence that evening accorded ill with his dull dejection. He sat dismally alone, in continued depression of spirits, and conscious of the change in himself,—for of old he would have lightly thrown it all aside, as something unpleasant and annoying; until now he had been a very Drysdale for mental gymnastics.

On the night the lists were made public his evident wincing under being plucked, as though it were something disgraceful and humiliating, was indeed a source of undisguised wonder to his friends. In Residence, a little *contretemps* of this kind was in those days very far from being generally looked on as bad form.

The following morning—it was now the first week in June—he saw by the papers, where the results of the examinations were given in detail, that Elsie Fraine was starred in History. He had just put down the *World* when Wiley came in, and seemed to find a change for the better.

"You're a great deal more cheerful this morning," he said. "Why, you'd cast merely a slight passing gloom over a small funeral."

"Well," Evans answered, "I'm expecting a letter to-day. I wrote to Elsie Fraine on Monday. You know she left the city after the exams were over."

Wiley said that the morning mail was in. "How did you address the letter?" he asked suddenly.

Evans answered that, with an exaggerated sense of what was fit and proper, he had addressed it to Miss Elizabeth Fraine. "Isn't Elsie short for Elizabeth?" he asked.

"I'm not sure," returned Wiley. "But Elizabeth is her aunt's name, you know."

"Her aunt went with her, I think."

"And you are the old lady's pet aversion," said Wiley, laughing. But Evans had hastened to the janitor's room in great alarm. One of the two letters for him bore, on its corner, the name of the firm from whom he obtained his sartorial habiliments. In reply to several notes, such as this, he had written a few days before, intimating that an immediate settlement of the bill would be attended with great inconvenience to himself. Leaving this then till the last, when he at length tore open the envelope, it was with no great interest, you may be sure.

He groaned and turned pale when he saw it enclosed the letter he had written to Elsie Fraine, so carefully composed, five others having perished before it was evolved, a masterpiece! It was plain now that he had directed the envelope at cross-purposes—and to think that his excuse to his tailor had gone to her!

Four hours of that summer day were to him as an intolerable eternity, while he roamed about desperately, counting the passing minutes until the afternoon mail came in. He seized the one letter addressed to him, and fiercely tore it open.

I do not know (*thus read the letter of the maiden aunt*) whether I owe it to your stupidity or your impertinence, that the enclosed letter was addressed to me.

Though I should properly take no notice of it or of you, I return it. You will please to not favour me with a reply.

ELIZABETH FRAINE.

Here was a model of brevity, penned in a prim, angular hand, and like all Gaul of old, divided into three parts!

(*To be continued.*)

THE VARSITY.

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All communications should be addressed to THE EDITORS, University College, Toronto, and must be in on Wednesday of each week.

Contributions when not accepted will be returned if accompanied with a stamp for that purpose.

"Sigma" reminds us that the scholarship system intensifies all the evils of competitive examinations. As our correspondent has used this argument in his presentation of the case against material rewards for merit, it will not be unfair in us to pursue the train of thought suggested to its logical conclusion. The whole letter seems to be a bit of special pleading for the unsuccessful candidate. Here follow in their connection some of the points raised. The system encourages wrong methods of work. The same objection applies with equal force to all examinations. For the student who "is laid under the base compulsion" of examinations must have "an unworthy ideal placed before him." What intellectual immorality is occasioned by "studying the whims of an examiner," by "encouraging not truth, but skill in passing examinations!" Forsooth! students, real students who are alone worthy of the name, need not be compelled to sacrifice their ideal culture to the hated compulsion of obtaining a minimum of marks to entitle them to academic standing. Then our idealist friend must open the trenches against all examinations. Let the Senate grant degrees to all who on their own showing have spent the required four years in cultivating their intellects in the orthodox ideal way. Further, we think that the same class of arguments can be used to impugn any system of University distinctions. The possession of a degree "gives undue prominence" to some members of the community "at the expense of all the rest." "Often this prominence is not earned." Many men of fine ability and wide culture never become students of our University. "In any case there is not that difference in merit between" the possessors of University degrees and their fellows "at all commensurate with the reputation that is attached" to the designations of B.A., M.A. and LL.B. This is so manifest an injustice that as soon as the attention of all sensible men is called to it, it must be remedied. "Down with the University!" will be the next cry of the levellers. It exists purely for the wealthy; poor men's sons are practically debarred. It is an old abuse, no doubt, and old abuses die hard; but, courage, let the people arise in their might and force the Province of Ontario to cease inflicting this evil upon them.

Superiority and inferiority are relative terms. They may or may not be accurately determined. But they are hard facts of our everyday experience, to which convention and—prejudice, it may be—attach a very great deal of importance. Absolute equality is a most difficult thing to measure with any degree of accuracy or fairness. To arrive even at an approximate estimate of relative superiority or inferiority some test is necessary. It may be more or less arbitrary; it must of necessity be conventional. Relative intellectual superiority or inferiority can only be measured by methods confessedly faulty, and perhaps in many cases inaccurate. But if any order of merit or demerit is to be established, it stands to reason that some will either attain to or fall below the given standard. This standard is—as all standards are—determined by the fallible judgment of mankind. But this is the only court of appeal left to us. Rank then, whether in the abstract or as indicated by the gaining of a definite prize or reward, is an entirely necessary and unavoidable coincidence. This brings us to the question whether the winners of scholarships are, as a rule, the ones really in need of pecuniary assistance. In the case of our University students, we can almost unequivocally state that they are. And in asserting this we are not saying anything offensive or derogatory to the

student body. That a man is poor may be his misfortune, but it certainly is no disgrace, and is nothing of which he need be ashamed. There are very few students of whom it could be said that the money won by them in scholarships is of no use. In nine cases out of ten it is of real and positive benefit. It might as reasonably be objected that men should teach for nothing. Men should not be "hired" to teach; they should do it for the sake of the good it may be supposed to do; they should do it for its own sake. The Sophists were arraigned by Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle, for using their knowledge as a means of making money; such conduct, it was asserted, betokened a lack of philosophic earnestness; and evidenced a desire not to seek Truth absolute, but Truth relative to national prejudice and convention. But we cannot, and we take it our correspondent will not consent to accept such a doctrine, which is, after all, but a logical conclusion drawn from his arguments against scholarships, in so far, at least, as they encourage superficiality and intellectual immorality.

"Sigma" refers to the fact that "the students of University College have time and again protested against being "laid under the base compulsion of scholarships." As far as we are aware there was only one protest entered against scholarships by the students of University College. This was some five years ago. Those who have had any experience in the getting up of petitions know that it is the easiest thing in the world to obtain signatures thereto, especially if the petition is directed against any action of the dons. We have only to refer to the petition presented to the College Council *re* the library deposit to show what value can be set upon the average student "petition." And, furthermore, the action of the students of five years ago does not bind the students of to-day in any degree. Precedent is all very well in its way, but it is not an infallible or entirely safe guide. And students, above all other people in the world, should not lay too much stress on precedent. They are supposed to be in the receptive, not the dogmatic, stage of their existence. If they see fit to change their opinions they should be allowed, and even encouraged to do so, without being charged with inconsistency and without having precedents hurled at them. Sticking to one's opinions is a very laudable thing, no doubt, but a dogmatic and final settlement of questions by young men who are still students is mere egotistical self-assertion. Even consistency can be carried to an extreme. Students can only hope and strive to arrive at conclusions which shall serve for present guidance and evidence mental activity and development. They should not presume to settle questions in such a manner as will be final for future generations of students. Among the principal benefits, we conceive, to be derived from a university training is the cultivation of a proper mental attitude with regard to important subjects. While it is certainly desirable to arrive at conclusions, everything should not be sacrificed to this striving. To attempt to settle for oneself a tithe of the questions which one encounters in his daily experience is task enough for a lifetime. To settle all is absolutely impossible. All one can even attempt to do in his student career is to gather data from which, with the greater experience and mental development of later years, one can hope to arrive at conclusions which will satisfy and justify previous opinion. To gather together and arrange data for future thought and consideration is about as much as students should strive to do. And this will prove no easy task.

Our correspondent states that those who are really in need of such pecuniary assistance as scholarships afford, cannot compete with those who do not require such assistance. And for this reason: That the sons of rich parents have, by the superior educational advantages placed within their reach by reason of their wealth, been able to acquire superior training and more accurate knowledge. But so far from this being the case, the very reverse is what usually happens. Sons of rich parents, knowing that they will be provided for, generally take their education as a matter of course, as a genteel and proper way *pour passer le temps*. But those who are always aware of the fact that upon their own exertions their future largely depends, are the ones who, as a rule, make better use of their time and opportunities. These do as much, if not more, real solid work than their more wealthy companions.

Our correspondent "Sigma," in his letter on the "Scholarship question," states that the evils of scholarships are the same, no matter whether given by the University or by private individuals. We are prepared to reiterate our statement that, in the present crippled state of the University finances, scholarships should not be given by the University. But THE VARSITY certainly declines to take the position which our correspondent would force upon us, that private benefactors are to be snubbed when they generously come forward to aid our University with that financial assistance which in its present condition it so much needs. It is suggested in reply that there are other and more desirable channels for private benefaction. And what are these? That those generous friends of our University who have lately come forward to its help should unite and found a chair in some new department—presumably Jurisprudence and Sociology. But it must be borne in mind that while one donor can establish a scholarship, an equivalent subscription would be utterly lost in a general fund, and the not unworthy ambition of our benefactors—to connect in some way with our University their names, or those of some distinguished or worthy friend of the provincial institution—would be frustrated. And again, our correspondent's position warrants us in assuming that he believes that the Provincial University should be supported by Government funds. Then what avenue is left for private benefaction? Practically none.

So thickly strewn is the path of the spelling reformer with the merry jests flung down in his way by scoffers, that it is inspiring to behold with what calm disregard of all manner of outrageous slings and arrows he still presses on. It is strange that Mr. Houston, in his communication in the next column, should put himself to the trouble of stating his objection to being misunderstood by THE VARSITY. The most obvious of all the delusions under which the advocates of an improved orthography labour is their belief that their views are not rightly apprehended. One who has stated time and again, in good round terms, set in plain-faced type, that "spelling should be made more phonetic when it can be done without making it less philological, and more philological when it can be done without making it less phonetic," can have no grounds for conceiving that he is misunderstood—unless it be by those with whom their intellectual disadvantages have made spelling, of necessity, a matter of private opinion, and reading, consequently, an affair attended with the gravest difficulties. We would beg to assure Mr. Houston that we do not misunderstand him; but, to repeat what we said in a former issue, it is to be regretted that men of any intellectual force should dissipate their energy in seriously advocating so visionary a scheme. An article on the reform of spelling would be admirably in place as the ponderous trifling of a polysyllabic review; and the question cannot be said to bear a closer relation than this would imply, with the earnest, progressive thought of the day. It is a saddening reflection, indeed, that there should be men, our brothers, whose limbs are stiffened by day long labour of the body, and into whose minds no light shines through their lives; but the desire to utterly obliterate whatever may in any way serve to distinguish the man of culture (we would call attention to Mr. Houston's inverted commas) from his illiterate brother must be looked on in no other light than as one of the many manifestations of that misty socialism which in the guise of an ennobling sense of our common humanity is clouding so many minds now-a-days. The spelling reformers go to make up one contingent of a band which is already several thousand parasangs in advance of the rest of mankind. They should call a halt now and then, and reconnoitring, make sure that they are in the line of march, lest the main body, going its way and not theirs, lose all thought of them.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Editors are not responsible for the opinions of correspondents. No notice will be taken of unsigned contributions.

SCHOLARSHIPS.

To the Editors of THE VARSITY.

SIRS,—If I understand your note in a recent issue on this question, you do not apprehend the chief evil of the scholarship system. The mischief is the same to students whether the scholarships are paid from private benefactions or from the funds of the State.

The system places an unworthy ideal before students. If a young man will not study for its own sake and for the love of self-improvement, he should not be bribed to it with money, as fond and foolish mothers bribe their children to good conduct with toys and confectionery. It is a degradation to be hired to do what we should do.

The system of scholarships intensifies all the evils of competitive examinations. It encourages wrong methods of study. The ideal is, then, not truth but skill in passing examinations and cleverness in calculating the predispositions and whims of examiners.

It fosters jealousy and distrust among the competitors. There is no use denying this fact as some have done. I can cite cases from my own personal knowledge where students have taken important books out of the library, not to study, but merely to prevent their rivals from getting them. In other cases the ill-feeling between the head men was a matter of common notoriety.

The scholarship system gives undue prominence to some students at the expense of all the rest. Often this prominence is not earned. In any case there is not a difference in merit between the scholarship men and those next to them at all commensurate with the value of the awards or the reputation that is attached to them.

It is urged that scholarships assist needy students. But in the very nature of things these men cannot compete, because their primary training was not as thorough as that of their more wealthy companions. Consequently scholarships do not fall to those who are really in need of them. That this is the case, I need only refer to the recent matriculation examination.

Old abuses die hard. The students of University College have time and again protested against being laid under the base compulsion of scholarships. Why will the College authorities persist in inflicting this evil upon them?

SIGMA.

SPELLING REFORM.

To the Editors of THE VARSITY.

SIRS,—I notice that in recent numbers of your lively paper you have shown a disposition to "chaff" spelling reformers. To this I have no objection, for spelling reformers are sufficiently accustomed to that kind of treatment to be able to endure it in a philosophical spirit. But I do object to being misunderstood, and therefore if you will afford me a little of your space, I would like to show that there is a measure of spelling reform which is at once reasonable and scientific.

I have, as an advocate of an improved orthography, always contended that the task of simplifying our spelling should be undertaken by scholars in order to prevent the work from falling into the hands of empirics. I have further contended that the work of simplification should proceed along two lines, the phonetic and the philological. The relation between these lines of procedure, as I would have it established, may be embodied in these rules, which I enunciated and illustrated nearly three years ago in a paper read before the Canadian Institute.

1. Make spelling more phonetic when this can be done without making it less philological; and
2. Make spelling more philological when this can be done without making it less phonetic.

These rules seem reasonable enough, but they are very far-reaching in their application. They do not call for any alphabetical change, though a much greater degree of improvement in spelling might be effected if we could get rid of the redundant letters "c," "q," and "x" and restore the Old English simple equivalent for the modern digraph "th." All that is required is a more consistent use of our present letters and of the orthographical expedients to which we are compelled to resort in order to supplement a very defective alphabet.

Under the above rules we would use such forms as "iland," "agast," "excede," "hed," "host," "program," "dialog," "filosofer," "tho," "beuty," etc. The particular changes recommended by the Philological Society of England, amount to some hundreds, but the list prepared and published under its auspices has been abandoned, and the twenty-four rules recommended by the American Philological Association have been adopted in its stead. The Philological Society of England include in its membership Dr. Murray, Mr. Skeat, Mr. Sweet, Dr. Earle, Dr. Morris, Dr. Angus, Mr. Max Mueller, Mr. Sayce, Mr. A. J. Ellis, and others hardly less eminent for their philological acquirements. The American Philological Association has amongst its members Mr. Whitney, Mr. Lounsbury, Mr. Childs, Mr. Harrison, Mr. Corson, Mr. March, and others whose names are familiar to every student of English Philology. Surely such names as these should prevent any proposal put forward by men of such eminence, from being characterized as "visionary." If their aim is visionary, to whom are we to look for anything practical?

Allow me in this connection to call your readers' attention to an article in the October *Fortnightly* on "Manual Instruction," in the course of which the writer has some sensible remarks of his own, and some quoted from Dr. Gladstone, on the mischief caused by over-attention to the minutiae of spelling. I have frequently challenged the opponents of spelling reform to give a single good reason for regarding ability to spell well according to a capricious and conventional system as a fair index of a man's intellectual attainments. I have never yet been fortunate enough to get the challenge accepted. Perhaps, Mr. Editor, you are in a position to give me the information I have so long sought in vain. If you are not, then perhaps some of the University College authorities on "Culture," may be. Prince Bismarck recently expressed in a boorish way, his contempt for a presentation volume because it was printed in Roman type. We have plenty of literary Bismarcks amongst us, but changes will take place nevertheless, and in English spelling as in other things.

WM. HOUSTON.

ROUND THE TABLE.

"Shall I be thought fantastical," asks Lamb, "if I confess that the names of some of our poets sound sweeter and have a finer relish to the ear—to mine at least—than that of Milton or of Shakspeare? It may be that the latter are more staled and rung upon in common discourse, The sweetest names, and which carry a perfume in the mention are Kit Marlowe, Drayton, Drummond of Hawthornden, and Cowley." To this fanciful declaration I will set my hand freely enough; but I could not be made to go to the same length as one of us in the sanctum who says that there should be a statute providing against the writing of poetry on the part of a man with such a tuneless, unmusical name as Fogg. But if Fogg be dowered with the poet's intellect and passion, if the gloom and glory of life, bearing in upon his soul, makes him too one of the inspired, and constrain him to utter forth his vision of the future,—shall he crush down and trample the heaven-sent fire within him? Far better he should mourn melodiously in his verse, in that his father had been one of the ilk of Fogg.

You have read, no doubt,—and I hope with an eleemosynary smile,—Lamb's rather tenuous little comedy, *Mr. H—*, (the damning of which on its first night he took sorely to heart, it was so hissed and cried out upon.) And yet, as we all know, the Ettrick Shepherd went through this world as Mr. Hogg, without even the saving grace of an added *e*. If the soul of Shakspeare had come down from heaven to any other than the child born in Stratford-upon-Avon, you, if you ever met with the name nowadays, would mark it in your note book for its picturesque queerness. Dobson is the most charming and graceful of our writers of light verse; if you saw "Dobson" over a general store in some straggling village you would cry "Phœbus, what a name!" One can scarcely imagine a more ridiculous patronymic than Longfellow; but I have never yet been conscious that anything of the ludicrous presented itself prominently to me, in connection with the poet's name.

This calls into my mind an anecdote which you may have never heard. A Mr. Longworth, on being introduced to the poet, made a remark on the similarity of their names. Longfellow, however, insisting that they could not be made to approach, quoted the line from Pope,—

"Worth makes the man, the want of it the fellow."

But to return to Shakspeare,—"*Old Bill*," *salva reverentia*, as we in the sanctum love to call him. Have you noticed that in William Black's *Judith Shakspeare*,—well, talk *will* fly off on a tangent at the most unexpected times; but have you noticed that throughout the novel Judith's father is never spoken of save with the words I have just used. One comes upon even such clumsy collocations as "Judith's father's return from London." There is of course a certain suggestiveness in the book, which prompts you to keep in mind that Shakspeare is in the next room, as it were; this was to be expected from Black. But he is brought before us in person very sparingly, and never otherwise than as the kindly father of the household in the touching, graceful scenes where he shows his affection for his daughter, and as a man of substance in Stratford town. The artifice to which I alluded has about it, indeed, a graceful air of diffidence, an acknowledgement of unattainment, a consciousness that the creative power demanded to do greater and higher things is wanting. It is really the touch of a true artist; and Thackeray himself could not have offered Shakspeare a finer tribute than he did in these words:—

"I should like to have been Shakspeare's boot-black—just to have lived in his house, just to have worshipped him,—to have run on his errands, and seen that sweet serene face"

Did you ever sit down and calmly take stock, as it were, of your mental outfit, try to cull from the heterogeneous mass of theories and beliefs what might be worked up into a fair and symmetrical system? Try it and you will be surprised at the variance amongst the ideas to which you have given an asylum. Could our thoughts and beliefs, by some exercise of art-magic or diablerie, become embodied and visible to us, what a curious scene it would be! All the rags and finery of Petticoat Lane on parade! Let us walk through and survey our own, both past and present. But what's all this hub-bub? We listen and hear confusedly, as the dealers march up and down—"Old clo', old clo'; great bargains—bran new honesty cheap for cash—only been worn once—no further use to the owner, who is going into business."

What a rag-fair it is! What's this that now presents itself for my inspection? Surely I was never of such a stature as to wear that! Pah! it reeks of age, is mouldy and moth-eaten. That has never been worn for many a long year. A stately garment it was in its day if one may judge from its proportions—I declare: it seems familiar enough too; seen it before, I think—no—yes—fact, that's my Ethical Standard. When I was a young man, you know—in high-minded youth—long out of use. I had almost for-

gotten it. You may put that away carefully. Handle that gently, sir! It's very fragile, patched as it is with various odds and ends, till the original texture can hardly be made out. That? That, an it please you, is my working Hypothesis—my every-day suit of morality. Over there, looking rather uncomfortable in its gloss and ungainly newness, is my Sunday suit—little worn you may notice, for principles likewise wear best that are worn the least. This tatter—is that all that's left of Honour? This shred? Well, well; we are pretty ragged, most of us, after travelling some distance on life's thorny path. But there, tripping along lightly, is a garb that breathes yet of the joyous freshness and grace of youth—the grand passion. Ah! stay for me! I would fain put thee on again.

Much that the exigencies of rhyme demand must be forgiven the poet. A usage of allowable rhymes has long since grown up. It is probable that the greater proportion of such, if not all, have their origin in times when they actually did rhyme, and having been enshrined in the poetic literature of the day, became part of the poet's stock-in-trade. Thus Pope, whose ear can easily be trusted, rhymes *take* and *speak*, *obey* and *tea*. Are we to conclude, then, that these words were pronounced *spake* and *tay*? It seems so. The explanation of the peculiarities of Irish pronunciation confirms such a theory. Contemporary English was introduced into Ireland in the Elizabethan age, and, an exile as it were, was cut off from the springs of change which were at work in England to modify her language. There was a vital principle in English, which like all organisms could not remain stationary, but had its growth and decay. The Irish-English, then, is not a caricature, but in its main peculiarities of orthoepy, is a tolerably correct representation of English as Shakspeare spoke it.

It is an old saying that only the skilled can dance in fetters; and rhyme which has been described as the purple band on the princely toga of the poet, may with equal felicity be styled a golden fetter. It is sometimes a source of much amusement to observe the whimsical results of a struggle in rhyme.

The above was suggested by an extract from a quaint old carol called *Dives and Lazarus*, to be found in "*Ancient Mysteries Described*," by William Hone, published in London in 1823. Carol-singing was a regular profession, and the chanter was wont to draw out to its utmost length the last line of the stanza. So conceive the effect in this instance, which yet seems to have been gravely listened to by that song-loving age:—

"As it fell out upon a day,
Rich Dives sicken'd and died,
There came two serpents out of hell,
His soul therein to guide.

Rise up, rise up, brother Dives,
And come along with me,
For you have a place provided in hell,
To sit upon a serpent's knee."

Irving, in his rendition of Hamlet, has departed somewhat from stage tradition in the scene at Ophelia's grave. The time-honoured custom was that the first gravedigger divested himself of an incontinent number of waistcoats before proceeding to business; very much in the style of the ordinary circus trick of a rider throwing off his civilian clothes, and finally, much to the relief of the spectators, appearing in the usual glittering uniform. In Hamlet, also, the curious have discovered what in modern stage cant are "local gags." "Go, get thee to Vaughan; fetch me a stoup of liquor," says the first clown to his fellow. It is more than conjectured that Vaughan, corrupted from Johann, John, was the given name of a landlord of a hostel near the Globe Theatre. Shakspeare, then, must have found it necessary to relieve the profound gloom of the tragedy by bits of by-play and local hits, "which the same," as Truthful James would say, "I do despise."

The following thought, which is quoted in *Obiter Dicta* from Latham's book on the "Action of Examinations," though it may be familiar to many, is one that no student will resent to have put before him more than once. Its bearing is to be seen at a glance:

"A man who has been thus provided with views and acute observations may have destroyed in himself the germs of that power which he simulates. He might have had a thought or two now and then if he had been let alone, but if he is made first to aim at a standard of thought above his years, and then finds he can get the sort of thoughts he wants without thinking, he is in a fair way to be spoiled."

"I have been looking into the essay on Carlyle in that book," said the ingenious man. "After admitting that Carlyle's *dicta* are not final, and that he has not said the last word on many men and things, the *Obiter Dicta* man writes: 'But *last words* should be reserved for the last man, to whom they would appear to belong!'" This assumption seemed to surprise him.

"Well," some one said, "you surely don't think that the last man will be dumb?"

"How do *you* know that he'll not be married?" asked the ingenious man.

UNIVERSITY AND COLLEGE NEWS.

All reports from Societies must reach us by noon on Thursday to ensure insertion.

"Andy" Elliott—'86—has entered law in this city. Another good man gone wrong.

During the course of the debate on Friday night an awful sound was heard without as of yе mufti's trumpet; but nothing came of the summons.

A communication reaches us from Holyrood, La Salle River, N.W.T., stating that Mr. N. H. Russel—'87—received a pleasant send-off on the eve of his return to college.

Messrs. J. R. Mann, Carrick, and J. N. Elliott, all 3rd year men, have gone to parts between Winnipeg and Brandon—sent out by the Home Mission Committee of the Presbyterian Church.

The following team left for Montreal on Friday morning, to represent the University in the annual Inter-collegiate Rugby match, between McGill and Toronto: Forwards, Smith, Nesbitt, Cross, McDonall, Sullivan, Ferguson, MacLean (captain); Quarter-Backs, Senkler, E. C., McClean; Half-Backs, Boyd, L., Mill, F.; Back, Senkler, J. H.; Spareman, Watt. The team will stay at the "Balmoral," in Montreal.

We have received the first number of the *College Times*, a fortnightly newspaper published by the Upper Canada College boys. We welcome it back to life once more, and hope that henceforth there may be no hindrance to its regular appearance. The paper is very neatly printed on good paper. A good deal of enterprise has been displayed by the boys in every way, and the result so far is creditable. We hope to see the literary department of the paper improved as the term goes on.

A regular meeting of the Engineering Society was held on Tuesday in Professor Pike's lecture room; the President, Professor Galbraith, in the chair. The minutes of the last meeting were read, confirmed, and signed. The election of officers and members was then proceeded with. The following representatives were elected:—Graduates, D. Burns; First year, J. H. Fawell; Special students, J. Leash. An interesting paper on "The Manufacture of Potassic Carbonates from Raw Wool," was read by Mr. J. H. Fawell. Professor Galbraith gave a description of the Canadian process of manufacture of Caustic Potash from wood ashes. The subject, "What is the best Metal for use in Plumbing for Water Service and Sewage?" was then discussed. Mr. Burns gave some interesting facts about the use of different metals for pipes. After a short discussion the meeting adjourned.

The fifty-eighth public meeting of the Knox College Metaphysical and Literary Society was held in Convocation Hall, on Friday November 13th, at 7.30 p.m., W. M. Clark, chairman. The subject of debate was "Resolved that England is going to decline." Affirmative, J. C. Tolmie, B. A., D. McGillivray. Negative, H. R. Fraser, B. A.; D. G. McQueen, B. A. The monthly meeting of the Missionary Society was held on Wednesday, 10th inst., when reports from the missionaries and from the delegates to the Inter-seminary Missionary Alliance held at Montreal were read. The reports were all good and the fields reported to be in a favourable condition. Our football field is in a very bad condition just at present on account of the rain, but we hope that the weather will clear up and that we may have a few more practices before bleak winter sets in and turns our interest in sports in other directions.

The Glee Club met on Friday at four for the usual weekly practice. Forty-seven members were present and the regular work of the season was commenced, under the directorship of Mr. W. E. Haslam. The glee "The Winds Whistle Cold," from "Guy Mannering," was taken in hand. Members of the club will bear in mind the excellent rendition of this piece of music by the "Toronto Vocal Society" in the pavilion at the Horticultural Gardens last spring, and thus be inspired with the purpose to make it a success here and so to maintain Mr. Haslam's reputation there attained and our own of previous years. All the students who possess any considerable musical capability are expected to assist the efforts of the club by joining it. We are pleased to know that already we have among our members several gentlemen of attainment in the musical art. Members will please give their closest attention to the weekly rehearsals and to the private study of the music in hand.

The college session of McMaster Hall resumed on Oct. 1st, with a public lecture by Dr. MacVicar on "Mistakes in Regard to Education," and with the induction of the Rev. D. A. McGregor, B. A., of Stratford, who succeeds the Rev. J. W. A. Stewart, B. A., in the chair of Homiletics.—Dr. Rand, who was last year professor of

Christian Ethics, has become Principal of Woodstock College, but is at the same time a member of the Faculty here.—There are now enrolled forty-five theological students, three more than in any previous year. Some seventeen undergraduates of the University board in the Hall.—Messrs. G. E. Morphy, B. A., and J. G. Brown, in answer to a call from the Home Mission Board, have left college for the session to take charge of mission fields.—Last week Messrs. W. J. McKay, B. A., and J. B. Kennedy, B. A., attended as delegates the Inter-seminary Missionary Alliance, held in Montreal. They report a smaller attendance than usual, but the meetings were full of interest.—A music class has been formed amongst the students under the conduct of Mr. Harrison, the organist of the Jarvis Street Baptist Church.

The regular meeting of the Historical and Political Science Association was held on Wednesday, Nov. 10th. There was a fair attendance. The President, W. Houston, M.A., occupied the chair. The names of a number of students were proposed for membership. Nominations were received for the offices of Second Vice-President, Corresponding Secretary, and two Councillors, the elections to take place at the next meeting. Other business of importance claimed the attention of the Association, and the hour being late, the programme was dispensed with. The Association is now settling down to earnest work, and it is hoped that next week there will be a large attendance of both third and fourth year men in this department. The principal business will be the election of third year officers, and the programme will be the discussion of "the Definition and Method of Political Economy," to be introduced by Messrs. J. G. Hume and W. V. Wright. Members are recommended to read the first four lectures in Cairnes. The Association meets at McMillan's Hall at 4 p.m. on Wednesday, Nov. 17.

Miss F. H. Churchill, who, as an elocutionist, has acquired such a well-merited reputation, both American and Canadian, delivered a lecture on "Vocal Culture," in University College on Saturday afternoon. The lecture being advertised during the week, a large number of students and not a few of their friends assembled to hear it. The number in attendance is not to be accounted for by simply referring to the novelty of the subject, (for, sad to say, elocution is a very much neglected department of study among us), but Miss Churchill's powers were already well-known to many of us who have heard her in Convocation Hall and elsewhere before. Having a firm grasp of the subject and a high ideal of her art, this lady speaks eloquently and in thorough earnest. Her presence is commanding, her voice powerful, sweet, and flexible and of great compass; her control of the facial muscles—and of the muscles of expression generally—is remarkable. Theoretically and practically she seems well able to impart to others the secret of her art. The lecturer closed her address by reciting the well-known selection "King Henry of Navarre." We understand Miss Churchill intends to remain in the city with the purpose of giving instruction in elocution.

The victories of the Association football teams still continue. On Friday last, 5th inst., the Trinity Medicals and Varsity 2nd eleven played a friendly game on the lawn. The fine weather and the prospect of an interesting game brought out a large number of student spectators, who were well rewarded by witnessing one of the closest games that has been played on the lawn this season. It was not till within five minutes of time that either team gained a point over their opponents. Gibson scored a goal from a fine centre by Anderson. No further advantage was gained by either. On Monday of this week the second eleven also vanquished the Collegiate Institute boys, scoring no fewer than four goals. In this game the play of Ball at back was very noticeable, a remarkable goal was kicked by him from centre-field by a long high shot which the goal-keeper misjudged. Following this the presumptive cup-tie team played Toronto Medical School, as a practice match, in anticipation of the struggle with the Victorias soon to ensue. Some very good forward play was witnessed, the left wing especially distinguishing themselves. Towards the end the med. made a better showing than in the first half, but had to retire with five goals against them, and none in their favour. The game which was advertised to take place on the lawn on Saturday between the Victorias and Varsity did not come off. Both teams were on the ground at the appointed time, but after gazing intently at the "white mantle" on the lawn, concluded that the ground was not in a fit condition to decide which was the champion club of Toronto. No date has been fixed on which this game will be played.

Saturday was a regular "K" Company day; cold, damp, with about an inch of snow on the ground early in the morning, and prospect of lots more. However, about twenty men turned out to take part in the annual rifle match. Firing commenced about half-past nine, and was continued till about half-past twelve, when all adjourned to a neighbouring hotel, and a jolly sociable hour was spent with the aid of a good lunch and the divine weed. Shooting was continued after this for about an hour, by those com-

peting for the trophy. The following are the names of prize-winners with their scores:—

NURSERY MATCH.—1st. Lieut. Mercer, 40; 2nd. Pte. J. H. Senkler, 35; 3rd. Pte. T. M. Harrison, 34; 4th. F. H. Moss, 29. AGGREGATE MATCH.—1. Corp. Mustard, 279; 2. Pte. Elliott, T. E., 263; 3. Pte. Redden, 216.

TROPHY.—T. E. Elliott, 63.

GENERAL MATCH.—1st. Pte. T. E. Elliott, 53; 2nd. Sergt. Hamilton, 51; 3rd. Sergt. Crooks, 47; 4th. Pte. Redden, 46; 5th. Pte. Smith, A. G., 43; 6th. Corp. Mustard, 43; 7th. Lieut. Mercer, 40; 8th. Pte. Senkler, E. C., 37.

EX-MEMBERS.—Ex-Sergt. May, 59.

RANGE PRIZES.—200 yds., Sergt. Crooks, 21; 400 yds., Sergt. Hamilton, 19; 500 yds., Pte. A. G. Smith, 14.

The trophy is a bronze horse, presented by several ex-members of the Company. It was competed for, for the first time, last year, and was won by Sergt. Cronyn. If won by anyone three times it becomes his property.

For several years it has been felt and repeatedly remarked that the sentiment of sociability among the students of University College has been gradually declining. Perhaps the reason is to be sought in the fact of the rapidly increasing number of students coming in every year, for this year the matriculating students number not less than 183. However this may be, it had become absolutely imperative that something be done to re-establish that feeling of confidence and mutual support which once existed in our midst and which ought to characterize any body of students, large or small. Accordingly, as the result of a movement which has been on foot for some time among the gentlemen of the fourth year, a reception was given by them, on Tuesday evening in Moss Hall, to the members of the freshman year. About one hundred and forty were assembled and a very pleasant evening was spent in conversation and song. Mr. A. H. Young, chairman of the committee of management, opened the proceedings with a short address, stating the object of the reception and welcoming the guests. Mr. W. B. Nesbitt, secretary, acted as master of ceremonies, performing the function of his office with becoming grace. Songs were sung by several gentlemen of the respective years. Mr. Thompson rendered the solo "Tread on the Tail of my Coat," and, as an encore, "My Darling Clementine." Mr. W. V. Wright followed with a humorous selection on lovemaking and its difficulties. Mr. J. G. Hume's well-known medley was received with enthusiasm. College songs were sung most heartily and yet with less of that boisterousness which characterizes the singing on such occasions as convocation and commencement days. The favourites were—"Gambolier," "Doo Da," "Bull Dog on the Bank," "Le Brigadier," "O, Who Will Smoke my Meerscham Pipe," "Alouette," etc. Several good, new college songs were rendered by gentlemen of the first year. Mr. Harvie, in replying on behalf of his year, said that they (the freshmen) had expected different treatment at the hands of the seniors. Refreshments were served during the course of the evening. Altogether the affair was one to be highly commended, both from the point of view of its object and of its results, and one worthy of being repeated in successive years.

The Literary and Scientific Society of University College held its first public debate for the year in Convocation Hall on Friday evening, 5th November, Dr. Wilson presiding. A large and appreciative audience was in attendance. Mr. T. C. Milligan, B.A., the worthy and much-esteemed president of the Society, delivered the inaugural address. It was short, but contained good and timely advice. One remark of the speaker's is worthy of the consideration of the graduates of the University, and that was that the Literary Society is the only place where they can meet together to renew college friendships and associations. The undergrads are heartily in sympathy with the remark, and are glad to see an old member of the Society drop in to spend an evening with us in Moss Hall. The Society, as the President said in his address, is a University Literary Society, and not merely a Students' Society. The Glee Club was on hand with a couple of college songs, "Brigadier," and "Where are you going, my pretty maid?" A quartette, "Sweet and Low," was rendered with expression by the following members of the Club: Messrs. J. A. Garvin, G. H. Richardson, Frank Moss, and J. O. Miller. Mr. J. W. Henderson read a selection from Will Carleton. The subject for debate was Scholarships. Resolved: That the awarding of Scholarships is not beneficial. The speakers in support of the affirmative were Messrs. J. A. Ferguson and E. C. Acheson, while Messrs. J. G. Hume and G. A. H. Fraser upheld the negative side of the question. The chief arguments *pro* and *con*. were: That scholarships (and medals, too, were ranked in the same category) have a bookish and consequently a narrowing tendency; that the needy man is not, in the greater number of instances, the scholarship winner—it may be from a lack of superior advantages in earlier education. He has to compete with young men of both means and ability who have had access to good libraries. That, consequently, scholarships do not give help "just where it is needed." That a man really in earnest in the pursuit of ends he has ideally before him, does not need the super-added stimulus of a scholarship to urge him on to the accomplishment of

those ends. That a scholarship man, on account of the necessary exclusiveness of his studies, is not so practical a man in dealing with his fellows as is the student who gives more attention to the development of his humanity. That the awarding of a scholarship is simply paying a man for doing his duty to himself. That men are induced to remain at the High Schools and Collegiate Institutes for an unnecessarily long time in the hope of taking scholarships when they come to the University. On the other hand it was argued that the giving of scholarships induces a habit of application; that steady and faithful work is the result, and that the spasmodic efforts of the careless student, as compared with the attainments of the methodical worker, are shown to be ineffectual. That the system of scholarships is a severe inculcatrix of the principles of order and method so much coveted and often so difficult to acquire. That it inspires in the breast of the faithful student a love of knowledge for its own sake, as well as a healthful spirit of emulation. That it is to the honour attaching to the acquisition of a scholarship and not for the intrinsic value of the scholarship itself that the ambitious student aspires. These are some of the more salient points brought out by the several debaters. After summing up the arguments advanced in support of the respective sides of the debate, Dr. Wilson, in his accustomed vivacious style gave decision in favour of the negative.

Mr. L. D. Wishard, of New York, International College Secretary, paid a visit to the University College Y.M.C.A. last week. He was enthusiastically received, and left well pleased with the progress of the work.

Next week is set apart as a week of prayer for all Young Men's Christian Associations throughout the world. Meetings will be held on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday in the Y.M.C.A. Hall, of which due notice will be given on the Bulletin Board.

Just previous to the regular weekly meeting on Thursday a business meeting of the Society was held, Vice-President W. A. Bradley in the chair. The principal business was the reception of propositions for membership. Twenty-five new men were proposed as members.

Mr. W. V. Wright led the devotional meeting. The subject was "Search the Scriptures," 2 Tim. 3: 16, 17. After the leader had ably opened up the subject, seven or eight others took part in an interesting discussion. The meeting was exceedingly pleasant throughout, about eighty members being present.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE VARSITY is conducted by undergraduates of the University of Toronto, and will appear every Saturday of the academic year. It aims at being the exponent of the views of the University public, and will always seek the highest interests of our University. The Literary Department will, as heretofore, be a main feature. The Novel is continued. In the present issue appears the first of a series of articles on the University of Toronto. The news columns are full and accurate, containing reports of all meetings of interest to its readers. Several communications and items of College news have been held over for want of space.

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Spelling Reform. WM. HOUSTON.

Round the Table.

University and College News.

Di-Varsities, &c., &c.



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DI-VARSITIES.

"Pogkins, did you ever see a ghost?"
"No, Sniffle, and I never exspectre."

Professor—"What is the most powerful?"
Student—"Poverty."

It was on a Spadina Avenue street-car. Within were a maiden, a college youth, and a dilapidated tramp, who looked as if he expected to be put off. The youth made every effort to entice the maiden into a little flirtation. He gazed on her, and thought her fair. The conductor must have thought so too, for he stuck his head into the car and yelled "Fare!"

The maiden handed the youth a five-cent piece, battered and with a hole in it. He gave the conductor ten cents, and kissing the battered five-cent piece, hung it on his watch-chain with killing effect. His self-satisfied, airy ease of manner became consternation when the maiden paid her fare with a ticket. She had passed the five cents for the tramp.

It could be seen from the back of the conductor's head that he was grinning joyfully to himself. The tramp whispered in a low, faint tone, "Ah there, Arthur. Don't put your arm round me until we get to the next block!"

WE THREE.

Was it a memory, was it a dream,
Of something yet to be?
The silent world, the grey old fort,
The softly murmuring sea;
The sky is full of light and love,
The air seemed in a swoon,
And only three of us abroad—
You and I and the moon.

I was full of a sweet content,
You were inclined to spoon;
But there in the midst of the azure sky
Stood the wicked old man in the moon.
He saw how it was and veiled his face
In a cloud that was passing by; [one—
Then what could I do, it was two against
You and the moon and I.

You took my hand—what happened next
I shall never, never tell, [cloud,
But the moon, who was peeping from the
Enjoyed it passing well.
'Twas a dreadful deed, and somebody should
Be punished for it soon; [blame—
But who knows which was the most to
You or I or the moon?

"Dad," said the bad little boy, as his parent was about to take him across his knee to administer deserved punishment, "let's arbitrate."—*Texas Siftings.*

It was a very ragged, but an exceedingly polite beggar, who took off his greasy cap to a gentleman on Broadway and said:
"Pardon me, sir, will you please grant me the favour of a gratuity of five cents; I have not yet dined."

"Neither have I," said the gentleman, more to himself than to the beggar, because he was hurrying home for that purpose.

"Then make it ten cents," said the beggar, "and we'll dine together."—*Z. S.*

"That girl has a rare complexion," said Brown,
But his wife desired to pun;
So she said: "You may call it *rare*, my dear,
It is certainly not 'well done.'"

—*Yale Record.*

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UNSUSPECTED LOADS.

A little lad,
A pistol bad,
A bang! Egad!
The upshot's sad,
A ma half mad,
A weeping dad—

He didn't know it was loaded.

A man; the same
I will not name,
Of dice a game,
With gold for aim,
Dead broke! a shame!
He was to blame—

He didn't know they were loaded.

A man out west,
Who doth invest
In mine of gold,
But thinks he's sold;
He sells the mine,
It turns out fine—

He didn't know it was loaded.

Maud (outside): "Is papa in there with you, George?"

George: "Yes, Miss Maud; would you like to see him?"

Maud: "Please ask him for me—"

George: "I was on the point of doing so when you interrupted—"

Papa: "Bless you, my children."—*Tidbits.*

Three weeks ago an Indian man taught his dog, a very finely bred, well behaved setter, to chew tobacco. Now the dog comes into the house by the back door, never scrapes his feet on the mat, never goes to church, is careless at his meals, gets burrs in his tail, goes with a lower grade of dogs, and it is feared is beginning to take an interest in politics.

The deacon's wife wanted to jot down the text, and leaning over to her scape-grace nephew she whispered,—“Have you a card about you?”—“You can't play in church,” was his solemn, reproving answer; and the good woman was so flustered that she forgot all about the text.

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

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THE VARSITY

A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.

Vol. VII.

University of Toronto, Nov. 20, 1886.

No. 5.

QUIS MULTA GRACILIS?

(Rondel.)

What graceful youth, what favoured slimness now,
Tempt in your silk-sailed barque a main *sans* ruth,
Wreathing with roses and kisses your laughing brow,
What graceful youth?

Does he, your latest verseman, rhyme, forsooth,
Of cooing doves, all on the balancing bough?
—Love is a caramel for your dainty tooth!

One little question, sweet, you might allow:
How soon do you forget . . . *petite*, the truth! . . .
Who was the last to hear your whispered vow,—
What graceful youth?

W. J. H.

THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.

II. THE UNIVERSITY SENATE.

In the concise statement appended to the calendar of University College, after briefly noting the date and the first endowment of the University, it is added:—"Under this Royal Charter, as modified by subsequent statutes of the Legislatures of Upper Canada and of the Province of Ontario, the University of Toronto and University College, are now constituted. The University prescribes the requirements for degrees, scholarships, and prizes; appoints examiners; and confers degrees in the faculties of Law, Medicine and Arts. University College gives instruction in the departments of Arts and Science prescribed by the University for the degrees of B.A., M.A., and LL.B., and for the diploma in Civil Engineering." The name of University College dates no farther back than 1853, though the old name of King's College disappeared under the Act of 1849. So early as 1843, the Hon. Robert Baldwin introduced a bill into the Legislature "for opening the University of King's College to all classes and denominations of Her Majesty's Canadian subjects." But it was not till 1849 that it was transformed into "the University of Toronto" by an Act which changed the composition of the Senate, abolished the Faculty of Divinity, and put all classes and denominations on a perfect equality. The provisions of this Act, however, failed to satisfy the requirements and conditions aimed at; and in 1853, by a new Act, the University was set apart as a distinct corporation. The Act declares: "There shall be no professorship or other teachership in the said University, but its functions shall be limited to the examining of candidates for degrees in the several faculties." It also provides that, "in order to extend the benefits of colleges already instituted in this Province for the promotion of literature, science and art," all colleges from which, by various causes, students were to be admitted to examinations for degrees are declared to be affiliated. As to the Senate, it was to be nominated and appointed by the Governor of the Province; and so Sir Edmund Head forthwith nominated the heads of Victoria, Queen's, Trinity, Regiopolis, Knox, Bytown and Upper Canada Colleges, and the Toronto School of Medicine. Dr. McCaul represented University College; and to those were added Mr. Chancellor Blake, Mr. Justice Draper, Mr. John Langton, Dr. Hayes, the Hon. J. C. Morrison, the

Hon. Adam Ferguson, David Christie, the Rev. Adam Lillie, the Rev. Dr. Taylor, the Rev. Dr. Ryerson, and the Treasurer of the Law Society, along with Mr. Cumberland, the architect, and one or two others who took no part in the work.

Such was the constitution of the Board to which the University had been reduced. It was forbidden to have any professor, or to meddle with instruction, but was given full control of all requirements for examinations and degrees, in the hope that the denominational colleges would accept the affiliation assigned to them, with a share in the control of the University, and so unite as independent colleges under its University Senate.

Meanwhile the all-important function of teaching,—without which the University is a mere Board,—was assigned to a distinct corporation, consisting of the professors, who, with the lecturers and teachers, were "constituted a collegiate institution by the name of University College." They had full power and authority given them for discipline and instruction, but neither they nor the graduates of the University had any voice in determining the requirements for degrees or considering the apportioning of subjects, authors, or text books, on which their whole work depended. This all-important duty was left to be settled by the heads of rival colleges, with such aid or check as the other nominees of the Governor-General might render. Of those, the Honourable Chancellor Blake was made Chancellor of the University, and devoted himself with unwearied fidelity to carry out to full development the system of national university education of which the Hon. Robert Baldwin and himself were consistent champions. With them must also be associated Mr. John Langton, of Trinity College, Cambridge, who both then, and subsequently as Vice-Chancellor, rendered invaluable services to the University.

Nevertheless, this University and the College could not possibly work in harmony or carry out the true purposes for which they were called into being under a Senate so constituted. The new Act proclaimed the various denominational colleges to be affiliated; and, had they actually accepted this relationship to the University and entered into confederation, all might have worked successfully. But their heads assumed the government of a university with which the colleges they represented would have nothing to do. As for the Provincial College, its old staff of Dr. McCaul, Dr. Bevan, Dr. Croft and Professor Buckland had been augmented by Professor Cherriman—previously assistant to Dr. Murray, and by Dr. Wilson, Dr. Forneri and Professors Chapman and Hincks, but, with the single exception of Dr. McCaul, no one connected with the College had a voice in settling the details on which their whole teaching depended.

The Act of 1853 refers to "the principles embodied in the charter of the University of London" as the model followed therein. In reality, Sir Francis Hincks, by whom the measure was mainly framed, was far more familiar with the Queen's University of Ireland, in one of the colleges of which his brother held the professorship of Natural History. Mr. Huxley, then a young man, and the most rising naturalist of his day, was a candidate for the new natural history chair, but it was assigned to the brother of the Minister. To the Irish university model, and not to that of London, the abortive affiliation scheme was due, which to a large extent handed over the government of the institution, at a most critical period of its history, to the heads of rival denominational colleges. That University College survived the experiment may well be regarded as a marvel.

VIDI.

AN OLD CAMP.

Here pitch the tent ! 'Tis sheltered well
Beside this tiny streamlet's flow,
The moss grows thick and soft ;—and then
We camped here, years ago.

Right here the dingy tent was stretched,
Our axes laid these trees just so,
You see the logs we smouldering left
So many years ago.

Drive home the tent-pegs ! Strip the boughs !
The fragrant branches lightly strow ;
And cut dry birch for such a fire
As blazed here years ago.

The pine-trees' dusky silent boles
Are reddened with the camp-fire's glow,
And sparks dance upward to the stars
That shone thus, years ago !

Ye bring me back, familiar scenes,
The faces that ye used to know,—
The kind old faces, vanished forms,
Of long, long years ago.

Your voices mingle in our songs,
A faint sweet chorus, soft and low,
And harmonies these trees once heard
So many years ago.

O gentle ghosts ! I fear you not,
Welcome you are to me, I trow ;
Take the same places by the fire
You took long years ago.

And let us live the time gone by ;
—Forget that many a winter's snow
Has fallen, since we rested here
In days of long ago.

Farewell, I bid you, one by one,
Your hands I'll clasp ne'er more below,
So, sadly from my dream ye pass,
Old friends of long ago.

W. H. BLAKE.

A TALE OF TWO IDOLS.

IN TEN SHORT CHAPTERS, AND WITHOUT A MORAL.

VII

It's all absurd, and yet
There's something in it all, I know : how much !—*Browning.*

Wiley stayed in Residence, studying idly through the summer months for the examinations in September, towards which he gazed at times in leisurely, unanxious repose, as they showed afar off on days of peace and slumbrous calm, in the blue distance, like the three mountain-tops, silent pinnacles of aged snow, seen by the dwellers in the land wherein it seemed always afternoon. For all things about the University were lying

"In the golden drowse of summer,"

with nothing stirring save the leaves on the trees ; and the lawn put on its freshest green, all untrodden, and washed by sunlit showers. Then is the quad a quiet retreat. The few men who live in Residence are to be seen but seldom ; this one or that has gone to Muskoka or elsewhere for a week or two. They return after these short absences ; and sometimes, they play tennis in the long quiet afternoons.

Evans, too, remained in his old quarters with like intent ; but not with Wiley's placid temper and careless ease of mind. As the weeks wore on the latter made some attempts to lighten his friend's downcast mood, but to little avail. There was one day on which he was more dejected than usual ; his father, on returning after an absence of some months, had written to him.

They have come to each of us, those letters, written after the stern, indignant manner of the father in comedy, in the second act,—that testy, choleric, old gentleman who makes himself so unpleasant and disagreeable, until the old time-worn documents, or other "properties," are produced triumphantly in the last scene, and the usual astounding disclosures made. He then stands, during the accustomed space of time, gazing helplessly, with his puzzled and bewildered air, first at the ceiling,—that is to say, the flies,—and then at his daughter,—that is to say, Miss Smith,—who in her graceful and becoming faintness is tenderly supported by that handsome young man ; and when the applause drawn forth by the young man's documents and so forth has subsided somewhat, "Father," she says, and her eyes speak for her. Tableau,—and it is "Bless you, my children." Curtain.

Well, they have come to each of us, these letters, and we, no doubt, in our turn shall write them too. Such is life.

Wiley mused thus, and said slowly, after an impressive pause, "All your misfortunes, Fred, have been caused by the idols."

"The idols ?" echoed Evans.

"The idols," Wiley repeated, with a gesture towards the two images, which were still side by side on Evans' mantel. "They are Indian idols, as I know now ; and your bad luck began the day I gave you them."

"That's so," said Evans, quickly. "Pshaw !" he added, after a breathless pause, "it's nonsense."

Wiley went on quietly, "I can't tell you very well—that is, I can't explain it all properly just now ; wait a short time till I've got everything together."

Wiley's entire seriousness had impressed Evans for the while ; but afterwards he took no further thought of it, regarding it as one of his friend's whims ; and the more so that Wiley did not speak of the matter again.

It was now August, and this strange assertion about the images had almost completely passed out of Evans' mind. As he was alone in his room one afternoon, Wiley came in with a hurried excitement of manner.

"It's all here," he exclaimed, showing the letter in his hand. "I have been waiting for this from Pearson. When he gave me those images he told me what he knew of them then. But since that he's found out a great deal more." And amid many exclamations of surprise and wonder from Evans, and many interruptions, the story of the idols was unfolded.

"To begin," wrote Pearson, "with a few splashes of 'local colour,' laid on roughly. The Jesuit Allouez, having pressed forward to where the famous Jogues and his companion Raymbault had made their way in 1641—'the Jesuits,' as Bancroft says, 'never receded one foot'—established in 1665 the mission of the Holy Ghost at La Pointe, in the western extremity of Lake Superior. In time, missions were erected at Sault Ste. Marie, Green Bay, Mackinaw, and other places ; and in this wide field laboured Marquette, Dablon, Allouez, Druliettes, André, and their successors." But we are not altogether ignorant of what was doing around the inland seas we now name Superior and Huron and Michigan, in the years during which we discern dimly in a confused England, blustering, ironhanded, snuffling Roundheads, praying and fighting, and Cavaliers, handsome, courtly blackguards, with their plumes and velvet and fringing ; all riding abroad noisily under a cloud of war. And as Pearson is an enthusiast in these matters, perhaps we had best give in brief the substance of his letter, which was diffuse and prolix, with its digressions on all manner of questions relating to the times of the early missions, and its long quotations from the *Relations des Jésuites*.

In the first of these extracts, Fathers Dablon and Allouez tell of an Indian idol which they discovered on the banks of what is now Fox River, near Green Bay, Wisconsin. "It was merely a rock," says the account, "bearing some resemblance to a man, and hideously painted. With great reluctance, our attendant, a Huron convert, was at length prevailed upon to help us in casting it down into the water." They learned later from their Indian that it was before this idol that Menard met his death five years before, having been dragged to it by the savages, over many miles,—Menard, the aged, white-haired, brave priest, who was known to have journeyed in his canoe more than three hundred miles westward of Sault Ste. Marie, and was supposed to have perished, alone in the wilderness, by famine or the tomahawk.

The Huron convert, as we shall see, afterwards accompanied Marquette and Jolliet on their Mississippi voyages ; and after

their return, was with Jolliet's party when his maps and papers were lost as they were shooting certain rapids,—this accident making doubly valuable Marquette's narrative and map, which were published afterwards by the Superior at Paris. For Jolliet relates that while he was giving vent to his bitter disappointment at this mishap, one of his Indians, muttering sulkily, left the party, and did not return; and that on making enquiries among the others, he was told that this one believed he brought bad fortune with him everywhere. They said that he had always about him two small images, which he had shown them frequently; with these he would not part, saying that in the territory of the Dakotas he had found them at the foot of a large idol which two black gowns had forced him to aid them in throwing down into a river. He had kept the images without the knowledge of the priests, and carried about with him them and a superstitious fear. "*Je ne sais pas ce que ce Jonas Indian devint,*" writes Jolliet, making an end. "*Il etait un original; ni chrétien, ni païen.*"

Burton, in the second volume of his *Indian Remains of the Stone Age*, (published in 1871) describes "two small heads made of a dark red stone, with rudely shaped faces, half man's, half dog's," which he saw in one of the Ojibeway villages. The old man in whose wigwam he found them seemed to regard them as luck-stones, and could not be persuaded to part with them. He informed Burton that it was the belief of those who knew of the images, that they exerted an evil influence, unless separated; but that he who would separate them became the object of their mischievous malignity,—and they always came together again. The old Indian himself, however, had kept them by him for many years, and knew of no bad fortune that he might lay to their charge.

"From the woodcut in Burton's book," wrote Pearson in his letter, "I feel confident that the images he saw in the Ojibeway villages, are the images which I gave you. Of course I think it out of all likelihood that we should ever come upon any positive proof; for the Michipicoten fishermen from whom I bought them knew no more of them than that after the storm had gone down in which the *Winnipeg* broke on a sunken ledge of rock,—it was in September, two years ago,—they had come to shore on a box or some other floating article from the wreck. However, I hold it true beyond all doubt; and moreover it is surely more than plausible that the two images rested once at the foot of the idol which was overturned by Dablon and Allouez, and were taken by their Huron attendant, as related to Jolliet by the Indians of his party. Next summer I shall make every attempt to prove that this theory is, as I firmly believe it to be, far more than an appeal to the imagination."

"Yes," Wiley was singing, "and you know what fortune they brought Pearson,—wrecked his yacht, and after that his disaster on meeting the *Algonquin*. Of course they have been at the bottom of all your adversity."

"But Jack, they didn't bring you any bad luck while you had them," said Evans, after a pause.

"They seem to be very capricious and unreasonable," returned Wiley. "They are probably feminine divinities. But if you want me to call to mind any of my little casualties,—why, there was that accident at the beer party I gave after my initiation."

Evans assented vaguely, thinking of other things; and there was an interval before Wiley spoke again. "Let us see," he proposed, "what will come of getting them apart."

"No," said Evans nervously, and then laughed. "You don't think there's anything in it, surely?"

"Well, perhaps we'll see. I'll keep one of them in my room for a week or two."

When he was alone, Evans took up furtively the one image left, laughing uneasily at himself, and glancing about him quickly. Putting it down, he hurried from the room.

VIII

As if a man, made for the contemplation of heaven and all noble objects, should do nothing else but kneel before a little idol! *Bacon.*

It was the lazy afternoon time of a day in the last week of August. Of late, some of the men were returning to Residence, as was usual yearly on the approach of the supplementals. Wiley and his friend, however, were alone together in Evans' room, and the latter looking down upon the quad from his open window, carelessly watched Dekker, who was playing tennis below. "That Dekker is a noisy beggar," he said at

last. "Why can't he play now, without making such a row about it?"

"He's merely raising a racket once in a while," returned Wiley. "We all do, when we're at tennis."

Since Wiley had taken away one of the idols to his own room, Evans had not as yet found a perceptible change in things. True, no fresh piece of bad fortune had come upon him; as for good fortune, only the sick man, of course, knows what the *corpus sanum* is. Evans was becoming sceptical. "It's all very strange and remarkable," he said, "but about one point in particular, I think, Jack, that you know more than you'll say. How did the two alleged idols get back to my room after I had given them to Elsie Fraine?"

"Upon my word, I haven't the slightest idea," answered Wiley. "If you'll recall well everything that happened that day, you must acknowledge that I could have had no hand in it." And Evans admitted that his suspicions were unfair.

"Elsie Fraine had them only one afternoon, you say," pursued Wiley. "Do you remember what she wrote on, that afternoon?"

"It was history," Evans exclaimed quickly.

"She was starred in History, and in nothing else,—eh?"

But Evans, in a sudden fit of anger, had seized the image on his mantel and thrown it out the window. He was moving about in the room, bursting into wrathful utterances, when Dekker broke in with the two images in his hand, and stood facing him. "The devil!" he said.

"This is a nice way to settle a grudge against a fellow," Dekker cried out angrily, dashing the images on the floor. "I saw you looking out of your window, but I didn't think you'd try to kill me with those stones!"

"I—I didn't—" began Evans,—“why, you know—”

"I know it wasn't your fault one of them didn't knock me senseless!"

"But it couldn't, you know, Gus," Wiley put in, laughing, "and you shouldn't be tautological."

"That's all very well," roared Dekker, in a higher key, "but I've a good mind to punch your head, Evans,—d'ye hear?" he bawled.

Evans was running up to him with fists clenched, but was pushed back by Wiley, who then in the midst of a great noise, got Dekker safely out of the room, *pugnis et calibus*. He came back at once to quiet Evans.

As young Mr. Foker's valet said, in *Pendennis*, "the fight didn't come off." Wiley made some explanations, and arranged the affair amicably in the evening. He was at a loss, however, for a satisfactory explanation to Evans of how it was that the two images had got together again in Dekker's hands. Dekker himself had persisted in saying that both were thrown towards him; and there were three or four who had seen him pick up the two from the grass. The only way out of it, Wiley said, was that the second image must have been thrown from his window, which was above Evans, at the same moment that Evans threw the other, and in the same direction.

"But that's impossible," said Evans, at once; and chose to say no more about it. In Wiley's presence he would give no sign, and affected to make light of it all; but before that afternoon he had never known what it was to cower under the sickening consciousness that he was wholly in the hands of some malignant power. His scepticism trembled at the thunderbolt from a clear sky overhead.

Sometimes he would seek for the means of appeasing and placating the idols, with the terrified helplessness of the blind man who was to guide himself by the coloured signal lights in the night; and again he would fall into a melancholy, and pass whole days downcast and disheartened. His dreams were troubled; the idols pursued him in his sleep, and he could find no place of refuge from their little spiteful eyes. And they would grow larger and larger, and overpower him, and press him down, making merry to each other over their work, with hideous, mis-shapen grins.

This, of course, could not last; but when at length he cast from him, as best he could, the terrors of these twilight regions of superstition, he was ashamed and unwilling to rid himself finally of the idols; for Wiley would know of it. And being unable to overcome his uneasy fear of their presence, he was still disquieted by thoughts of what further mischances might still be in store for him. It was no longer an armed man coming against him, but a cut-throat lurking for him in the shadows.

(To be continued.)

THE VARSITY.

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All communications should be addressed to THE EDITORS, University College, Toronto, and must be in on Wednesday of each week.

Contributions when not accepted will be returned if accompanied with a stamp for that purpose.

Literary criticism, to be of value to the reading public, should be genuine and spontaneous. This statement may, at first, seem to be superfluous. But the various methods resorted to in the present day for securing notices of books and magazines amply warrants our seemingly trite remark. Outside of the literary weeklies there is hardly anything that can be honestly called anything approaching genuine literary criticism. And here, Homer sometimes nods also. Now-a-days the author or publisher not only produces the book or magazine, but undertakes the duties of an indulgent critic. Lowell has finely satirized this in the "press notices" attached to his *Biglow Papers*. He there remarks that it is customary to attach such notices to second editions; that they are procurable at certain established rates; that they are not intended or generally believed to convey any real opinions; that they are purely a ceremonial accompaniment of literature, and resemble certificates to the virtues of various moribund panaceas. He consequently concludes that it will be not only more economical to prepare notices himself, but to prefix them to the primary, rather than risk the contingency of a second edition of his *Papers*. In this Lowell has burlesqued a state of affairs very much akin to the farce he perpetrates himself; he simply broadens the effects. The great difference between Homer Wilbur and his imitators is that the Pastor of Jaalam had wit enough to write depreciatory notices of his own work, whereas modern authors never touch the minor chords at all.

To lay aside allegory and metaphor, what we wish to protest against is the present style of dishonest criticism—for it is practically nothing less—of books and magazines that is palmed off on the public as honest and original. In this fast age the public is very wary of buying books, or even of reading poems and articles, unless they are heralded with a great flourish of newspaper and magazine praise. If this flourish is not genuine and spontaneous the public is misled, and literature suffers thereby. And for this reason: that the general public—too ready to adopt the current cant of the day on literary matters—is led to believe, after all, that such and such a book or poem *is* really good, on account of the almost unanimous encomiums of the press concerning it. And the authors themselves are misled into thinking that mediocre work will pass for genius in a community that either is too lazy to inform itself, or which takes the work at the value placed upon it by its author or publisher.

Curious stories are told of Delane, of the *Times*, in regard to the reviews and reviewers of the Thunderer. The reviewer was almost invariably unknown to the author whose work he criticized. If by any chance Delane heard that any of his staff of reviewers had written a favourable or unfavourable review because of private friendship or dislike, he promptly put the reviewer's MS. into the wastebasket. He did much to develop an absolutely impartial literary review department in the *Times* and throughout England. It is a pity that journalistic ethics—on this subject at least—were not more strictly enforced with us on this side the Atlantic. Recently an author wrote to the editor of the New York *Independent*, saying that he was anxious to obtain a large sale of his book and believed that a favourable notice in the *Independent* would secure this. He said he was willing to pay for the notice, and asked what

the cost per line would be. The editor promptly replied: One million dollars a line. This fact—honourable to the *Independent* as it is—shows that such requests are not uncommon; and if not uncommon are sometimes acceded to. We have mentioned these facts, and have brought up this subject because we receive every day requests to "give a favourable notice" to this and that; and receive cards and notices "for the convenience of editors who have not time to prepare notices," containing glowing and picturesquely favourable reviews of books and magazines, the contents of which are entirely unknown, and which are just as likely as not to be indifferent, or even absolutely bad. The extent to which this system of procuring reviews has gone is astonishing and alarming. Astonishing to those unacquainted with literary or newspaper work; alarming to those who are in the guild, as indicating a very low level of professional morality, if not an entire absence of honesty and sincerity. It is bad enough, perhaps, to have to submit to superficial, careless, or malicious criticism; but how much more lowering and degrading it is to listen to the idle *claqueurs*, paid for their work; and to see it palmed off on the public as the genuine expression of honest conviction. We speak of the freedom of the press, but one of its most important functions is succumbing to the rush and hurry of the day, united to the influence of monetary considerations; and the average literary criticism is fast becoming a parody and a farce.

Mr. Duncan's letter in another column requires a word or two in reply. The misunderstanding has evidently arisen from a confusion of the words "University" and "College." We used these words in their separate and strict meanings, and not as interchangeable. As we understood it, University College—not the University of Toronto—gives the instruction. The Professors and Lecturers are those of the College, not the University. There is no University Professoriate as yet. University College, and the various theological colleges, resemble one another in this: That each college is supposed to do work specially in the interests of its own students. The theological colleges do their Divinity work; and University College its Arts work. Orientals, it will not be denied, pertain rather to the Theological than to the Arts Faculty. They should be taught, therefore, by the college or colleges more directly interested; in other words, by the theological colleges.

On the other hand, a University—provided it possess a University professoriate—can be very legitimately called upon to provide instruction in Orientals. A secular University may do this with propriety; but such claims cannot be urged in the case of a secular Arts college. In a University curriculum Orientals are undoubtedly on a par with Classics or Moderns, but in that of a secular Arts college—where the claims of Arts students should be pre-eminent—Orientals stand, relatively, on a different footing.

Again, Mr. Duncan states that there are upwards of forty students in the Oriental department. We do not doubt this. But we should like to know how many of these are *bona fide* Arts students, who are in attendance as such at University College, and not as students of the affiliated Theological colleges? How many of these forty are studying Orientals simply as a branch of higher education, and not as a branch of their purely Theological education?

The argument which Mr. Duncan brings forward in relation to the study of Political Economy, viz: that it would be difficult to get an instructor with such an evenly-balanced mind that he would not hurt the political and social prejudices of his students, is one which might with much greater force be applied to the study of Philosophy and Ethics. For in this department the instructor is almost thoroughly master of the situation, for the simple reason that the average student has, as a rule, no knowledge of the subject—either historical or otherwise—before he comes for instruction; and naturally takes the instructor's *dicta* without question.

But students do come to college with some views—however crude they may be—on political and social questions, and are more qualified to form independent opinions on subjects than they are on questions of philosophy and the like. In almost every subject—Philosophy, History, Ethics, and Political Economy—those who instruct are supposed to have definite opinions formed upon them, and do not act merely as exponents or mouthpieces of the views of others. The only difficulty in regard to such subjects is in getting

instructors of sufficiently broad mental grasp, and this might be removed, if recourse were had to the German Universities.

In looking through the poems of Dr. Holmes, one is apt to be struck by the fact that no inconsiderable number of them date from the years when their author, not yet a famous graduate of Harvard, had his place in the drum-corps of literature,—that band of college journalists, with their inexperience, their illusions, their light-hearted boyish bravery, their insufferable self-opinion, and their abundance of harmless noise, who march on the fringe of the great army, yet with a proud sense that they, too, are in the ranks. In their undergraduate days the editorial dignity sat lightly on Thackeray, Palgrave, Praed, Canning and Hookham Frere, to name a few out of many distinguished Englishmen; and in America, the broad home of THE VARSITY'S innumerable exchanges, Oliver Wendell Holmes is very far from being the only name, set now in a high place, which once appeared in small caps. at the foot of poems in the narrow columns of college papers with hideous Latin names. These old papers, creased and yellow with age, are carefully treasured by men to whom the sight of a proof-sheet has ages since become a weariness, but who can never lose all the freshness of that flutter of elation with which they first "saw themselves in print." There is nothing, then, in the way of an anthology of college poems being prepared. The work of selection, of course, would have, of necessity, to be made with the greatest discrimination and judgment, and in all likelihood the book would be rather small; but it would be very acceptable, and of lasting interest.

In another column will be found a communication from Mr. Houston, in reference to a proposal for the erection of an organ in the new Convocation Hall. The idea is a good one; and, in the event of the erection of the new hall, we doubt not that it would receive the hearty support of all interested in the University. In a city like our own, where we are wont to boast of our refined taste in matters of æsthetic culture, it is surprising that up to this time no public hall, worthy of the size of the city, has been erected in which an organ could be kept permanently. The wants of the community are too many for such a hall to be built out of the public funds; and, as private enterprise has hitherto looked askance at such a project, we have had to go without. If, however, a powerful organ could be placed in the new Convocation Hall, the want would be supplied, and additional advantages for the attainment of a liberal education presented to the students of the University. We hope to see both the Hall and the organ an accomplished fact.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Editors are not responsible for the opinions of correspondents. No notice will be taken of unsigned contributions.

A STREET WANTED.

To the Editors of THE VARSITY.

SIRS,—I wish to endorse *Nor's* letter in your last issue. I live west of St. George Street, and in my daily journeyings towards University College, I have been compelled of late by stress of weather to go several blocks out of my course. It is true that I may proceed, when certain fields are passable, in an almost direct line; but all the unoccupied ground between Bloor Street and College Avenue is changing hands and being rapidly built upon; and, at any rate, the climbing of high picket fences, with books under each arm and a book between your teeth, tends to damage materially that dignified mien which every undergraduate should wear like a gown.

T. I. M.

A STUDENT ORCHESTRA.

To the Editors of THE VARSITY.

SIRS,—Seeing by the programme of a Literary Society meeting, that we are to be favored by an instrumental duet, has revived an old thought in my mind, and which is: "Why cannot we have an orchestra among our students?" It certainly cannot be for want of material, for there are among our numbers, pianists, flautists, violinists and bass-players whom I know personally, and undoubtedly there are many others who possess musical skill and training.

Perhaps, in the short time we have at our disposal at college, we could not hope to rival those well-trained orchestras in the city, but at least, we might be able to have some selections, given at our public debates, worthy of our Literary Society, and which might be

fully as acceptable as some more classical selections by an outside orchestra. Let us hear from some of our musicians on this matter.

E. A. H.

University College, Toronto, Nov. 9th, 1886.

A UNIVERSITY ORGAN.

To the Editors of THE VARSITY.

SIRS,—The removal of the old King's College building on the east side of the Queen's Park recalls to mind the fact that the land immediately around it, amounting to about two acres, was not included in the area transferred to the city for park purposes. For this piece of land and the building on it, the University trust will soon receive from the Government a sum which, with some addition to it, will suffice for a new Convocation Hall. My present object is to suggest that when the Hall is erected the architect be instructed to provide accommodation for an organ. Such an instrument would be a valuable addition to its equipment, and if the place were set apart I have no doubt that in a very short time the funds necessary for the purchase of a good organ could be procured. There is no reason why the raising of the money should not be proceeded with at once, if assurance were given by the Board of Trustees that accommodation will be provided. As some organization is necessary to the prosecution of the work, I would suggest that the Literary and Scientific Society take the matter in hand during the current session. I feel confident that in such an undertaking they may count on the hearty support of the College and University authorities, and also of the graduates and outside friends of the institution.

Toronto, Nov. 15th, '86.

WM. HOUSTON.

THE ORIENTAL DEPARTMENT.

To the Editors of THE VARSITY.

SIRS:—Your editorial in last week's issue of THE VARSITY on "The Oriental Department" is so fair and candid that any criticism of it may appear ungracious. Allow me, however, to point out a couple of inaccuracies in your article.

You say: "University College is called upon to do work that lies within the province of the Theological Colleges." I do not pause to point out the inconsistency of this assertion with your admission in the same article that Orientals have a right to be placed "upon a par with the Classics or Modern Languages." A perusal of Dr. McCurdy's letters to the *Mail* on the study of Oriental Literature will show that there is some ground, at least, for the assertion that Oriental Languages have an equal right with the Greek and Latin Classics, to a place on the curriculum of a secular college. The truth of the above quotation from your editorial is not self-evident. And you give no reasons for the assertion. I am of the opinion that it might easily be refuted from the *Mail* correspondence referred to and from the preceding part of your own editorial.

Then you say that "the study of Political Economy will attract and benefit a hundred students where Oriental Languages will gain one." If this assertion means that a hundred students will attend lectures on Political Economy for every one who attends lectures in Orientals, it is wildly improbable. There are forty or fifty of the undergraduates of Toronto University taking Orientals. If the class of Political Economy were established and the whole four hundred undergraduates were to attend lectures in that subject, you would not get your proportion of one hundred to one.

I am at one with THE VARSITY in wishing to see a lectureship in Political Economy established in University College. I differ from you, sirs, in not holding, as you seem to hold, that it is more important that this lectureship should be established than that the Department of Oriental Languages should be put in an efficient condition. Among many reasons I might assign for thus differing from you, I mention the following:

(1) It is much easier for the student to gain a knowledge of Political Economy from books without a teacher than it is for him to become an Orientalist without such aid as only a competent teacher can give. I say this after some little study in both departments.

(2) I think that the authorities have some ground for their hesitation to establish a lectureship in Political Economy, in the fact that it would be extremely difficult to find a lecturer in this subject who does not hold very pronounced views on questions that are far from being settled. And these questions are of such a character and our opinions on them are related to our social and political life in such a way as to make it almost impossible for a lecturer taking a certain view of them to be a safe guide to those who wish to investigate impartially the whole field covered by the science. I do not say that this is a sufficient reason for refusing to put Political Science on a footing of equality with the other Departments. But it does seem to me that there are difficulties connected with the establishment of a lectureship in Political Economy which are not found in other departments. In view of these difficulties the University authorities certainly have some reason for moving slowly in this matter. But the fact that delay here is necessary, is no reason for delaying the thorough equipment of departments in connection with which there are no peculiar difficulties and whose importance is admitted. Of such departments that of Orientals is admittedly one.

J. McD. DUNCAN.

ROUND THE TABLE.

The sanctum table has lately had the honor of having laid on it a copy—the only copy, in all likelihood, to be obtained now—of the “Rules of Convocation of the University of Toronto,” prior to 1853. It is divided into fourteen titles, in which provision is made for the due ordering of all things pertaining to the *Domum Convocationis*,—the House of Convocation, as it is, being interpreted. The progress of our university has been along lines diverging somewhat from those laid down by the early fathers; and a few extracts from the old pamphlet may not be uninteresting to the graduate and undergraduate readers of THE VARSITY.

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Title I, § 2, provided that the Chancellor, before assuming his place in Convocation, shall take the following engagements before the Vice-Chancellor, or Senior Proctor, and shall receive from him the insignia of office:—

(1.) “I do sincerely promise that I will be faithful and bear true allegiance to Her Majesty Queen Victoria, as lawful Sovereign of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and of this Province dependent on and belonging to the said Kingdom; and that I will defend her to the utmost of my power against all traitorous conspiracies or attempts whatsoever, which shall be made against her person, crown and dignity; and that I will do my utmost endeavour to disclose and make known to Her Majesty, her heirs and successors, all treasons and traitorous conspiracies, and attempts; which I shall know to be against her or any of them; and all this I do promise without any equivocation, mental evasion or secret reservation, and renouncing all pardons and dispensations from any person or power whatsoever to the contrary.”

(2.) “Tu dabis fidem, quod ea omnia fideliter exequeris, quae ad officium Cancellarii spectent.” Answer, “Do.”

(3.) “Tu dabis fidem ad observanda omnia statuta, privilegia, consuetudines ac libertates istius Universitatis.” Answer, “Do.”

It is to be observed that if the Chancellor were afflicted with a cold in the head, his answers would be unqualified negatives in the vernacular.

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Title II, § 3, provides that the Deans shall exercise the functions and discharge the duties of Proctors, according to the following rotation:—

“In Michaelmas Term the Deans of Law and Medicine.

In Hilary Term the Deans of Law and Arts.

In Easter Term the Deans of Medicine and Arts.”

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By the eleventh subsection of the fifth Title it is provided that

“The full academical habit shall be worn at all open meetings of Convocation; and no member shall attend other meetings without some academical habit to which he may be entitled.”

It is a very rare thing nowadays to see an undergraduate bring with him to Convocation a full academical habit, except that of roaring out *validis lateribus* the time-honoured songs,—time, however, being the last thing thought of.

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The sixth Title is of Precedence. § 1. The members of Convocation take rank and precedence in the following order:—

1, Chancellor; 2, Vice-chancellor; 3, President; 4, Pro-Vice-Chancellor; 5, Proctors; 6, Professors, according to the dates of their appointments; 7, D.C.L.; 8, M.D.; 9, M.A.; 10, B.C.L.; 11, M.B.; 12, C.M.

In the second subsection of this Title, and the greater part of the eleventh Title distinctions are drawn with an admirable fineness seldom met with out of Burke's Peerage.

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Title VIII, “Of admission to a seat in Convocation,” reads thus:—

§ 1. The members of Convocation shall wait upon the Senior Proctor previously to taking their places in the house for the first time.

§ 2. The members shall be presented to the presiding officer by the deans of their respective faculties; and previously to admission to their seat, shall take the first engagement contained in Title I, before the Junior Proctor, and the third before the Senior Proctor.

§ 3. When these engagements shall have been taken, the officer presiding shall admit the person in these words:—

“Domine (or Domine Magister or Doctor) ego admitto te in have domum convocationis.”

* * *

Title IX. is “Of Graces for Degrees,” and yet it was more than thirty years before our university did honour to its first mistress of arts!

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Title XI, § 9, “Of Conferring Degrees,” read thus:—

“Each graduate, after admission, shall sign his name in the register of Convocation; he shall then retire to the Vestibule, and, having arranged himself in the full habit of his degree, shall re-enter the Hall of Convocation, make his obeisance to the officer presiding, and repair to the place assigned to him.”

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The last Title treats “Of Penalties.”

§ 1. “The penalties to which members of Convocation shall be liable are fines, suspension or exclusion.

§ 2. These penalties shall be imposed by the presiding officer and Proctors conjointly; and the offences of which these officers shall take

cognizance shall be, absence without reasonable excuse, and irregular conduct during any meeting of convocation.

§ 3. The amount of fine shall not exceed one pound, nor the period of suspension one term, unless with the consent of the majority of members of the house present; which consent shall also be required in every case of exclusion.”

One cannot but regret the changes which so distinctively mark off our time from the good old days when these rules were the law. One would forego a great deal, could he say to the fellow-gownsmen on the lawn, “Haven't a blessed shilling about me, old chap! The Senior Proc has just done out of fi' pun ten damages for”—well, well, wouldn't it all be so delightfully like Oxford, don't you know?

* * *

Words can scarce depict the agitation in our midst these last two weeks. The sanctum has re-echoed with the thunder of debate and din of wordy strife. Indeed, such was the turmoil that I half expected that the Table, solid and substantial as it is, would betake itself to a more tranquil scene. What a loss were that, my countrymen! No more of our pleasant saunterings along the highways and by-ways of literature; no more halting by the way, as fancy might prompt, to pluck some quaint conceit of other days; no more laughter at merry jest and sober reflection on subject grave and weighty. The whole trouble grew out of certain editorial utterances on a subject of never-failing interest—Did I hear any of you say scholarships? Not so fast, my impetuous friend, you are quite mistaken; better wait another time until I have done. You did not give me time to tell you that these appeared in the *Mail* and that the subject was Shakespeare.

* * *

The storm centred around the critic and our poet. The poet, you are to understand, is a thoroughgoing hero-worshipper, and the chiefest of his idols is Shakespeare. This the critic well knew, and took the opportunity to give him a rub. This was done, if we are to trust at all in his protestations, out of kindness; for, unless our poet is occasionally teased about his foibles, there is danger, perchance, that he may become too much enamoured of his own perfection. The latest “discovery,” as developed in the *Mail* editorials, furnished the critic with excellent ammunition. If genuine, the letters and documents now published prove that the great dramatist did not hesitate to impale for all time whoever had the misfortune to incur his dislike. There was a shrewd strain of meanness in all men of genius—was the general statement. Not content with this shot, the critic went further in his iconoclasm, by defending the position that, in the light of such evidence, Shylock, Shallow and Slender were not creations of a poet's imagination, but caricatures and travesties.

* * *

Our poet was at once up in arms, and to our consternation the battle went on, with varying fortune and no quarter. The warmth of our poet placed him at some disadvantage, and he was forced to adopt some bold expedient to escape with honour. Now I have noticed that our poet has a habit of throwing up a great cloud of words when in a tight place, in much the same way that a cuttle-fish darkens the water to evade pursuit. So when our poet becomes voluble, we are generally safe in assuming that he has been building up a little theory of his own, and finding it likely to collapse, he takes this means of standing from under. On this occasion he fairly overwhelmed the critic. Here follows a portion of his concluding remarks.

* * *

“So you have the simplicity to suppose that in the British Museum, whose treasures have been examined over and over again, a collection of MSS. remained unknown till a Yankee iron-monger by some occult means smelt them out—a Chicago man who tells this story:—That he first constructed a system of chronology to suit himself, then modestly requested the loan of all papers covering these dates; and when copies finally came to hand, embedded in these were letters from a firm of sharks, by the name of Shallow & Slender, from a usurer calling himself Mordecai Shylock, who had a daughter Jessica, and says sufferance is the badge of all our tribe. That Bottom was a fourth-rate actor in the Globe Theatre. I tell you that these letters would never have been written, if Shakespeare's plays had not been, but were concocted either in Chicago or Toronto. My belief is that the esteemed *Mail* editor, wearied with political writing, has amused himself in this way, putting his fraud on a mythical Chicago man—as if Chicago had not already enough to answer for. But he was too clever; in the words of youth—‘it fits too soon.’”

By great and timely exertions we turned the conversation on the poet's own verse, and by judicious flattery restored our wonted harmony and quiet. Thus it is that we still survive to tell the tale.

* * *

When we speak of the Faculty, all or singly, it is with a certain largeness of phrase set to a tone of respect that was joined rudely by the ingenious man's remarking, as he did the other night, that after Professor Hutton's lecture last March he was shocked to hear one of the young ladies say—with a volubility that left no room for the capitals and the punctuation necessary for the preservation of the genial lecturer's orthodoxy—that “nothing could be finer than Professor Hutton's pagan virtues and pagan theories of life!”

HH.

UNIVERSITY AND COLLEGE NEWS.

All reports from Societies must reach us by noon on Thursday to ensure insertion.

Messrs. J. J. Ferguson and J. O. Honsberger have been elected representatives of the first year on the Glee Club Committee.

The first public meeting of the Temperance League will be held on Tuesday, Nov. 23rd, at 4.15 p.m., in Moss Hall. The following speakers will address the meeting: Rev. J. J. McCann, of Brockton, N. W. Hoyles, and F. S. Spence. Dr. Wilson will occupy the chair.

Dr. Sheraton's Greek Testament class is now held in Y. M. C. A. parlour, at 3 o'clock on Sunday afternoon, instead of in Wycliffe College as formerly. Subject for Nov. 21st is: The Law of Liberty, Jas. 1: 21-27. A cordial invitation is extended to all University students to attend.

The cross-country race is appointed to take place on Monday, 22nd inst., from the Rosedale grounds, at about 4 p.m. All arrangements are being completed by the Sports' Committee, and particulars regarding the course will be made known in due time. Entries should be made at once to the Secretary, Mr. F. B. Hodgins.

At the regular meeting of the Modern Language Club last Monday, Merimee's works were under discussion. Mr. J. D. Spence contributed an essay on "Le Theatre de Clara Gazal," and A. H. Young one on "Les Mosaïques." The Misses Scott, Mott, and Stewart read a selection from "Les Espagnols," and Messrs. E. A. Hardy, Jones, Moss, McMichael, Bird, Armstrong, and Honsburger rendered two scenes from "Les Mecontents." After some French conversation among the members, the meeting dispersed.

At the Y.M.C.A. conference last Saturday morning, the Rev. Edward Judson, D.D., of New York City, was present. He spoke on "Evangelistic Work," with special reference to his method of doing it when at home. We welcomed him at first for his revered father's sake, but when he was done speaking we all felt that he had gained our esteem on account of his own worth also, and were sorry to part with him. The first public meeting of the Missionary Society is fixed for the 26th of this month, and the second public debate of the Literary and Metaphysical Society for the 10th of December.

The announcement of the Frederick Wyld Prize for English Composition—value \$25 in books—is now on the board. Competition is open to all undergraduates of 3rd and 4th years in actual attendance as students of University College. A choice of subjects is presented: (1) The Spirit of the Age as reflected in its Poets; (2) Influence of the French Revolution on English Literature; (3) Odoacer: the Conflict of Roman and Gothic Influence. The examiners are Dr. Wilson, D. R. Keys, B.A., and G. M. Wrong, B.A. Conditions of competition may be ascertained on reference to notice on bulletin board.

From the *Johns Hopkins University Circular* for November, we learn that there are at present ten graduates of Canadian universities pursuing their studies at that institution. Eight of these are graduates of Toronto University, and are enrolled as follows:—J. C. Fields, '84 and C. Whetham, '84, Fellows by courtesy, having been Fellows last year; J. R. Wightman, '71, Fellow in Romance Languages; A. C. Lawson, '83, Fellow in Mineralogy; Milton Haight, '84, Fellow in Mathematics; and among the graduate students are T. Wesley Mills, '71; A. MacMechan, '84 and H. R. Fairclough, '83. Toronto University sends a larger number of students than any other University outside of Baltimore. J. Playfair McMurrich, of our University, and also a graduate of Johns Hopkins, is now Professor of Biology in Haverford College.

The regular weekly meeting of the Historical and Political Science Association was held in McMillan's Hall on Wednesday afternoon; the President in the chair. Quite a number of new members were received, as well as nominations for others. Messrs. J. G. Hume and W. V. Wright addressed the meeting on "The Definition and Methods of Political Economy." Mr. Hume, after showing the close connection between Political Economy and Ethics, gave Cairnes' definition of the science, and explained it by an elaborate blackboard demonstration. Mr. Wright showed the several parts played by Induction and Deduction in this science, comparing it with the physical sciences. It was resolved by the Association that they should secure the use of McMillan's Hall for the winter, and that the weekly meetings should be held on Wednesday afternoon at 4.15. This hall is situated on the corner of Gerrard and Yonge streets. Next week will be the election of Second Vice-president, Corresponding Secretary, and Third Year Councillors; also Messrs. J. A. Sparling and G. Cross will address

the meeting on "Currency and Credit as parts of the Mechanism of Exchange."

Owing to the McGill match and a public debate at Knox the attendance at the Literary Society last Friday evening was only about forty members, half the number usually present. J. O. Miller, the second Vice-President, occupied the chair. The main business of the meeting was the discussion of a recommendation from the General Committee that the President try to secure at each private meeting the attendance of some graduate who should point out to the members of the Society any peculiarities in their style of speaking which his experience had taught him to consider as defects. Some of the members present thought that the programme was already long enough, and that the presence of a critic, who might be a total stranger to the undergraduates, would tend to destroy that feeling of freedom and good fellowship which is now so strongly marked a feature of the meetings, and the recommendation was not approved. The Secretary of Committees reported that Mr. T. B. P. Stewart had not yet put in an appearance at the committee meetings. On motion of Mr. Hunter the matter was allowed to stand for four weeks. It was decided to put "Life" in the reading room. Owing to the small attendance the Society did not divide for the Literary programme, which was as follows: Songs by F. H. Moss, J. H. Garvin, and J. E. Jones; a well-rendered recitation by Wilson McCann; an essay by T. A. Gibson, in which he showed how often "Patriotism" is a cloak for prejudice or jobbery; C. J. Hardie, J. E. Jones, J. H. Moss, and Buckingham, of the third year, who "represented a freshman," tried to prove that a democratic form of government has an injurious effect on higher literature, while A. H. Gibbard, W. H. C. Shore and G. Logie maintained the converse. The chairman, after summing up in favor of the affirmative, shewed an unprejudiced mind by deciding in favor of their opponents. Mr. Sparling thought that VARSITY ought to send a reporter to the Literary Society meetings. The members present agreed with him, and the meeting adjourned.

The opening meeting of the Natural Science Association was held in the School of Practical Science on the 4th inst., the President, Prof. W. H. Pike, Ph.D., in the chair. There was a large attendance of graduates and undergraduates, and the President of the College favoured the meeting with his presence. The minutes of the annual meeting being read and confirmed, Mr. Vandermissen extended a general invitation to the members of the Association to attend and take part in the meetings of the Canadian Institute, of which he is President. Prof. R. Ramsay Wright, in answer to an enquiry by Mr. Shutt, explained the basis upon which the MacMurrich medal will be awarded in future. The President then read his inaugural address, taking for his subject the Early History of Chemistry. The paper included an account of many of the practices of the workers in the Occult Art, and abounded in quotations from writers of the fifteenth century.

The second general meeting was held in the Chemical Lecture Room, on Thursday, the 11th inst., the President in the chair. In the absence of the Secretary, Mr. Wait read the minutes. Seven candidates were proposed for membership, and Messrs. Monroe and Grant nominated for the position of second year representative on the General Committee. Prof. R. R. Wright read an able letter on the recent discussion on Physiological Selection, which was followed by an animated debate, led by Mr. A. B. MacCallum, B.A. Mr. F. T. Shutt, M.A., then followed with an interesting address on the new commercial method of manufacturing aluminium in the electric furnace. After describing at some length the details of the process, the many uses to which the metal and its alloys may be put, now that its price is so considerably lowered, were enumerated. The paper was illustrated by three large diagrams of the furnace. The great value of well-executed drawings was very apparent, and it is suggested that members in preparing their subjects for the Society, will follow the excellent example set by Mr. Shutt.

On Tuesday afternoon the Rev. Joseph Cook, who is this week lecturing in the city, delivered an address in the Y. M. C. A. hall to University students and students of the surrounding colleges. The reverend gentleman, in a style that is no doubt characteristic of him, commenced his lecture with the rather abrupt remark: a young man who is ruined in college is not worth saving. It was not his intention, however, by so speaking, to convey any unorthodox teaching, but simply to impress, in this pointed manner, the truth that the young man who allows himself to be overridden for evil by his associates during his college course is destined to be a failure in after life. One of the first, and indeed the most important thing for the young student to see to on entering the University is, that he have the moral courage to resist the whim of the set he identifies himself with. The dissipated man is always a dizzy-pated man. It has been well said that the chief good of a college life is the friendships formed in it. On the other hand, the speaker said, it is very often the case that the chief mischief of that course is the evil associations formed. Let the youth at college keep open the channels of communication between himself and home, that a mother's or a sister's loving influence may pervade his daily life, and a father's sage advice help to mould his character. Young

men are apt to feel uneasy under the restraint brought to bear upon them in college. But the necessity of being at a lecture, or at an examination at a certain hour, or of rising at an appointed time in the morning, etc., teaches a lesson that everyone must learn who would be a success in the world, viz., the lesson of order and regularity. Why feel irritated at these restrictions? No college bell is as exacting as are the demands of a profession. Conscience and industry, he said, are the main nerves of the soul. By obeying the dictates of the one and studiously devoting himself to the application of the principles of the other, does a man build up a healthful moral character. Mr. Cook touched slightly, too, on the question of a liberal education. He warns college authorities against carrying the elective system of studies too far. A good thing in its way, it is not to be tampered with, but managed with the utmost care. He upholds the theory that the initial examination should be made as severe as may be in consistency with reason and justice. In support of a broad and general education the reverend gentleman remarks: "The coming man will not be a specialist as regards a college education, however much a specialist he must be in after life. Hence," he concludes, "a man ought to acquire a knowledge of the outlines of law, of physiology, etc., and should study Christian Ethics and Christian Evidences, although these may not be taught in college. Symmetry of culture is the grand object of a university education." Questions were handed in to Dr. Wilson, who presided at the meeting, by various students present, and these were answered by Mr. Cook. A large audience was in attendance, the building being filled to its utmost capacity.

The regular meeting of the Mathematical and Physical Society was held in No. 8 lecture room on Tuesday afternoon. Prof. Young read a very interesting paper on the Necessary and Sufficient Forms of the Roots of Pure Uniserial Abelian Equations. He took up the subject where Abel and Serret left off, and after finding the fundamental element of the root he applied a very simple and elegant formula for determining from it all the roots of the Abelian equation of the n th degree, where n is either once, twice or four times the product of any number of prime integers. In order that the members might have an opportunity of hearing Rev. Jos. Cooke's address, the physical experiments by the president and the discussion on Newton were postponed till the next meeting, when Mr. W. J. Loudon, M.A., will read a paper on "The Theory of the Gas Engine."

Owing to the delay in publication this week, on account of Thanksgiving holiday, we are able to give a short report of the Literary Society meeting last night. After routine, the literary programme was opened with a piano solo by Mr. McKeown which was well given and secured an *encore*. Mr. Rodd followed with a reading, after which Mr. McBrady read an interesting essay. Mr. J. F. Brown, B. A., an old and enthusiastic member of the Glee Club, then sang in excellent style "The Clipper," after which he was recalled to sing "I fear no Foe." The debate was in parliamentary style, the resolution, moved by Mr. L. B. Stevenson and seconded by Mr. Ferguson, being as follows: Resolved that the control of Railways by the government would be an advantage to the community. Mr. F. F. Steen, seconded by Mr. J. J. Ferguson, submitted an amendment. The speaking was good, Messrs. Stevenson and Steen distinguishing themselves. The vote was close, but was in favour of the resolution by a majority of two. It is hoped that more singers will offer their services for the ordinary meetings of the Society.

A heavy snow-storm greeted the Varsity team in its cosy quarters at the Balmoral, Montreal, last Saturday morning. The tinkling of sleigh-bells did not seem to improve the chances of having a game of foot-ball with McGill; but both teams were unwilling to forego this match, which is always looked forward to as the most pleasant of the season. Mr. Arnton, of the Britannias, was chosen referee, and Messrs. R. Campbell and W. M. McKay, umpires for McGill and Varsity respectively. The teams lined up at 3 o'clock to play for one hour. The McGill captain having won the toss, elected to defend the northern goal, playing with a strong wind and driving snow-storm in his back. H. Senkler kicked off far into McGill territory, and the ball was returned only a short distance. Scrimmaging commenced, and was the order of the day. The five or six inches of snow on the ground made the ball so slippery that it was almost impossible to catch it, while running was out of the question. The McGill forwards were somewhat heavier than ours, in fact they said ours were the only ones that held them this year, they having shoved Montreal and every other team they played against. The Varsity team was badly in need of centre scrimmage, Nesbitt especially, since weight told every time on such a day as Saturday. In the first half McGill obtained a safety-touch; two points. At the beginning of the second half, McGill obtained a touch-in-goal and a rouge, then Varsity wakened up and rushed the ball down to McGill goal line. Unfortunately, however, instead of picking the ball up, Boyd kicked it into the hands of Blanchard, McGill's full-back, who rouged it. During the rest of the time the play was in McGill territory. Of course, in such a game as that, it was impossible for any one player to distinguish himself particularly. For McGill, Drummond played a fine forward game and McLean

and Blanchard did equally well at half-back and back respectively. For our team, H. Senkler, who played full-back for the first time, showed excellent judgment and Watt and MacLaren played hard and well in the scrimmage. At the end the score stood 4 to 1 in favour of McGill. At first the Referee thought it was a draw but afterwards decided that McGill had won on the ground that a majority of only 2 points was required because a safety-touch is not a rouge. On the other hand, the Varsity thought a majority of 4 was required to win, contending that according to the definition (law II: "a safety-touch is when a player kicks or carries the ball from the field of play and he or one of his own side ROUGES it") a safety-touch is only a particular kind of a rouge. The matter has been referred to the Canadian Union in a friendly spirit, because in every other respect Mr. Arnton gave complete satisfaction as referee. In the evening the Varsity was given a dinner at the Richelieu. After the hungry footballers had done justice to an excellent dinner, Captain Macdonell proposed the health of the Varsity team. J. S. MacLean replied in a few words and returned the compliment. Toasts and songs followed in rapid succession until train time drew near, when the company broke up, singing "Auld Lang Syne."

DRIFT.

RUSKIN ON ART.

Ruskin says:—"Art that gives pleasure to any one has a right to exist. For instance, if I can only draw a duck that looks as though he waddled, I may give pleasure to the last baby of our hostess, while a flower beautifully drawn will give pleasure to her eldest girl who is just beginning to learn botany, and it may also be useful to some man of science. The true outline of a leaf shown to a child may turn the whole course of its life. Second-rate art is useful to a greater number of people than even first-rate art, there are so few minds of a high enough order to understand the highest kind of art." There are many artists who will find comfort in his words.

Of water colour Mr. Ruskin says, "there is nothing that obeys the artist's hand so exquisitely, nothing that records the subtlest pleasures of sight so perfectly. All the splendours of the prism and the jewel are vulgar and few compared to the subdued blending of opalescence in finely inlaid water colour, and the repose of light obtainable by its transparent tints, and absolutely right forms, to be rendered by practised use of its opaque ones are beyond rivalry, even by the most skilful methods in other media."

ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE VARSITY is conducted by undergraduates of the University of Toronto, and will appear every Saturday of the academic year. It aims at being the exponent of the views of the University public, and will always seek the highest interests of our University. The Literary Department will, as heretofore, be a main feature. The Novel is continued. In the present issue appears the second of a series of articles on the University of Toronto. The news columns are full and accurate, containing reports of all meetings of interest to its readers.

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DI-VARSITIES.

THE DYING UMPIRE.

(From the Detroit Free Press)

An Umpire of the league nines,
Lay dying at the plate,
And the gory rocks about him
Told the story of his fate.

He had made a rank decision,
And the crowd in frenzy deep,
Had shuffled off his mortal coil
By rocking him to sleep.

The catcher stood beside him
As his life-blood ebbed away,
And swung his bat with vigour
To keep the crowd at bay.

The dying Umpire beckoned,
And the captain of the nine
Bent over him in sorrow—
For he feared another fine.

But the Umpire's words came feebly
As the crisis was at hand,
His dimmed eyes were soon to open
In a brighter, fairer land.

Then he whispered low and sadly,
"Call the game, it's getting dark;
Let it end an even innings,
So the last run do not mark.

"I have finished watching bases,
I am numbered with the slain,
And the cry of 'Rats' will never
Echo in my ears again.

"Place my hand upon the 'Home-plate';
Let me have my little mask;
Frame a set of resolutions;
This is all I have to ask."

The dying Umpire faltered,
His face turned toward the sun,
One gasp, and all was over—
It was his last "home run."

They buried him at twilight,
In a hole they quickly made,
And no stone marks the lonely spot
Where the weary Umpire's laid.

MORAL.

Oh, Umpires of the "diamond field,"
'Taint much I have to ask,
Don't give "two-faced" decisions,
Even if you wear a mask.

An Irish gentleman thus addressed an indolent servant, who indulged himself in bed at a late hour in the morning—"Fall to rising, ye spalpeen—fall to rising! Don't stand there lying in bed all day."

A man who is mean enough to beat a printer, is mean enough to tickle his nose with a feather to save the expense of buying snuff.

Customer—Waiter, here's a button in the soup.

Waiter—Button, sah, yes sah, I guess dat's all right, sah.

Customer—It's all right, of course, but I thought perhaps a buttonhole went with it.

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THE VARSITY

A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.

Vol. VII.

University of Toronto, Nov. 27, 1886.

No. 6.

SONNET.

Like as a bird whose wings are not yet grown,
From out the nest makes effort to arise,
And spread its wings to fly and breast the skies,
And drink the deep ethereal blue unknown
To those of meaner power who halt and moan
Upon the level earth the vain emprise,
But ah ! too weak as yet ! It fruitless tries
To wing the unsupporting air alone.

Thus with the fledgling of the muses nest,
He feels the immortal harmony of song
Throb in his heart ; and strives, with deep unrest,
To scale the rhythmic heights, and borne along,
To grasp the prize that highest powers attest.
Not yet ! It needs sore trial and effort strong.

ORMSBY.

THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.

III. UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.

By the Act of 1853 the teaching part of the University, under its new name of University College, was put on an entirely new and enlarged footing ; but no local habitation was provided for it. It is not generally known to the present generation that before that date the Canadian Parliament had cast covetous eyes on the University park, and appropriated the site which the local Legislature have at last laid hands on. In the defence of the University before the Quebec Parliamentary Committee in 1860, the following statement by Dr. Wilson recalls the fact that University College began its work in 1853 as a temporary lodger, or "literary tramp," in the old parliament buildings which are about to be superseded by the new erection on the site of King's College. After disclaiming responsibility for the preliminary steps, which he nevertheless defended as not only justifiable, but indispensable, he thus proceeds :—

"In defence of the necessity of the building, I will only say that during seven years in which I have been a professor of University College, I have witnessed five removals. Since the Act of 1853 was passed we have been turned out of the old King's College building, and established in the Parliament buildings on Front-street. Parliament returning to Toronto, we were sent back to the old building ; Government requiring that, we were thrust into a little brick edifice originally built for a medical school (*i. e.*, Moss Hall !) ; and before we at length moved into our present buildings, we had been compelled to waste thousands of dollars on removals, fittings, and temporary makeshifts, as distasteful to us as they were wasteful and extravagant. Surely it was wiser to put up adequate and permanent buildings than fritter away the endowment in a system like that, which destroyed all faith in the perpetuity of the institution, and impeded everything but the mere daily scramble to accomplish such work as could be got through, in the absence of nearly every needful provision of a well-appointed College."

When our readers realize that there was actually a time, within the terms of President Wilson and Professor Chapman, when the whole work, both of the present College and the School of Science, was carried on within the walls of Moss Hall, they will form some idea of the growth of the College from its first small beginnings. But not only was it needful to provide adequate College buildings. It was no less wise than needful to invest the surplus funds in this useful and substantial fashion ;

for so long as a surplus lay in the bursar's hands, the grand aim of the denominational colleges was to have a slice of it. The most extravagant notions, moreover, prevailed as to its amount. It was fancied to include wealth enough to equip half-a-dozen universities.

Fortunately at this critical stage in the history of the University of Toronto the Governor-General was Sir Edmund Head*, an old Oxford professor ; a man of eminent scholarly attainments ; and sincerely bent on furthering the plan for a national university. He took the liveliest interest in the new buildings ; and under his countenance matters were pushed on so effectually that the contracts had been signed, and the work was far advanced, before the public were aware that it was even under consideration. The friends of the National University clearly perceived that without permanent buildings there was no guarantee for its endurance. The work accordingly was pushed on energetically. The site in those days lay altogether out of observation. The Yonge Street avenue went no farther than Sleepy Hollow. All beyond, where College Street, St. George street, and the populous district to the west, now stand, was in bush ; a mere trackless wilderness. So masons, bricklayers, and carpenters plied their busy tools unheeded ; till, to the mortification of some who had set their hearts on a division of the endowment, the surplus was safely invested in a new building, and a well furnished museum and library. We have referred to the grand ceremonial at the laying of the foundation stone of King's College in 1842. The corner stone of the present magnificent building was quietly laid on the morning of the 4th of October, 1856, by three members of the committee, with no other ceremonial than the cordial wishes for the success of the undertaking in which Mr. Langton, Dr. Croft, and Dr. Wilson so heartily united. But the hour of triumph was only delayed. On the same date, exactly two years later, His Excellency, Sir Edmund Head, the steadfast friend of the institution through all its early difficulties, placed the top stone on the summit of the turret at the north-east angle of the great tower, after depositing beneath it a glass cylinder containing various documents connected with the history of the institution ; and over this a brass plate thus inscribed :—

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SUMMO TURRI IMPOSITO

OPUS ABHINC BIENNIUM SE AUSPICE INCHOATUM

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* By the Act of 1853 the senate was appointed by the Governor-General. Lord Elgin should have been named in our last number as Governor-General of that date. He was succeeded by Sir Edmund Head, who was the active promoter of the newly organized university.

A banquet followed this crowning ceremonial. The apartment destined for the library furnished the banquet hall; for Convocation Hall was not then built. Sir Edmund Head presided,—an unwonted proceeding, strikingly marking the deep interest he took in the work. In proposing his health the Vice-Chancellor, after referring to the services rendered by Sir Peregrine Maitland and Lord Elgin, added: "But no one had shown such special care concerning it as His Excellency. In reference to the building, from the smallest details to the most important matters, his interest had been manifest; and, indeed, had it not been for his unfaltering aid, it was doubtful if it would ever have been built. It was a gratification to have the privilege, as chairman of the building committee, to present the silver trowel with which His Excellency had that day laid the topmost stone."

It fell to Dr. Wilson, as another member of the building committee, to propose the health of the architect; and one little passage in his speech is historical. He said: "In the choice of this day for the inauguration of our new building, the Building Committee were guided by the fact that upon the same day, two years ago, we laid the foundation of this structure. We did not then invite Your Excellency to aid us in that work. We rather proceeded in it somewhat like the returned captive Jews of old, with the sword in one hand and the trowel in the other. Secretly, as though it had been a deed of shame, we laid that stone; full of hope; yet not without apprehension. Perhaps it were well and wisely that it were so done." The justice of this, we may add, became abundantly manifest. When too late, it was discovered that the long-coveted surplus was invested beyond recall in this substantial security for the permanence of the institution. The expenditure has since been criticised; but the investigations of a hostile commission showed that the building had been most economically executed; and experience has proved that instead of being on too large a scale, the opposite fault may rather be suggested. The demand already is for a greatly larger Convocation and Examination Hall. It was not till the following October that the College moved into its new home. The students of to-day know what Moss Hall is. They can imagine the change for the men of that olden time, from the small, low-ceiled, ill-lighted rooms, which had for years furnished the whole accommodation to the University and College, to the present lecture rooms, library, and Hall of their Alma Mater.

VIDI.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE FARCE.

The optimist and the pessimist both get a certain satisfaction out of their systems, but their philosophies alike contain within themselves their own refutation. The most, long-suffering optimist must here and there find his theory fail and be driven to doubt its universality. Schopenhauer preaches his doctrine by day, and by night—! The optimist will remark, "What a beastly day," and the pessimist must sometimes exclaim, "What charming weather."

And consider the grave seriousness with which it is necessary to regard life in order to steadfastly maintain either of these rôles,—to affirm consistently that everything is constituted to the end that the human animal may derive therefrom the greatest amount of happiness or misery. None but a sober soul can hope to imbue itself with principles so desperate. The majority of mankind must have a philosophy that sits more easily.

The Philosophy of the Farce! Here is one within reach of any individual who will spend some slight pains on self-cultivation, and what a never-ending harvest of mirth it ensures! Life is then neither a tragedy nor a comedy, nor even a melodrama, but an irresistible screaming farce, with an infinite variety of characters and unparalleled scenic attractions. What a magnificent humour runs through the plot! What side-splitting scenes pursue one another over the boards,—not always boisterous and noisy and within the comprehension of the pit. Some of the touches are so fine, some of the conceits are so delicate that perhaps only one or two in the audience suspect the humour. But follow the action patiently, and the true spirit of the play will appear.

Half the theatre weeps when Love leads across the stage a train that sighs, and moans, and makes piteous plaint. But

what a quip is here! The clever actors humbug one another (themselves even) in a perfect good faith. Playing the part with so keen an imagination of its proprieties that they refuse to be undeceived. Attempt it, and they smile at you in superior fashion. Wait but a little while, and they will sheepishly join in the laugh.

The credulity of man to his fellow-man is a beautiful sight to the philosopher of this school, because he knows that the next scene will show how artistically it is abused. Governments, professions, trades act their part to the people, who are deceived with the utmost good humour. The people in turn play their little part to one another, nor do they ever weary or lose interest.

Well, while we are here let us make the best of it,—laugh our fill and get our share of the jollity; for when we are carried feet foremost off into the wings our friends will have the laugh on us, and we won't be able to laugh back!

TABAC.

A TALE OF TWO IDOLS.

IN TEN SHORT CHAPTERS, AND WITHOUT A MORAL.

IX

Curteys sche was, discret, and debonaire,
And compainable, and bare hire self ful faire;
And nevere was there no word hem bitweene
Of jelousye, or any other teene.

Canterbury Ta'es.

On a certain day not many weeks later, a youth and a maiden passed through the eastern gate of the University grounds, and strolled together along one of the northward paths in the park. It was a beautiful afternoon; for though now late in September, the sky was bright and clear as though it were over a spring day; and against it the long, loose boughs, from which the wind, warm and dry, was scattering yellow leaves over the grass, showed with the softness of an etching, as the mellow sunlight streamed through them and over all,—slanting on the drives and grassy slopes, where the withered leaves, by fits and starts, were whisking about breezily: and striking on the sides of the little hollows, where they were blown into windrows, here and there.

Elsie Fraine's mood was bright and merry, and she seemed to catch and transform some of the rare, elusive beauty of the brown, golden, pensive afternoon; but Evans looked ill at ease, and rather puzzled. He found himself still wondering how it had come about that he was once again taken into Elsie's favour with the same frankness as of old. He had been telling her the story of the idols, and all that had passed between Wiley and himself,—though with some discreet reservations, you may be sure, and not a little judicious re-modelling; and harping still on the misfortunes the idols had brought upon him, he seemed to feel himself more and more ill-used at the hands of the world at large.

"And you descended," she was saying, "to a degrading fetish-worship!—you, Frederic Evans, that perfect, faultless, highest development of time, that heir of all the ages, a student in Residence! Let me see,

'Lo, the poor Indian, whose untutored mind
Sees gods in—in—'

what *does* he see gods in, Fred?"

"Can't say off-hand," answered Evans; "my early religious education was sadly neglected. But with Wiley to tutor his mind, he'd be pretty apt to see gods in those two images, anyway. Why, there was one thing, now," he continued, still justifying himself, "that I didn't speak of to Wiley; and you must acknowledge that it,—well, you remember you had the idols only one afternoon,—the afternoon of your History paper."

"Yes, but how could they have prevailed on the examiner to ask questions I couldn't answer?"

"It was exceedingly mean of the examiner, then, if he did it of his own accord."

"It's a great pity you're not an examiner, Fred. I had a very blunt pen, too, that afternoon,—a very annoying pen, when you have to write *S-y-z-y-g-y* at the top of each sheet of paper. So there's the whole explanation, and why can't you be reasonable like that?"

"Somehow," he said smiling, "the masculine intellect finds it rather difficult to go to such extreme lengths of reasonableness."

"Indeed? I'm sure I wouldn't let myself be persuaded that some mysterious power resided in two absurd ugly images,—as if you were one of the people in Anstey's novels!"

"Well, they may be ugly enough, but they seemed to be very influential; and I don't think it altogether fair, now, begging your pardon, that only the beautiful should be powerful. What's this Pope says,

'Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.'

—capillary attraction, Wiley used to call it, in his clever way."

After going out of his way to repeat this remark of Wiley's, he felt humiliated that all its brilliancy had so utterly vanished as it fell from his lips, and yet was conscious at the same time of ridiculous depths of gratefulness to Elsie, for her kindly tolerance of all things less perfect than herself.

"That fable of his," the gracious divinity said, "about the images was rather clever."

"Oh, it wasn't his, remember," answered Evans, recalling his thoughts from wandering. "I told you of how he read me your uncle's letter."

"Well, I wrote to uncle this summer, too—and I asked him about the *Algonquin* accident. The two voyagers were my uncle and Mr. Jack Wiley, after all."

"And your uncle gave Jack the idols?"

"He knew nothing of them whatever, Fred. Have you them yet?"

"Not now. Wiley asked me for them before he left for Chicago."

"And I do hope," she said quickly, "that uncle will not tell him how I was asking about the accident. But I am so sorry—you can't think Fred,—that any one could do what *he* did to make you miserable like that!"

A dim light was beginning to break on Evans, though it left many things indistinct and uncertain, as yet. He said, as if with a sudden inspiration, "Your bright sunshine, Elsie, has dispelled the gloom which—"

"There, that's nice, and so original, too," she interrupted, looking pleased, however, with his rhetoric. "And now we'll talk about something else. I'm tired of your idolatry,—"

She checked herself, and then laughed a little at Evans, who was actually beginning to blush, as he answered her. And after that their talk, no doubt, was of the pleasant, melancholy autumn weather; for as they walked on side by side, the maples and oaks and beeches around these two foolish young persons were fallen into the sere, the yellow leaf,—so many Malvolios, "sad and civil" now, standing soberly about the fields in their frayed finery, like old-time gentlemen of broken fortune.

X

When the contents of the scroll met his view—
Ingoldsby Legends.

And now, while our friend Evans, late in the night, is poring intently over a letter from Wiley, we will take the liberty—we have done so before—of glancing over his shoulder, and reading it ourselves; for it is full in the light of the shaded lamp; and indeed, as Virginius said, (though on a more momentous occasion it is true), "there is no way save this."

I doubt not (*Wiley wrote*) that you are censuring me in your wisdom for my exodus Chicago-wards on the eve of the Supplementals. Well, I am now fairly started here with Pearson, and do not in the least regret having come out of the "Macaulay's Essays stage" of my development, in which I have been foolishly wasting away my days. All through last year, however, I was storing my mind with such valuable knowledge as I could lay hands on; and indeed I was beginning to be afraid that if I prolonged my stay in Residence, my mental furniture would soon become altogether too solid, cumbrous, and unwieldy for one of my light tonnage.

But this is not why I am writing to you now. Pearson has been telling me that in a letter to him Miss Fraine has made some enquiries about an accident you've heard of, which befell two certain voyagers as their small boat was being hoisted up the *Algonquin's* side. Now, Pearson and myself solemnly covenanted at that time, to let that little mishap, as not reflecting great glory on us, pass out of history,—each of us being a Cornelius Tacitus, as it were. But Miss Fraine's question was put so artfully, that he thought I had

been publishing the facts of the case in Toronto, and unwillingly,—being a Chicago lawyer,—he told the whole truth. Yes, Fred, I was the other occupant of that small boat. The hand that wields this pen wildly grasped the rope thrown towards your humble servant, gamboling gracefully in the liquid element.

The letter which I read to you last August was, I blush to say it, a fabrication, and as for the *soi-disant* idols, I got them, as paper-weights I believe, in Toronto; and

"Time, who like the merchant lives on 'Change,"

saw each of them later "the Lar of a Canadian chief," to quote Hood again. One of them,—indeed neither of them would stay away from you long,—you found a very *apto cum Lare*, as our friend Horace has it.

You will find it instructive and entertaining to take mental glances over the doings of the idols since I gave you them. Can you divine, for instance, by what means they came back to you the first time? Of course I at once took advantage, as you will remember now, of each of the different turns things were taking; and things did seem so to shape themselves that I was rendered the greatest assistance in the way of being enabled to ascribe plausibly to the idols such copious discharges of thaumaturgic force. Indeed, when I think of how much seemed to come about of itself,—for that matter, the whole train of circumstances, though under my hands, may be said to have shaped and moulded itself,—I am ashamed that I did not do it all up more artistically, and in a less haphazard way.

With regard to the second return of the idols, I was for a long time completely at a loss how to manage it, and I made many attempts which failed,—perhaps you can recall some of them. At length I arranged the matter with Dekker, and by a fortunate linking of events, it came to pass as it did. I was careful enough, you may rest assured, in what I said to Dekker; he had no idea of the actual state of affairs; and is not likely ever to suspect it, not being gifted with what they call in the reviews "profound psychological insight." But then he didn't have the making of his own skull, you know.

I need say no more, I think, and I'll leave you now to your meditations. But you must not judge me too severely and unsparingly; reflect on and weigh well the temptation. And remember that after all, as Mr. Sludge says,—

"Strictly, it's what good people style untruth;
But yet, so far, not quite the full-grown thing;
It's fancying, fable-making, nonsense work—
What never meant to be so very bad—
The knack of story-telling, brightening up
Each dull old bit of fact that drops its shine,
One does see somewhat when one shuts one's eyes,
If only spots and streaks; tables do tip
In the oddest way of themselves; and pens, good Lord,
Who knows if you drive them or they drive you?"

I will allow myself to say, in conclusion, that I foresaw all this. I never hoped for a moment, Fred, that Miss Fraine would throw herself with your *abandon* into an unquestioning acceptance of my little fiction, or that she would at all repose in yours very truly, such a touching quantity of trust and confiding belief.

J. W.

Can you guess why I took the idols with me when leaving? I will tell you. I haven't the slightest doubt that by this time Elsie and you are no longer "out," but are once again brought into sweet accord,—*amantium irae*, and that sort of thing. Considering, then, how disastrous it is that the idols should be kept apart, and how they *will* come together, I have sent them by express back to Toronto; one addressed to you, the other (in Pearson's handwriting) to Miss Elsie Fraine. I know that she disliked them for their ugliness; but hasn't Goethe said that "miracle-working pictures are rarely works of art"? You will find, unbeliever though you are, that they still have some of their old power; for you believed in them once, and a clock doesn't stop the moment you throw away the key. Well, Miss Fraine will receive what Pearson and myself, after due deliberation, have pronounced to be the best-looking one; and it is for you to win her over to an appreciation of how fitting and delightfully appropriate an arrangement it is that she should have one of the two idols, and you the other.

While Evans was filling his pipe, with his eyes still fixed on what Wiley had written, he was not without a dim consciousness of having spoken aloud. He did not change his attitude while slowly folding the letter into a long strip, with which he lighted his pipe thoughtfully; and as he sat smoking, he stared straight before him.

W. J. HEALY.

(The End.)

THE VARSITY.

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Contributions when not accepted will be returned if accompanied with a stamp for that purpose.

Harvard has just celebrated the 250th anniversary of its foundation with appropriate ceremonial. The event was of more than usual importance, as being connected with the oldest and most representative university of America. The commemoration, as planned by the Alumni Association, lasted four days. The most notable features of the anniversary proceedings were: The sermon by Professor F. G. Peabody; the oration by James Russell Lowell; and the conferring of degrees upon, and the speeches by, the distinguished representatives of foreign and American universities. The poem by Oliver Wendell Holmes was a tame and commonplace performance—the only effect of which was to stir up the wrath of the redoubtable Dr. McCosh, of Princeton. The sermon by Dr. Peabody was from a very suggestive text: "Even so would he have removed thee out of the strait into a broad place" (Job 36:16.) The discourse was largely retrospective, and showed how the College had gradually freed itself from the limitations of Puritanism; had done away with doctrinal tests; how its control, to the great gain of itself and the clergy, had passed from clerical hands; how the Puritan view of life as an obligation had developed into the higher view of life as an opportunity; and how the same development had been reached in our views of religion.

The oration by James Russell Lowell was certainly the most noteworthy feature of the celebration. It was dignified in tone, practical in spirit, and eminently worthy of the great occasion and of its distinguished author. It contains an admirable sketch of the colonial period when Harvard was in its infancy; of the spirit that characterized the men of that time; and the foundation of the New England community, "for which," Mr. Lowell says, "in civic virtue, in intelligence and general efficacy, I seek a parallel in vain." The remainder of the address was devoted to a discussion as to what a university really should be; in how far American colleges—and Harvard in particular—approach the ideal; and the elective system, as incidental thereto. Mr. Lowell has a broad and comprehensive idea of what a university should be. We can best illustrate it by a quotation or two. Thirty years ago he gave the following as his definition:—

"A university is a place where nothing useful is taught; but a university is only possible where a man may get his livelihood by digging Sanscrit roots."

As Mr. Lowell explains, his meaning was:—

"That the highest office of the somewhat complex thing so named was to distribute the true bread of life, the *pane degli angeli*, as Dante called it, and to breed an appetite for it; but that it should also have the means and appliances for teaching everything, as the mediæval universities aimed to do in their trivium and quadrivium. . . . I hope, then, the day will come when a competent professor may lecture here for three years on the first three vowels of the Roman alphabet, and find fit audience, though few."

On the whole, Mr. Lowell thinks that Harvard still occupies the place of a German gymnasium, and urges in strong and terse language the necessity for enlarged post-graduate courses. He regards the elective system as having been carried somewhat to an extreme, and thinks that if the advanced courses were pushed on, the voluntary system would not only be possible, but would come of itself. The number pursuing such courses being few, instruction would be thorough and the opportunities greater for original work.

We regret that space will not allow us to give more of Mr. Lowell's admirable address. We will, however, quote a very striking passage, referring to the study of the classics. Speaking of the Greeks he said:—

"If their language is dead, yet the literature it enshrines is rammed with life, as perhaps no other writing except Shakspeare's ever was or will be. It is as contemporary with to-day as with the ears it first enraptured, for it appeals not to the man of then or now, but to the entire round of human nature itself. Man is ephemeral or evanescent, but whatever page the authentic soul of man has touched with her immortalizing finger, no matter how long ago, is still young and fair as it was to the world's grey fathers. Oblivion looks in the face of the Grecian muse only to forget her purpose."

The concluding portion of the oration was on the duty of the College as a factor in civilization. "Let it," the orator says, "continue to give such a training as will fit the rich to be trusted with riches, and the poor to withstand the temptations of poverty. Let it be the hope of the College to make a gentleman, not a conventional gentleman, out of every student; make them men of culture intellectual resource, public spirit and refinement; and endow them with that good taste which is the conscience of the mind, and that conscience which is the good taste of the soul."

Harvard distributed her honours with a lavish hand, and yet Dr. McCosh was not satisfied. About forty honorary degrees were conferred upon the visitors at the recent commemoration. According to custom, the authorities of the University notified the President of the United States that they had a doctor's gown and hood waiting for him. But, contrary to custom, President Cleveland replied that as he had not been a college man in his youth, and was not really a learned man, he felt constrained to decline an honour—as he acknowledged it to be—to which he did not feel himself justly entitled. This is Jeffersonian simplicity indeed, and one which does Mr. Cleveland infinite credit. The simple manliness of his reply, and the reasons for his refusal of the degree, are of a piece with that honest and straightforward course which has been so characteristic of Mr. Cleveland's policy, both in private and public, since his elevation to the Presidency. His conduct in this matter shows him to be possessed in a rare degree of what is popularly called common sense, and an idea of the eternal fitness of things. Having been a politician all his life—though now entitled to rank amongst the few living statesmen of the age—and never having been a student or scholar in the broad sense of the term, it was an act of the strictest consistency to decline the degree. And for these very same reasons it may have been harder for Mr. Cleveland to refuse the proffered honour and the opportunity of connecting himself with an institution of such noble worth and venerable dignity as that which Harvard typifies.

It is a pity that the highest degrees of a university are made to do duty as rewards for the attainment of eminent political or social position, inasmuch as such eminence has no necessary connection with literary or scholarly worth. If we have honorary degrees, let them be given in recognition of scholarship and upon no other pretext. But, if we can avoid it, let us do without honorary degrees. We trust President Cleveland in his manly stand on this question will have many imitators.

In all the distinguished throng that assembled to do honour to Harvard, we do not notice the name of a single representative from any of the Canadian universities. This must surely have been an oversight on the part of the Harvard authorities. We trust this mistake will be rectified at the next 250th anniversary. Nevertheless, we know that all Canadian university men rejoice in Harvard's rejoicings, and heartily congratulate her on the noble work she has done in the past and join in sincere wishes for her future success and prosperity.

We understand that the authorities of Woodstock College intend to apply for university powers at the coming session of the Legislature. The liberality of Senator McMaster has rendered this application possible; for without it the Baptist denomination could not hope to establish and adequately endow a university of their own. We are far from wishing to appear, in what we shall say on this matter, to disparage the good work which Mr. McMaster is seeking to do in behalf of higher education in so far as it affects

his own denomination. We wish there were more wealthy men like him in Ontario who would come forward and assist the great cause of education on its financial side. But at the same time we regard the proposal to establish another university in Ontario as the indication of a mistaken policy. And in objecting to this proposal we cannot fairly be charged with jealousy. For the staff of University College is most certainly capable of keeping our College abreast of the times and ahead of all competitors. We have no wish, either, to belittle the good work done by the other colleges in Ontario. We rejoice most heartily in their success; for their object, no less than that of University College, is the advancement of higher education. But that University College stands at the head of our educational system in Ontario, no less from its official position than from its intrinsic worth, is a fact the truth of which we believe most denominational college advocates cannot but acknowledge.

Rivalry in educational matters, when not carried to an extreme, is a powerful spur. Especially is this the case when it takes place between teachers or teaching institutions, as such. But if it is allowed to take the form of competition between universities in respect to degrees or diplomas it is an unmitigated evil. And this sort of rivalry has been the cause of much weakness in the system of higher education as pursued in Ontario. The movement for university confederation, inaugurated three years ago, drew attention to this defect and suggested a remedy for the evil complained of. The action of the Methodist Church, in bringing Victoria College to this city and holding in abeyance the functions of that University, was a denominational movement worthy of all praise. We believe it will ultimately be of immense value to both Victoria and University Colleges and to university education generally in this Province. It will, in our opinion, force the present independent universities to reconsider and modify their decisions. In any event they cannot hope to compete with two thoroughly equipped arts colleges backed by an influential corporation which can command the services of the very best men for its professoriate. The standard will undoubtedly be raised here, and Toronto degrees, being of more value, will be eagerly sought after rather than those given by small independent universities with inadequate resources. In fact, the only competition will be amongst students of Victoria College and University College; the others will be out of the race altogether.

Competition between teaching institutions is right and proper, and we would not object to a Baptist Arts College at Woodstock—though why not at Toronto? But competition between universities as degree-conferring bodies is a cause of much scandal and harm to higher education. In the keen race for existence or popularity standards have to be lowered in order to attract students. While rival universities flourish under these conditions, education suffers.

There are at present six institutions in Ontario that hold university powers. The Western University, about whose worse than useless existence enough has been said in these columns, is practically dead; Victoria temporarily resigns her university powers; this reduces the number of degree-conferring bodies to four, one of which (Ottawa College) may be left out of consideration for all practical purposes. Is it wise or prudent, then, when the tide of educational opinion is so manifestly flowing in the direction of consolidation, to add to this number—already large, if not too large, for our needs and resources? We believe that the answer of all thoughtful and unprejudiced minds will be in the negative.

The gain—if it be any—to Woodstock College, is certainly not commensurate with the injury which the government would do to higher education should they grant university powers to Woodstock College. The Provincial administration has openly pledged itself to support University Confederation in the most practical manner. We cannot imagine, therefore, that it will seek to perpetuate a state of things which it is endeavouring to alter for the better. Such inconsistency, to use no stronger term, could only be explained upon the ground of the exigencies of a general election. We do not know what the Government propose to do in this matter; by the next session a new House will have to deal with the question,—perhaps a new administration. But whatever party may be in power, we would enter our most decided protest against the granting of University functions to Woodstock College, as calculated to do great and lasting harm to the cause of higher education in this Province.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Editors are not responsible for the opinions of correspondents. No notice will be taken of unsigned contributions.

HAZING.

To the Editors of THE VARSITY.

SIRS,—I am unwilling that old customs should perish, or that new ones should be established, without being bewailed or hailed by some fitting monument. From the depth of my passion Love emanated, in celebration of a recent event, the following lines, which, owing to the profundity of my feelings, and the obstinacy of my Muse, are not metrically exact, but which I think the cultured taste will none the less appreciate on that account.

There is a certain homeliness in some of the terms, also, which I could have wished to purge away, but the occasion must be my excuse. Neither have I yet learned the art to blot.

AD INITIANDOS TYRONES.

Weep with me ye sulphurous shades, and fumes of boiling tar,
weep with me! Weep solemn state, and midnight gloom, and
muffled groans! Tremble ye mufi's throne, and quake with fear!
For the Assyrians are encamped against you! Litoria's strains
become a woful dirge, and draw rivers of briny rain from Fresh-
men's vision balls! Let Taddle's stream, encased in mortar walls,
prolong the mournful note, and, 'mid a universal wail, roll on its
muddy tribute to the filthier bay!

O lacrymarum fons, course through mine eyes, and let your crys-
tal drops roll down my cheeks to form a flood mightier than swift-
flowing Rhodanus! Ye bells toll out a muffled knell in solemn
time! Spirits of ye who have bowed the knee before the awful
throne, put on your mourning weeds and walk on tacks, for your
number is complete! Time-honored use, farewell!

Hail, bread and butter, and Bologna sausage, hail! Ye are the
new panacea to cheese the freshie's cheek. Ye shall take your
course, moistened with China's weed, shall transform yourselves
into chyme and chyle and spread your soothing influence through
the reins of Freshdom. Under your fostering care, meekness and
humility shall abound, and cheek find no resort in academic halls.

Rejoice, ye gods, rejoice! and let Apollo tune his lyre anew!
No longer let the wayward youth be chastised with *cauda bovis*,
but let him be soothed with oleus' balm!

Let the fumes of tar, and the fowls' down give way to the frag-
rance of sausage, and let the immortal gather the inhabitant of
Freshdom under his protecting arm, even as a hen gathereth her
brood under her sheltering wings!

Mufi, *pax vobiscum*! *Salve*! sausage.

BUYGUM.

To the Editors of THE VARSITY.

SIRS,—One can hardly say that a sign of the times is hazing, but rather that the times are a sign of hazing. No sooner do the freshmen enter college than a hungry watch is set on them to determine who shall be hazed: and this too by men who forget that they once entered those doors, with the same mixed feelings of fear and hope, ready to breathe an inward blessing upon him who would hold out to them the hand of fellowship. In the eyes of ordinary justice first year men have equal rights with those of the senior years, and if one of their number happens to appreciate this fact, it is no reason that his fellow-students should pounce upon him and submit him to degradations which are galling to any man, especially when the situation forces it upon him that it is useless to resist. We all too soon forget that we once were gentlemen of the first year.

It is not with any desire to spoil the fun of the students that I am writing; I thoroughly believe in amusement and will always be its ready supporter. But it has been undeniably proved by the hazing practices of past years that these scenes usually pass from the region of fun into that of barbarity and maliciousness. And here let me remark that for this and other reasons, hazing has long ago been laid on the shelf by the majority of our sister institutions over the line. It is well then that we, who pride ourselves as worthy of being quoted to these colleges as exemplary, should discountenance a practice which they will not tolerate. But further, to say nothing of its being in direct opposition to the college authorities, this buffoonery is very much out of keeping with the prevalent spirit in our college, which is displayed in such institutions as Y. M. C. A., the seniors' reception of a few evenings ago, and other like endeavors to promote social intercourse.

I have heard of no argument in favor of hazing except that it is an "institution" of the students. Now it has happened during the history of the race that certain regular institutions have been given up or changed. Let us hope then that another will soon pass over to the great majority.

N. H. RUSSELL.

ROUND THE TABLE.

So many elements enter into our appreciation of an author that to determine at all accurately, wherein such appreciation consists is rather difficult. Of one class of readers, however, it can be said that they regard a thought only statistically or chronologically. The thought or image, in itself, is not of interest to them; their great concern is to know—who said it first? As if a writer did not, on publication, make all the world partner in his thought. When the question of ownership is settled to their satisfaction, they come to regard the object of their investigation as in some way peculiarly private. Beware of trespassing, or you will be pursued by the full-mouthed clamour of the pack. The memory of such a character is not consecrated to choice passages that yield him the most intense enjoyment, but is much like a ledger of the debts of authors to one another. An extract from the Holinshed account might read like this:—W. Shakspeare to Holinshed, debtor, one fact and wording thereof. W. Shakspeare, per contra, creditor, one image improved. What beautiful appreciation! Just as among bibliomaniacs the 'tall-copyist' estimates literature with a brass-tipped foot-rule, does the plagiarism-hunter use a calendar.

* * *

A mild, yet disagreeable type of this genus is the man who is careful to remind you of the paternity of any quotation you may have happened to use in conversation. I remember sitting with one such on a lake-shore, when the purple flush that attends the death of a summer day, tinged with gorgeous coloring the deep vault above, and the gentle swell, lazily lapping on the sandy beach, conveyed a dreamy rhythm to eye and ear. Content was I to forget my companion and lose my senses in that serene loveliness of nature that seemed to fill up my whole core of being. Half unconsciously I repeated from the 'Lotos-Eaters,' as I followed the lines of swell,

"To watch the crisping ripples on the beach
And tender curving lines of creamy spray,"

With leaden utterance, my companion broke in on my reverie—"That's Tennyson," he said, in a tone that implied I did him a personal injury in working off on him Tennyson without giving chapter and verse. I promptly retorted 'No, sir, it is mine; for I feel it.' But on turning again to the scene, I found the mood had changed; the subtle charm had fled—I have not quite forgiven him yet.

* * *

When a writer deliberately palms off, as his own, imagery borrowed from another, of course it is proper to expose the fraud. But to limit him to treat of those thoughts, if any, that have not been embodied in words before his time, is to condemn him to silence. What more ancient passion than love? Yet what affection of the mind do men still describe more willingly, and with greater pleasure to their audience? No one man, in his treatment thereof, ever exhausted the attractiveness of that most sweet madness, and in all likelihood never will. Fancy modern novelists deprived of this setting for their work!

I am entitled to make use of whatever thoughts I can master. This is the criterion, not a parrot-like repetition; but such a mastery that it is possible for me, by its aid, to make further conquests. But if I keep my thoughts, like tender plants in a hot-house, to look at, for fear they may come to harm, they are but useless lumber, not mental furnishings.

* * *

Let me whisper a question in your ear,—did you ever keep a commonplace book? A friend of mine has one with thirty four and a half pages written, the last dated July 7th, 1884. It is a large square book with a nicely embossed cover of olive green, and he used to write out in it, late in the night, his crude yearnings, his bitter, juvenile scorn, his wild, passionate hopes and fears,—all that was astir in his soul. It was not without a certain approbation from himself, I believe, that he made these needless soundings in the shallows; and the olive green book was a friend to whom he said nightly, *Liberavi animam meam*. But as is our want with friends, this one came, in time, to be less and less in his thoughts—

* * *

(He treasures it carefully now, and sometimes, when he is alone with himself and not over well pleased with his company, looks into it with half a sigh and half a grin, just as some day, doubtless, I shall grin at what I have written here. For it was only two years ago.)

* * *

—Well, on the date I have recorded—it was after he had matri-

culated—he wrote, in red ink, at the bottom of what he had written last, these words from George Eliot:—

"Examine your mind well, and you will find that even when you have no motive to be false it is a very hard thing to say the exact truth, especially about your own feelings—much harder than it is to say something fine about them which is not the exact truth."

This made such a revelation of him, the foolishly anxious, self-questioning, introverted diary-keeper, to himself as to make him ashamed of himself. *Confiteor*.

* * *

The following is from our esteemed exchange the *Amherst Student*:—A new chapter has opened in the history of the College Senate. Since the framing of the constitution last year, no matter of special importance has come before the body, but at the last meeting, on Friday, the 28th ult., a step in advance was taken, important enough to show that in the near future the administration in matters of discipline, will be wholly in the hands of students. The case brought up at this meeting was that of a student who had promised one of his professors not to use a translation in the class-room, but had failed to keep the promise. The facts in the case were obtained, as far as possible, by the President, and given to the Senate, and the student was summoned to appear before the body and give his defence. This was done, and after considerable discussion, it was decided on the evidence that the student had broken the contract, and was therefore no longer a member of the college. There being many extenuating facts in the case, a motion was then passed advising the President, as President of the College, to grant a readmission on certain conditions. Hitherto, matters of this sort have been referred to the Faculty, and this is the first case of the kind that has been left to the Senate. The action is important in that it means a transference of power from the Faculty to the Senate, which will make the latter body what it was intended to be in the college. It also puts the final seal on the success of student government, as it was conceived by President Seelye, and as it is being adopted generally in the college world.

* * *

I have a curious old book, *The Pursuits of Literature*, bearing on its title-page the date 1794. It is a satiric poem in four parts, foolish and pedantic, and deals largely with everything under the sun, and especially with the progress of the French Revolution. It ran through a dozen editions before the world very willingly let it die with the last century; De Quincey devotes a few pages to it in one of his essays, and you will find it mentioned in the *Curiosities of Literature*. A dull, pretentious, solemn noodle of a book, which one would find exquisitely amusing, were it not for its ponderous, elaborate witticisms. What I esteem it for is that its strong old binding, discoloured and time-worn, bears four or five circular stains such as might have been made by the pewter-pots from some ancient London tavern. Whatever name was on the fly-leaf has long since been carefully cut out, leaving no check to my fancy when I choose to picture to myself the attic in Grub street where such an affront was put upon its grave and reverend seemliness by some poor scribbler's pot of ale,—some bookseller's hack, who in the end sold it for tenpence at a stall; perhaps, like Bludyer in *Pendennis*, after having reviewed it. A strange den it was, I feel sure,—full of books and papers, bread-crusts, tobacco boxes and stray boots; like the den which Swift described, in writing so cruelly of John Dennis, "its whole floor covered with manuscripts as thick as a pastry-cook's shop on a Christmas Eve, while on the table were some ends of verse and candles, a gallipot of ink with a yellow pen in it, and a pot of half-dead ale, covered with a Longinus."

* * *

Speaking of authors' dens, you will remember how Thackeray, not without a certain fellow feeling, writes of the sorrows of Fitzroy. "No sooner was he gone than the women pounced upon his little study, and began to put it in order. Some of his papers they pushed up over the bookcase, some they put behind the encyclopædia, some they jammed into the drawers," and so forth. A few chapters on we read of the mother-in-law, "how in Fitz's own apartments she revelled with peculiar pleasure. It had been described how she had sacked his study, and pushed away his papers, some of which, including three cigars, and the commencement of our article for the *Law Magazine*, 'Lives of the Sheriffs' Officers' he has never been able to find to this day."

* * *

"It is, indeed, a literary journal of which all Canada may well be proud; for though thoroughly Canadian in tone, its pages present an admirably wide range of thought. It is without the slightest tinge of provincialism; and as for enterprise,—it stands unrivalled!" This was the ingenious man's contribution to a talk about the *Week*.

"No doubt you have heard the rumor," he added, "that in an early issue there will appear an article by Goldwin Smith."

HH.

UNIVERSITY AND COLLEGE NEWS.

All reports from Societies must reach us by noon on Thursday to ensure insertion.

A. B. Thompson—'85—has gone to San Antonio, Texas.

R. Haddow, B.A., is spending a year in New Brunswick, at Riverside, Albert Co.

Justin McCarthy visited the University the other day in company with Chancellor Blake.

In reporting the last public debate the VARSITY stated that decision was given in favour of the negative. It should have read *affirmative*, not negative. The mistake is due to the peculiar wording of the question.

The Engineering Society of the School of Practical Science held its regular meeting in Professor Pike's lecture room on Tuesday afternoon. The regular business of the society being disposed of, several new members were admitted. G. H. Richardson read a paper on the subject of "Rodding on Railroad Work." In the course of the paper Mr. Richardson elucidated many important details in the preliminary work of railroad construction, it being quite apparent that the author has not only a theoretical but also a practical knowledge of his subject. An interesting feature of the meeting was a discussion on the subject of "The Preservation of Wood." This discussion was opened by C. H. Pinhey taken up by the meeting and fully discussed.

On Thursday afternoon a meeting was held in Moss Hall to reconsider the business transacted at the meeting of Tuesday, in regard to a College dinner. Mr. J. G. Hume, chairman, explained that in order not to encroach upon the time of the Temperance League meeting, the business of Tuesday was hurriedly brought to a close, whereas, had it not been so, in all probability a second ballot would have been called to decide the question of the chairmanship of the dinner. A vote was taken to ascertain the feeling of the students on the question of opening the meeting again. The motion carried by a two-thirds vote. Mr. Jones moved, Mr. W. A. Bradley seconded, that the College dinner be held in Residence dining hall if 200 tickets be sold; if more than 200 in Convocation Hall. The motion was carried. Mr. J. S. McLean declining the nomination for chairmanship, Mr. A. H. Young was declared elected.

The usual weekly meeting of the Historical and Political Science Association was held in McMillan Hall on Wednesday afternoon at 4:15; the president in the chair. After the election of new members and the nomination of several others, a ballot was cast for the remaining offices to be filled from the present third year. The result was as follows:—Second Vice-President, Mr. J. A. Sparling; Corresponding Secretary, Mr. G. Cross; Councillors, Messrs. J. M. Higgins and R. Harkness. Messrs. Sparling and Cross then addressed the meeting on "Currency and Credit as parts of the mechanism of Exchange." Both addresses were well delivered and showed much thought and careful preparation. The words of these gentlemen were supplemented by some valuable and interesting remarks from the chair on the currency and general fiscal policy of the United States. The meeting next week will be addressed by Messrs. J. W. Harrison and W. H. Grant on "Money with special reference to the Metallic Controversy."

Between fifty and sixty students attended the regular Y.M.C.A. meeting on Thursday evening. The leader, E. S. Hogarth, spoke on the subject "Overcoming the World"—John 16:33. His remarks were of a practical character. The leader was followed by a large number of other speakers who made suitable remarks on the subject. On Tuesday evening of the week of Prayer, the students had the pleasure of listening to the Rev. Jos. Cook, the celebrated lecturer, on Friday to Dr. McCurdy, on Thursday to C. C. Owen, B.A., and on Wednesday to Mr. Harkness. A number of classes meet for Bible study in the building during the week. About seventy-five students are in attendance. The Upper Canada Bible and Tract Society have kindly presented the Association with three dozen copies of the Old and New Testament, combined, and also a copy of Cruden's Concordance. Dr. Sheraton's Greek Testament class had an increased attendance this week and promises to overflow the parlor in which it is held at present. The Dr. meets his class every Sunday at 3 p.m. Messrs. Crawford, on Monday, Gould and Wright, on Tuesday, and Wilson and Fortune, on Thursday, have charge of the work in the Newsboys' Lodgings next week.

The first public meeting of the Temperance League was held on Tuesday afternoon in Moss Hall, Dr. Wilson in the chair. Mr. N. W. Hoyles pointed out the dangers that threaten the British nation from the prevalence of drinking habits. Moral reforms are

necessary, and these may be brought about by personal influence and perseverance on the part of individuals. Let young men take the matter in hand and call a halt in the onward march of intemperance. Let University men take a firm stand against this growing evil, for it is their privilege to wield a mighty influence in after years. Rev. Father McCann, of Brockton, addressed the meeting in a humorous speech. "Temperance is a cardinal virtue," and "when the taste for strong drink becomes a danger prohibition becomes a necessity, total abstinence a golden rule." Excess is condemned by natural law, as is shown in its inevitable results. Moderation is not a safe thing, for the moderate drinker is in continued danger of becoming an immoderate drinker. The use of ardent liquors weakens the moral resolve. Intemperance unfits a man for good citizenship. Mr. F. H. Spence showed that the cause need not lag on account of failures. The failures it has sustained are but valuable experiences. Legislation and moral suasion should go hand in hand in furthering the interests of this great cause. It is better to suppress an evil than to attempt to "regulate" it.

The following were the Association Football teams of the Hamilton Collegiate Institute and Varsity second eleven who met in Hamilton on Thanksgiving Day: H. C. I.—Goal, R. Gourley, B.A.; Backs, W. Stevens, B.A., and Hamilton; H. Backs, Coats, T. Marshall, B.A.; Forwards, J. Sanford, C. F. Carpenter, T. Johnson, B.A., J. Short, B.A., Anderson, Roseburg. 2nd Varsity.—Goal, J. C. Stuart; Backs, J. D. Edgar, H. Senkler; H. Backs, J. N. Dales, T. Elliott; Forwards, B. M. Aikins, J. T. Crawford, J. Johnson, W. Prendergast, R. Gibson, H. Laflamme.

A cold wind was blowing lengthwise of the field, driving before it heavy flakes of snow which froze into ice on the jerseys of the players and covered the ground to the depth of three inches. Being unexpected the visitors were forced to wait an hour and a half before the home team could be collected. Play was called at 4 p.m. The wind was strong and in favor of the Varsity, but the ball being wet was not much affected by it. If the waiting was unpleasantly cold the game was pleasantly warm. In the first half each side scored a goal. In the second half the Varsity pulled together and by some pretty combined playing placed two more goals to their credit. The Collegiates failed to balance accounts, thus losing the game—three to one in the hour's play.

After supper the Varsity men spent a social hour with the graduates, of whom quite a number are in attendance at the Hamilton Training School. On the way to the train the quiet of the street was broken by the merry songs of a well-pleased company, who will not soon forget the "outing" at Hamilton.

Missionary day, on which lectures are abandoned and the time is occupied by such exercises as tend to cultivate amongst the students a missionary spirit, was observed, as is usual each month, on Friday, 12th inst. In the morning, Dr. Judson, of New York, the son of the celebrated missionary, Adoniram Judson, spoke at some length on "City Missions," after which he answered a number of questions pertaining to that work. All were pleased with his happy, sympathetic and inspiring spirit. In the afternoon, papers were read by Messrs. R. Garrick, B.A., and J. L. Gilmour, B.A., on "Wm. Burns," and "China Inland Missions," respectively.—The allotment of Mission Fields has been made for the union. Four students have been appointed to every field which each supplies in turn.—Mr. R. E. Millar, a third year University man, has been forced, through ill-health, to discontinue his college course.—Tuesday afternoon, 16th inst., the chapel room of the College was well-filled with Divinity students from the different schools to hear the Rev. Jos. Cook on the "Origin of Evil," and to propound questions. In a few sentences the lecturer stated his belief in regard to the subject, and devoted the remainder of the hour in answering the questions. These were mainly of a theological and metaphysical character. At the conclusion he remarked that no new question had been asked. They were the same as many he had answered in Calcutta, Japan, England and other countries. So the world currents of religious thought, though separated by distance, do run in the same direction.—The Theological Society gives an open meeting on Friday evening, 3rd prox. The subject for debate regards the advisability of forming a third, or Prohibition party in Canadian politics.

Last Tuesday afternoon a fairly large number of undergraduates met in Moss Hall to receive and discuss the report of the committee—appointed about two weeks ago—regarding the proposed second annual dinner. There has been considerable opposition this year to holding the dinner in one of the city hotels, and this feeling found vent in the discussion of Mr. McLean's motion that the dinner be held in the Rossin House. Mr. A. H. Young, moved an amendment that a semi-cold dinner be served in Convocation Hall or Residence dining room on the ground, that being less expensive it would be more generally attended. Then followed an exciting discussion, the principal arguments being, on the one side, that an expensive dinner would not be representative, and on the other, that a "cold collation," beside being unsatisfactory, would be unbecoming to the dignity of the University, and that, after all, the difference in expense was trifling between a good dinner and a poor one. The gourmands eventually triumphed, and it has been deci-

ded to hold the dinner in the Rossin House. The following committee was then elected with power to add to their number : Chairman, J. S. MacLean ; First vice chairman, J. O. Miller ; Second vice chairman, J. H. Moss ; Secretary, F. A. C. Redden ; Treasurer, J. S. Johnson. The business transacted at this meeting was set aside by a second meeting on Thursday, at which the following committee was appointed :—Chairman, A. H. Young ; Vice-chairmen, J. E. Jones and E. C. Acheson ; Secretary, T. A. Gibson ; Treasurer, J. C. Stuart. Mr. J. S. MacLean declining the nomination for chairmanship of the dinner, Mr. A. H. Young was declared elected. Mr. Jones moved, Mr. W. A. Bradley seconded, That the College dinner be held in Residence Dining Hall if 200 tickets be sold ; if more than 200, in Convocation Hall. Carried.

The first annual cross country run of the Varsity students, being the wind-up of their recent sports, was held Monday afternoon, when seventeen students participated in an exciting race. The start was made at 3.44 from the north of the Rosedale Lacrosse Grounds, and the course was thence east along the south drive, and back of Mr. Edgar J. Jarvis' house, down to the Don flats ; along the flats to Taylor's paper mills ; thence west for thirty yards on the Don Mills-road ; then north across fields and fences to a side-line, along which a westerly run of a couple of miles brought the racers opposite Oulcott's Hotel, Eglinton, where the finish was. This was the course over which the annual run of the Canadian Amateur Athletic Association was held a couple of weeks ago. At that time Mr. S. D. Jones, of Montreal, covered the course in 35 minutes. The best time made on Monday, that of G. B. McClean, was 44 minutes. The slowness of this is due to the fact that the ground was exceedingly heavy from recent wet weather. In some places, especially on the Don flats, it was quite marshy. The exact length of the course is $5\frac{1}{4}$ miles. Mr. J. A. Garvin acted as starter, while Mr. C. P. Orr, of Toronto Lacrosse Club, and Mr. J. S. Johnson were the judges at the turn, a point on the Don Mills-road, a little over three miles from the starting place. The starters' names, their times at the finish, and the order of winning, are : G. G. B. McClean, 4.28 ; A. A. Macdonald, 4.29 ; E. C. Senkler, 4.29.15 ; J. B. Pyke, 4.29.30 ; H. McLaren, 4.30 ; L. E. Skey, 4.30.30. The next in order were :—A. H. O'Brien, H. J. Chewett, A. G. Smith, C. M. Canniff, N. Morrison, J. H. Moss, R. H. Johnston, J. H. A. Proctor, J. S. MacLean, J. H. Senkler, E. C. Acheson. Quite a number of fellow students, a few ladies and Prof. Keys greeted the boys at the finish. A party of fifty-two sat down to supper at Oulcott's Hotel, Mr. McKendrick presiding. The chief trophy, a silver cup, the gift of Mr. S. B. Windrum, was presented to Mr. McClean, who, together with the five next men, received handsome silver medals, all of different designs. Mr. Acheson received a tasty cake. Mr. Oulcott was the donor of one of the medals. A pleasant time was spent with song and speech and all enjoyed themselves as the Varsity boys ever do. Mr. J. S. MacLean proposed a scheme, which it is hoped will be carried out, viz. : the formation of a "University College Amateur Athletic Association," which will comprise all the athletic clubs now in the college, Rugby and association football, baseball, cricket and hockey, the Executive Committee to manage the gymnasium and sports on Convocation Day.

The first match this year for the cup presented by J. K. Kerr, Esq., for competition by the City Rugby Foot-ball Clubs, and at present held by the Varsity, was played on Saturday last, the Torontos being the challenging club. Each was represented by its best team, and, without doubt, the game was the fastest and best seen in Toronto this season. Although this game was announced to commence at 2.30 p.m., the Torontos, as usual, were late in putting in an appearance, and it was over an hour later before the game was started. Mr. Gordon, Upper Canada College, was chosen referee, and Messrs. Boyd and Bayly, umpires. MacLean winning the toss, took the kick-off, and Toronto defended the northern goal. Mustard sent the ball far into Toronto territory, and Varsity following up fast, prevented a return. For the first fifteen or twenty minutes the play was in the vicinity of Toronto goal, and all in favour of Varsity, the former seeming more or less rattled by the speed and energy of Varsity. E. C. Senkler secured the ball and passed to Boyd, who punted over Toronto goal, and rushing in, secured a try. Toronto, however, claimed that the ball had been pitched out of the scrimmage, and the referee allowed the claim. Varsity brought back the ball without a word, in contrast to the conduct of the Torontos, later, when their claims were not allowed. In a few minutes the ball was again sent across Toronto line and rouged, but a claim of foul play by Varsity being allowed, the ball was brought back. Here Saunders, by a long kick, sent the ball away down the field, and Varsity backs failing to return it, the scene of war was transferred to the latter's territory. Another long kick scored a rouge for Toronto. H. Senkler kicked off. Shortly afterwards the ball was kicked behind Varsity goal, and Mustard in returning slipped. The ball struck a Toronto forward and bounded back. J. E. Senkler attempted to rouge, but being somewhat dazed by a kick on the head, received a few minutes

before, missed it, and W. Smith secured a try. Saunders, however, failed to kick a goal, and shortly afterwards half-time was called, the score being 5 to 0 in favour of Toronto. After a short intermission goals were changed and play resumed. "Chippie" Smith returned the ball beautifully on the kick-off, and it went into touch near Toronto twenty-five yard post. With the exception of a few minutes when Toronto rushed the ball down within a few feet of Varsity goal and Varsity as promptly rushed it back, the play was decidedly in favour of the latter. Varsity secured two rouges in quick succession. Finally E. Senkler secured the ball and passed to his brother who, being tackled by Cameron, passed to Smith. A Toronto man ran into the latter from behind and knocked the ball out of his hands. Rykert secured it, and rushing in, obtained a try. Toronto claimed that Smith had passed the ball forward, but the claim was not allowed. Toronto growled. H. Senkler failed to kick a goal. Cameron hurt his leg in tackling Senkler, and had to withdraw, so Varsity dropped a man to make the numbers equal. Saunders, in kicking off, sent the ball against a Varsity forward. The ball bounded back, and scrimmaging was resumed near Toronto goal. McClean, by one of his brilliant rushes, secured a try near the touch-line. Being a very difficult one to kick no goal was obtained, but the Varsity score was raised to 10. Saunders kicked off and Boyd returned the ball by one of the prettiest kicks of the day, sending it into touch near Toronto goal-line. A few minutes after Smith got the ball, and winding his way through the Toronto players, obtained another try. Senkler, who was very much off in place-kicking, again failed to convert the try into a goal. Before Varsity had time to secure another try time was called and the match awarded to Varsity by a score of 14 points to 5. For Toronto both Saunders and Muntz played a splendid game. The Varsity team one and all played well. Smith and Boyd made some fine kicks. Mill, who played full the second half, was quite at home there, and did what little work he had well. McClean at quarter did very effective service, his rushes gaining ground every time. The Varsity looked considerably lighter than their opponents, but made up their deficiency in this respect by their superior condition. It required a great deal of self-sacrifice to train for two months as our boys have done, but they have the consolation of knowing that their efforts are appreciated by all lovers of sport in the College.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE VARSITY is conducted by undergraduates of the University of Toronto, and will appear every Saturday of the academic year. It aims at being the exponent of the views of the University public, and will always seek the highest interests of our University. The Literary Department will, as heretofore, be a main feature. The Novel is brought to conclusion. In the present issue appears the third of a series of articles on the University of Toronto. The news columns are full and accurate, containing reports of all meetings of interest to its readers. Several communications have been held over for want of space.

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DI-VARSITIES.

LAMIA.

Lamia, thou art wistful wise,
With knowledge born of sorrows;
Lamia, thou hast mystic eyes,
Full of sweet to-morrows.

Lamia, thou hast lashes fair,
Long and soft and curling;
When thou lift'st them—ah, that's rare—
Thy glance sets blood a-whirling.

Lamia, thou hast lips so red,
A man might gladly sever
Soul from body, and lie dead,
To kiss them warm forever.

Lamia, thine's the whitest arm
That ever lace enfolded;
Aphrodite lost a charm
When that fair limb was moulded.

Lamia, thy white dainty hand,
With diamonds on it basking,—
How my heart would leap, and stand
All trembling, in the asking!

L'Envoi.

But, Lamia, I will ask thee not,
For all thy smiling pensive,
I'll ask thee not to share my lot;
The racket's too expensive.

Smith.—What is Brown doing now on the item?

Jones.—(an editor).—Everything from writing poetry up to soliciting advertising.

Smith.—You mean from soliciting up to writing poetry, don't you?

Jones.—Did you ever read any of Brown's poetry?

Smith.—No.

Jones.—(conclusively).—I thought not.

Well, ole Bill Jump were goin' through the woods one day, an' he met a big b'ar. Bill didn't want to fight, but the b'ar did an' were boun' to. Bill see he were in fur it, an' got skeert a little. So he flopped down on his marrer-bones an' 'gun to pray. "O Lord!" he sez, "I ain't ever ast ye fur nuthin' afore," he sez, "an' if y'll unly help me out this time, I'll never ast ye fur nuthin' agin," he sez. "But, O Lord," he sez, "if ye can't help me, don't help the b'ar," he sez; "an' ye'll see the dod-durndest b'ar-fight," he sez, th't ever shuck up these woods!"

Queen Elizabeth, while visiting Westminster school, noticed a bright-faced boy in the ranks drawn up to receive her. "My boy," she asked pleasantly, "have you ever been flogged?" His answer was, "*Infandum regina jubes renovare dolorem.*"

Dumas one day called on a lady to present her with a copy of his last play. A physician was present who sneered, "Still dabbling in tragedies?" The dramatist answered, "Come, doctor, no jealousy! you know nobody can mistake my work for yours, as all your tragedies are bound in mahogany, mine in morocco."

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It was the puzzle editor of a religious
weekly who said life was a conundrum.

So great has grown his aversion to capital
in all its forms, that he now writes his name,
"henry george."

The following is one of the ancient laws of
Yale: "Art VII. It shall be the duty of the
Senior class to inspect the manners of the
lower classes, and especially those of the
Freshman class."

THOUGHT SOME HAD BEEN ORDERED.—
Mr. Isaacstein (at spiritualistic seance): Tell
me how was de clothing pizness up there?

Disembodied Spirit: We wear only angel's
clothes up here.

Mr. I.: Shimminy Christmas, an' I ain't
got none in shtock.

A TALE OF TWO FINGERS.
He took "two fingers" before he went,
To brace his nerves a bit;
On hunting woodcock he was bent,
And hunted away with grit:
But the liquor muddled his whirling brain,
As liquor will often do,
And the gun went off in a moment vain,
And it took two fingers too!

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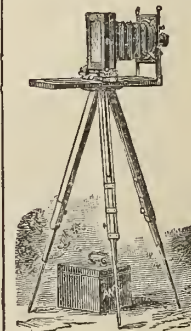
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THE VARSITY

A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.

Vol. VII.

University of Toronto, Dec. 4, 1886.

No. 7.

MOUNTAIN VOICES.

From Heine.

A Knight through a mountain gorge,
At a solemn pace doth ride ;
" Ah ! shall I come to my darling's arms,
Or find in death a bride ?"
The mountain voices sighed :
" In death a bride !"

The Knight rides slowly on,
A groan escapes his breast ;
" Then I am doomed to early death,—
Ah well ! with death is rest !"
The voices answering pressed :
" With death is rest !"

A tear rolled down his cheek,
And on his bosom fell ;
" Since death alone can bring me rest,
For me then death is well."
The hollow voices swell :
" Then death is well."

J. H. MOSS.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.

IV. THE QUEBEC CAMPAIGN.

A very important step was gained when the University and College were at length safely housed in their new home. But so long as the University consisted to so large an extent of the representatives of institutions, whose interests were opposed to it ; while both the graduates and the professors of the College were excluded : it was impossible that harmonious co-operation, or true confidence could exist. An extract from the speech of Dr. Wilson before the Parliamentary committee at Quebec in 1860 will illustrate the feeling that prevailed. Referring to the composition of the senate, and the appointment of examiners, when at length, three of the professors, in addition to Dr. McCaul, had been put on the Board, he said :

" It may sound very plausible to those who know nothing about the facts of the case to talk of the injustice of four Professors sitting on a Board numbering forty-three members, which had the entire control of their courses of teaching and system of study. Let it be remembered, however, that until they were added to it, the seditious of the Senate frequently presented the anomaly of a university and college controlled in all their arrangements by those who systematically withheld, not only the students of Cobourg, but the medical students of Toronto, from the University over which they exercised so much control. Had Victoria, Queen's, or Trinity College actually recognized the University as such, while maintaining a thorough independence as separate colleges, the Senate would never have been driven to the necessity of giving so large a share in the oversight of the University examinations to Professors of University College. . . . But it is a proposition which no reasonable man could entertain, that the Professors of such colleges should—as they now do,—examine their own students, confer degrees on them by right of their own university powers, and even establish a faculty at the seat of the University of Toronto, so as to confer the degrees of Victoria College on Toronto students ; and yet that they should also be the governors and examiners, or electors of the examiners, of the University they disown."

The mischievous results from such a system became at length

so manifest that Sir Edmund Head interposed ; and in the exercise of the powers conferred on him by the University Act of 1853, he, in 1857, named as members of the Senate, three of the Professors, Croft, Cherriman and Wilson ; and to those were added subsequently, Dr. Larratt W. Smith, T. Helliwell, Judge T. Boyd, Adam Crooks, Dr. McMichael, T. E. Thompson, T. D. Armour and J. K. Kingsmill, all old graduates of the University. With this important change the hopes of the friends of the University and College revived.

From accounts given by old members, the Senate must have been a very different body then from the sober matter-of-fact board that now conducts the routine of University business. In those old days it was as clearly divided into two parties as the House of Commons at Ottawa. They had their leaders ; and their fiery discussions were prolonged at times into the morning. With Dr. Ryerson, the skilled tactician, bent on winning for Cobourg a good slice of the endowment ; and not without influence in filling up vacancies on the Senate : it took constant vigilance on the part of the graduates and professors to hold their own. Mr. Langton succeeded to Dr. McCaul as Vice-Chancellor, and did good service, till the removal of the Parliament to Quebec carried him away from the field of action. But, happily, he still held office when the memorable onslaught of 1860 brought the conflict to an issue. The history of that famous struggle is to be found in the " Proceedings and evidence of the Select Committee on the Petition of the Rev. Joseph Stinson, D.D., etc., etc., in relation to the University of Toronto." The blue book is voluminous, but well worth dipping into. At the request of the Senate, however, Mr. Langton and Dr. Wilson prepared a statement including their addresses, with notes and extracts from the evidence. The future historian of the University will not fail to study those documents.

A new generation of graduates has grown up since the exciting times of that Quebec conflict. It is very doubtful if the men of our own day realize how narrowly their University escaped extinction. There was no secret made of the deliberate purpose to break up the endowment and divide it among the denominational Colleges. Dr. Cook was then principal of Queen's College. Dr. Ryerson and Dr. Nelles undertook the cause of Victoria College, under the nominal lead of Dr. Stinson, President of the Conference. The Rev. Provost of Trinity College, and other members of denominational Colleges, also appeared before the Committee. As to their object being the division of the endowment, this was avowed without the slightest disguise, and may be concisely indicated by a passage from Mr. Langton's reply.

" It is argued," he said, " that the Collegiate Institutions supported by the different denominations, have, by the Act, an equitable, if not a legal, right to an apportionment of the University endowment. Dr. Cook supports this view upon what he conceives to be the well known and easily proved policy of the framers of the University Amendment Act ; Dr. Stinson upon what he considers ' the plain letter and obvious design ' of the Act."

This was the contention of the assailants or the University from first to last. Nor was there any mystery as to the purpose of the Government if the petitioners could only succeed in making out their case against the University. The policy of the Government was, long subsequently, set forth very explicitly to a Toronto audience. On the return of Sir John A. Macdonald from England, at the close of 1884, with the distinguishing mark of royal favour, as a Knight Grand Cross of the Bath, it will be remembered that he was welcomed by a large and enthusiastic assembly in the Grand Opera House here. On that occasion he explained what his plans for edu-

cational reform had been so early as 1847; and they corresponded precisely with those current at Quebec in 1860. Here are his words:—"It was proposed," he said, "that the University should remain a Church of England institution. That an endowment should be given out of the same fund to Victoria College as representing the Methodists; to Queen's College, as representing the Presbyterian body; and to Regiopolis College, as representing the Roman Catholics;" and to show how little idea even an eminent Canadian statesman then had of the financial requirements of a thoroughly equipped University, he added: "and the balance—and there would have been a considerable balance, if it had been well administered,—was to have been given to the support of Grammar and Common Schools!" As to the administration of the fund, that was the subject of a later controversy which we propose to notice in our next. But meanwhile the graduates and students of 1886 can judge for themselves how great was the risk in 1860, that before their time for matriculation arrived, their studies would have been limited to a commentary on the *requiescat in pace* inscribed on some stray boulder in the vacant University grounds.

VIDI.

A BALLADE OF THE STIRRUP-CUP.

A Flemish Painting.

The sky is blind with night and sleet and rain,
And ever,—as when winds are out at sea,—
The storm-gusts drive across a drear champaign
Where darkness holds its pathless sovranly.
A traveller 'neath the sheltering wayside tree,
Where crosses the road a shaft of ruddy light
From the old house, many-gabled, cheerily
Turns in his saddle and tightens its girths aright.

He brushes his rain-wet beard, and bends to chain
Slacker the bit, and make the check-strap free.
Bearing the stirrup-cup—ere he has yet drawn rein—
To the cloaked, high-booted horseman, cometh she,
The pensive Flemish child, half timidly;
He thanks the little maiden from his height
Gravely, and resting the flagon on his knee,
Turns in his saddle and tightens its girths aright.

Draining the flagon, with face set towards the plain,
He calls again to his friend with a traveller's glee,
The jovial goodman in the doorway, fain
That he should ride no further,—within you see
The great logs blaze on the hearthstone cheerfully.
—With thirty leagues before him in the night,
The swarth-faced horseman, breathing heavily,
Turns in his saddle and tightens its girths aright.

L'Envoi.

Prince, half-timidly, half-trustfully,
She looks up at the horse, foam-flecked with white,
The wistful little maid; and the traveller,—he
Turns in his saddle and tightens its girths aright.

W. J. H.

SHAKESPEARE AND SOPHOCLES.

The most ardent admirers of antiquity will admit that if all the masterpieces of the classic poets were grouped together as the production of one mind, the volume would not far surpass the works that are generally attributed to the authorship of William Shakespeare. Yet if we were to select from among those poets the one most worthy of comparison with the 'prince of dramatists,' the lot would in all probability fall upon Aeschylus. It is in the grandeur of his verse, the originality of his genius, and the pathos of his tragic scenes that we find the nearest counterpart to the noblest efforts of Shakespeare. But of the many sides from which the genius of the English poet may be viewed there is one, not so severe and terrible in its tragic effect it is true, yet none the less original and interesting in its nature, which corresponds to the talent of

Sophocles as displayed in the best specimen of his extant works, the 'Antigone.' The drama which is regarded as the best representative of this side of Shakespeare's genius is 'Romeo and Juliet.' It is true that only in the Greek comedians can we find any trace of the humour and lightness which we meet with in Shakespeare inserted so aptly and effectively at almost every turn, imparting a pleasure such as youth feels at turning from the sick-chamber to mingle in the gaiety of the ball-room. The absence of this quality, however, in the Greek tragedians is not remarkable when we consider the sombre aspect in which they regarded life and its surroundings. Had they admitted this humour, so pleasing in modern times, in their representations of ideal heroism and performance of duty in the face of opposition, the sober feelings of an Athenian audience would have been outraged. Such a devout feeling being uppermost in the mind of Sophocles accounts for his evident severity of style, though his versification was the softest and most fluent of the Classic period.

But apart from this, the two plays, in so far as they represent the ideal womanhood characteristic of each age, have a striking similarity. Sophocles' heroine resembles Shakespeare's in the depth of love which each displays, the quality most admired in modern times as being true to nature. In this respect they both differ from Aeschylus. His ideal lacks this quality. She attempts to obey even by recourse to crime a higher justice of her own framing, a course not human, much less womanly. Equally remarkable is the fate which awaits both Haeman and Romeo. The one is on the point of threatening his father's life through indignation at his treatment of Antigone; when recovering his self-control he stabs himself. The other courts the favour of his father's mortal enemy through his love for Juliet, and when he sees her apparently lifeless body, drinks the fatal draught. Violent passion, uncontrolled by reason and balked by the treatment of their kinsmen, is the cause of death to both. The dramas are thus essentially lyric. The power of love oversteps the bounds of conventional form and family prejudice. This is probably the reason why these two plays are so popular, containing as they do the idea underlying almost every novel.

T. A. GIBSON.

VOX HUMANA.

One radiant summer morn I drifted idly into the Cathedral Church. The massive arches were throbbing with the stately chaunt and sonorous billows from the organ. The golden shimmer of day streamed through richly carved and mullioned windows in wine-tinted splashes of colour that danced on the uneven pavement, and then were lost in the dark maze of the sculptured pillars. All at once a solemn hush settled over the vast congregation, broken only by mutter of prayer. It was the consecration. A low note from the organ—a pleading, pathetic cry that swelled forth on the incense-breathing air and hovered over the kneeling worshippers, then soared up to the empyrean as if to seek the Infinite, with the tale of all our weariness. The soul, struggling against its mortal bands in an agony of ecstasy, strove to follow—but alas! could not.

B.

OUR NATIONAL LITERATURE.

Last month I was surprised to see in one of our evening papers, an editorial which deprecated the formation of a distinctively Canadian literature, and advocated the amalgamation of our literary productions with those of the United States.

It was asserted also, that Canadians were one with the United States, in manners, in customs and in modes of thought. Also that a national magazine for Canada was no more necessary, than a separate publication of this sort would be for any one of the United States.

Now, I do not agree with the writer of the aforesaid editorial, for the following reasons.

I think that a National Literature tends to develop and perpetuate those loyal and patriotic sentiments which are essential to the prosperity of every nation. In fact, I believe that no nation ever yet attained to any high position without the aid of such a literature, either handed down in the shape of oral traditions, or bequeathed in the form of written historical records.

Then it is to be remarked that we are not at present annexed to the United States. And it is possible that we never may

become politically united with them. So that if we merged our literary productions with theirs, the whole would be classed as American Literature, *i. e.*, the Literature of the people of the United States. And thus the identity of their works being lost, no credit would accrue to Canadian authors as a class. The inhabitants of the United States style themselves "*Americans*," as if they were the only people living in North America, or even on the whole continent. Europeans also fall into this mistake very readily, and more than once credit has been given to the United States when it was rather due to Canada.

Our history, too, has had its effect in developing our manners and customs, so that they do not much resemble those of the United States. Even if we were to become politically united with them, yet, we should probably differ from them in many respects for perhaps a century.

Neither, on the other hand, should the literary productions of Canadians be classed under the head of *English or British* literature, as in this case also their identity would be lost.

It is useless to argue that Milton, Shakespeare and Bacon belong to us as much as to England. It is true, that as members of the Anglo-Saxon race we lay claim to them in common with the inhabitants of England. But as Canadians we cannot share their glory. As well might the French Canadians of the Province of Quebec claim relationship with Fenelon or Racine. "Borrowed plumes" are not desirable. Mr. Robert, struck the right chord when, in his poem, "Canada," he asked,

"How long the trust in greatness *not thine own*?"

I feel confident that whatever may be the political destiny of Canada, whether Annexation, Imperial Federation, or Independence, still it will be advisable to preserve a distinctively national literature.

It is also worthy of note that one-third of our population is of French descent, and therefore has little sympathy with the opinions of the people of the United States or of England.

And I must here remark that, up to the present time, the literary attainments of the French Canadians far exceed those of the English-speaking people of Canada—I mean as regards their contributions to our National Literature.

Especially have our compatriots distinguished themselves in the historical department of our literature. Parkman derived much of his information regarding the early history of Canada and the United States from the "Jesuit Relations" of the 17th century, which history occupies about the same position with reference to Canadian history as the "Saxon Chronicle" occupies with respect to early English annals.

Gameau, Casgrain and Lemoine contributed much to our historical literature.

Frechette is acknowledged to be our greatest poet, and his genius has been acknowledged by the French Academy.

Lesperance has written one of our best novels, *i. e.*, "The Bastonnais."

I might mention many other names, but space fails me.

Now the works of all these would be lost to Canada, if our Literature were merged with that of the United States.

I think, too, it is high time that we had a good Canadian magazine. We have sufficient literary ability in this Dominion to support an institution of this sort. And such a magazine would be popular beyond our borders, if conducted in a *national*, as opposed to (what I may call) a *provincial* spirit.

Let it be understood that there is as much literary ability in Quebec as in Ontario; and be it remembered that the Maritime Provinces have given us a Sir William Dawson and a Haliburton.

I write this as a Canadian; and I trust that all true Canadians will endorse what I say. I have no special preference for any province of Canada. We are One.

JOHN B. PYKE.

MR. JOHN KING'S "OTHER SIDE OF THE STORY."*

When Mr. J. C. Dent announced his intention of writing the first true, unprejudiced, and non-partisan history of the Upper Canadian Rebellion of 1837, all interested in the history

* *The Other Side of the Story*. Being some reviews criticizing "The Story of the Upper Canadian Rebellion;" also the Letters in the Mackenzie-Rolph Controversy, and a Critique on "The New Story." By John King, Barrister. Toronto: James Murray & Co.

of the development of the Canadian Constitution entertained hopes of seeing something valuable added to our stock of information with regard to that stormy and interesting period. Some new information has indeed been added, and some new light thrown upon dark events; but the promised history cannot be said by its most ardent admirers to justify expectations. It has little of the historical in it. The qualities which we look for as most indispensable in a historian,—freedom from prejudice, impartial and thorough research, and judicial calmness,—Mr. Dent has shown himself to be sadly lacking in, from the beginning to the end of his two bulky volumes on "The Story of the Upper Canadian Rebellion." While a vivid picture is painted in glowing language, increased in attractiveness by the added graces of rhetorical beauties and of abundance and aptness of quotations, and by a smooth and pleasing literary style, that picture cannot claim general recognition as an embodiment of truth. Mr. Dent is in his work more of an advocate than a judge; indeed, he may be said to be almost entirely the former. His apparent object, through the whole of his extensive work, has been the glorification of Dr. John Rolph at the expense of those in connection with whom he must always be considered, and in comparison or contrast with whom he must be measured and his worth estimated. Up to the present time the opinion has prevailed in this Province that the real head of the movement of 1837 was William Lyon Mackenzie, and that it is to him, more than to any one else, that was owing the hastening of the reform of those abuses against which he so long and so persistently fought; and this, notwithstanding an avowal of Mackenzie's many weaknesses—such weaknesses as arose from a too hasty temperament, a lack of calculation of chances, and an impatience in attention to results. On the other hand, the position almost universally given to Dr. Rolph is that of a man seeking throughout his political career the favor of all political parties, and trusted by none. This was the estimate of his co-temporaries, and it has since been but little modified. To do away with it entirely would be a difficult task, involving, it must be said, a falsification of historical records, and an abandonment of recognized truth. But this task Mr. Dent undertakes, and his plan of accomplishing it is to elevate his hero by the vilification of those who fought both with and against him,—if Dr. Rolph can be said to have fought at all,—in the struggle for freedom. The result must be recognized to be a radically false portraiture of Dr. Rolph himself, of Wm. Lyon Mackenzie, of Bishop Strachan, of Chief Justice Robinson, and of almost every prominent figure of the period with which the story deals. It is with the object of pointing out the departures from historical accuracy indulged in for the purpose of carrying out such a plan, that Mr. King has published his pamphlet; and Mr. King has, in our opinion, succeeded in showing that Mr. Dent's book is entitled to little confidence wherever the character of his hero comes upon the stage. This is something accomplished; and, in the interests of historical truth, it was necessary. We need not notice the abundance of personalities and the continual repetitions that appear in the criticism, nor the literary style, which on almost every page sacrifices elegance to force of diction. Such things can be overlooked or forgotten by the student of history, just as we can accept the truth of the writer's answers to Mr. Dent's work, while recognizing what in the latter is of historical or literary value. Mr. King, we cannot but think, errs on one side, as Mr. Dent errs on the other, but not so markedly. Dr. Rolph was not utterly vile nor utterly a hypocrite, nor was Mackenzie at all times, nor at any one time entirely, heroic. There is something to be said on both sides, but Mr. Dent has the hardest side to handle, and, unlike his critic, he has so far found it necessary to belie the facts of history. And it must be remembered, in considering the faults of Mr. King's pamphlet, that it was written under that provocation which deliberate misrepresentation always brings to one in possession of the facts misrepresented. Estimating the "Story" and the "Critique" by the light which they throw upon the times and events dealt with, it is enough to say, for the present, that to read the former without the supplementary correction of the latter, would be, to one forming his opinion with regard to those events and the men who were concerned in them, to accept an imperfect opinion without an available and adequate corrective.

W. F. W. C.

THE VARSITY.

THE VARSITY is published in the University of Toronto every Saturday during the Academic Year, October to May inclusive.

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All communications should be addressed to THE EDITORS, University College, Toronto, and must be in on Wednesday of each week.

Contributions when not accepted will be returned if accompanied with a stamp for that purpose.

The view taken by Mr. Lowell on the importance of the social side of life at college is worthy of reproduction. It affords us an opportunity of enforcing a doctrine in which we most firmly believe, and of doing so with the aid of other and more weighty influence than our own. Mr. Lowell says:—

"The friends of university training can do nothing that would forward it more than the founding of post-graduate fellowships and the building and endowing of a hall where the holders of them might be commensals, remembering that when Cardinal Wolsey built Christ Church at Oxford, his first care was the kitchen. Nothing is so great a quickener of the faculties or so likely to prevent their being narrowed to a single groove, as the frequent social commingling of men who are aiming at one goal by different paths."

We would enlarge the scope of Mr. Lowell's plan, and make it include all undergraduates. Students can never really know one another well by meeting in the corridors, or occasionally, at the different societies. They must be brought together in a social way. They must break bread together, and if they be lovers of the nicotian weed, must smoke the pipe of peace together. An Annual Dinner will do much to forward this, but it is more or less formal, besides being but a yearly re-union. Daily social intercourse is really what is wanted. Opportunities for this are not within the reach of the students at present. When the new Convocation Hall is built, the present one might be utilized for a general college dining-hall without much trouble, and with very beneficial results.

Students very often have schemes and plans to talk over which do not come within the province of an open meeting to discuss. An open meeting very often is made into a bear-garden, or degenerates into the control of demagogues and wire-pullers who manipulate it to serve their own purposes. Some place is wanted—in addition to the dining-hall—where schemes and plans and various matters of interest can be mutually discussed without any formality. In other words—Recreation Rooms are what is wanted. Although the Committee of the Literary Society has done much this year to popularize the meetings of the society—and with very gratifying results—still the rooms in Moss Hall are not suitable for the purposes of a Recreation Club such as we would desire to see established. Moreover, the rooms are in constant requisition for meetings, either of students or of committees. There is no other building or set of rooms at or near University College which would be available for the purpose we have indicated. No other alternative is offered than to hire rooms down town. And this could be done with comparatively little expense. It would be no reflection on the authorities of University College to do this; for the College Council has not room enough at its disposal as it is, for the ordinary and necessary exercises of the college. Much less can it provide recreation rooms. To obviate this difficulty, we have a very simple plan to propose. It is this: to hire two or three good-sized rooms, *en suite*, down town; to fit them up comfortably, but inexpensively; to hire a piano; to have the rooms open from 9 a.m. till 12 p.m.; to allow graduates the privileges of the rooms on the same terms as students; to have affairs managed by a committee of students, with a representation of the graduate body on the governing board.

In outlining this scheme we have one grand central idea in view. And this is: To organize the friends of University College into some sort of corporate union. Graduates and undergraduates must

unite in this. Thus, and thus only, as we regard it, can the nucleus of a strong and vigorous Alumni Society be formed. And at the present juncture, it behooves the friends of University College to look this matter seriously in the face; to do something definite; and to do it at once. University College is about to enter into direct competition with Victoria College. This University has a very flourishing Alumni Society, and its graduates and friends stand by one another on all occasions. Convocation is the only bond of union between our graduates; but it is a very different thing from our idea of an Alumni Association, worthy of the name. We would broaden it and make it what it ought to be—a University College Club.

We would interest the students in the matter, so that during their student career they may cultivate a sound University College spirit—a spirit of loyalty and affection for their *Alma Mater*, which will but grow stronger and more powerful for good when they leave her. And by having undergraduates in this association or club, the graduate body would be kept in touch with the student sentiment and the current University thought of the time. Graduates and undergraduates, having one common object in view, would work together with a community of interest and oneness of purpose that would break down existing prejudices, unite separated forces, and carry with it an enthusiasm and power which would be well-nigh irresistible. If this has been our want in the past, it is surely our absolute necessity at the present time.

NEW YORK LETTER.

It has occurred to me you might like to have an account of the performance of the Acharnians, given in this city, on last Friday, by the undergraduates of the University of Pennsylvania, in aid of the American School of Classical Studies at Athens.

The same comedy was acted in Philadelphia last May, but the *personnel* of the company has necessarily changed since then, as many of the actors of that time are no longer undergraduates, so that for many this was the first public performance.

The audience was a most "brilliant" one, as the reporters say; all the professors of the colleges of New York and adjoining States, the artists and literary men of the neighbourhood, the most conspicuous politicians and plutocrats, and the wives and daughters of all. Fifty ladies of this city appear as patronesses, or, as they are called on the programme (a hotch-potch of Greek and English), *αἱ συνεργατίδες τοῦ ἔργου*.

Naturally, few cared to follow more of the play than the meagre pantomime suggested, but fewer still were willing to let it appear, and eagerly caught at any stirring of applause as a means of indicating that all was clear and appreciated. As the Academy of Music was plentifully sprinkled with old graduates and undergraduates not actually engaged, who naturally and unconsciously played the part of *claqueurs*, the applause was frequent and noisy. To all appearance the vast audience was enjoying itself thoroughly, though it must have been a tremendous struggle for two-thirds of it to keep awake.

For nothing could be drearier than the acting. The voices, manners, pronunciation, were more like those of the tragedian seen at Drury Lane by the Rev. Micah Sows than anything else.

For this the teachers of Greek at the University of Pennsylvania, I should say, were chiefly responsible; for the method of pronunciation was such as to make acting, fire, humour, or feeling of any kind impracticable. This method (which, by the way, one of the New York papers declares to have met with the approval of all the professors present) seems to be, to pronounce every syllable as if it was a distinct word, and to make every syllable as long as possible. Accordingly, there appears no accent, and all vowels have the same quantity (which must be a great relief to the student. Even *ε* and *η*, *ο* and *ω* are sounded alike. Thus, *ἀγορά* becomes *aw go-raw*. This, as must be manifest, is fatal to expression. For example, the groomsman comes rushing in, deeply anxious to procure a few days' peace for his friend's honeymoon, and impetuously tunes the happy possessor of a private truce thus (v. 1048): "Dee-ky-oh-pow-lee; Dee-ky-oh-pow-lee." Dikaiopolis might have been out of sight before the third syllable was reached.

To make matters worse, most of the performers had high and more or less nasal voices, which never varied a tone. The worst example was Dikaiopolis himself. This young gentleman knew his prodigiously long part admirably; but apparently had not the slightest conception of the character he represented. Instead of a middle-aged father of grown daughters, he appeared as a boy of seventeen; and, beyond an occasional waving of an arm, did nothing but draw his weary syllables for two hours, as if he were calling off numbers in a bank. When it is said that it seemed never to have occurred to him that there was any humour or fun

in the play, it is not making an exception of him : for the same may be said of all the actors except the Magician. The informer Nikarchus, too, was mildly amusing. But perhaps the most singular failure to appreciate his *role* was that of the gentleman who played Lamachus. In his armour he was more a lay-figure than a braggadocio ; and so little attention did he give to the business of acting, that when Dikaiopolis implores him to lay down his shield—
(παράθες νυν ὑπὲρ αὐτὴν ἐμὸν ;)

he answers solemnly,

κῆται,

but continues to hold it on his arm and tight against his breast.

The chorus was excellent. I presume the music was not in the smallest degree like Greek music, but considering the difficulty of writing music for the erratic metres of a Greek chorus, Prof. Clarke (of the Univ. of Penn.) seems to me (a layman) to have done very well. The music of the overture, which contained most of the themes which reappeared in the choruses, were quite Wagnerian. The orchestra was very full (50 pieces) : and the chorus consisted of fifty men on the stage, and fifty alongside the orchestra disguised in swallow-tails. The singing was done with vigor and spirit and a sense of fun.

The stage was probably as nearly like a Greek stage as it could be made at the Academy ; and it would be sheer carping to find fault with it. The distinctively modern device of rolling away the front of Euripides's house, though abused in the papers, answered very well ; and I fancy Aristophanes would have thought it an improvement on his plan of having the poet wheeled out in his chair (v. 408).

The libretto in the hands of the audience was essentially Frere's translation (in verse). Of course, the puns were utterly lost ; and there was not a note to shew so much as where they ought to be. With the pronunciation adopted, many were lost even in the Greek ; φέναξ (v. 89) was pronounced *fay-nawks*, which had no suggestion of φοίνιξ, which it was probably intended to recall.

W. A. S.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Editors are not responsible for the opinions of correspondents. No notice will be taken of unsigned contributions.

AN ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

To the Editors of THE VARSITY.

SIRS,—I took advantage of the enthusiastic meeting held at Oulcott's, on Monday, 22nd, on the conclusion of the cross-country race, to bring forward a scheme for an Association, the need of which has long been felt at University College. From the manner in which the proposal was received, I feel encouraged to present it to a larger circle, and therefore do so through your columns, restating at the same time a few arguments in its favour. Our friends at McGill have such an Association, the main features of which I have reproduced below. Their annual sports are always looked forward to as one of the most interesting events of the season in Montreal. When their foot-ball club visited Queen's on Nov. 6, they were granted \$150 to assist in defraying their expenses. Their hockey club stood first in the tournament held during the last carnival. Ottawa College Athletic Association is unrivalled by any College Association in Canada. Their foot-ball club is sufficiently well-known here to need no remarks. Every winter their snow-shoe club holds very successful races. Owing to the length of their terms they can have their sports in the spring. The records then made would do credit to any sporting meeting. Coming to our own College, I can safely say, that never, since I have been here at any rate, have sports boomed as they did this year. The Rugby team has made 229 points to 24, has played eight games and been beaten only once. The Association team has not been beaten at all. The sports were unanimously voted a grand success, and the result of the cross-country race is too recent to need any remark. It might be doubted whether an athletic association could improve upon this. Even so, I feel that such a successful year should be commemorated in some way. The individual events may be forgotten, but the establishing of an Athletic Association, "a monument more lasting than brass," would always recall the part we took in the sports of '86-'87. Besides, every club has its "off" season. An Athletic Association, by binding the students closer together, and making the officers of the different clubs better acquainted with the capabilities of their fellows, would ward off the evil day, and if the evil day did come, would diminish its effects. Many of us abandon sports on the approach of frost ; I would therefore propose to establish a Hockey Club. We might have a friendly game each year with McGill, in this as well as in foot-ball.

I intend to ask the secretary of the sports committee to call a meeting as soon as convenient for the purpose of founding this Athletic Association. In order to bring discussion to a point I will

bring forward the following draft of a Constitution. It is no doubt open to improvement, and I hope that any amendments which may be moved will be made in the same spirit in which I offer this scheme, *i.e.*, to foster and improve sport around University College.

Thanking you for the space on which I have trespassed, I remain, yours sincerely,

JOHN S. MACLEAN.

CONSTITUTION.

ART. I.—NAME.—This association shall be called the University College Athletic Association.

ART. II.—CLUBS.—It shall comprise the following clubs—Rugby Football Club, Association Football Club, Cricket Club, and Hockey Club.

ART. III.—MEMBERSHIP.—§1. The Association shall be open for membership to all undergraduates and students in University College and the School of Practical Science. §2. Payment of three (3) dollars constitutes honorary membership for one year. §3. Payment of ten (10) dollars constitutes life membership. §4. Only ordinary members shall be entitled to vote or shall be eligible for office.

ART. IV.—OFFICERS.—There shall be an Honorary President, President, Secretary, Treasurer, and a committee of four (4) from each year, *i.e.*, one from each year representing each club*, who shall be elected at the Annual General Meeting, which shall be held on such a day in December as the Committee may choose.

ART. V.—FIELD MEETING.—The Association shall hold a Field Meeting annually in October. Other meetings may be held at the discretion of the Committee.

ART. VI.—GYMNASIUM.—The Association shall have full control of the gymnasium.

ART. VII.—DUES.—The annual subscription for ordinary members shall be two (2) dollars, admitting to membership in all clubs and to all the privileges of the Association.

BY-LAWS.

To regulate the business of the Association.

*The first, second, and third years of the School of Science might rank with the same years of University College as regards the Committee. Or three might be added from the School, and if the Committee is then considered too large the Hockey Club representatives might be dropped.

COLLEGE MUSIC.

To the Editors of THE VARSITY.

SIRS,—A question always asked at the beginning of the College year by the members of the Glee Club is, "What shall we sing?" One is led to think the question is too often answered without much consideration, but, however that may be, the reply that has been given of late years is unmistakably in favour of high class music. In this line much faithful work, deservedly earning the liberal support of the Literary Society and the friends of the Club, has been done in the past. The question is not whether this is the legitimate answer, but whether this is the full answer to be given. An ideal that admits of reasonable attainment cannot be placed too high, and essentially so in song ; yet just here a mistake is apt to be made that we should guard against. Our ideal should be excellence of College singing rather than concert work proper. This view seems the more tenable when we remember that faithful interpretations of difficult music are not to be looked for in a chorus composed for the greater part of untrained voices. In what does this excellence consist? First, in good part singing—care being taken to choose selections well within the powers of the Club—not beyond them, as too often happens—on the principle that it is better to sing simple songs well than difficult ones badly or indifferently. Second, in good general singing of songs distinctive of real student life, songs that have the ring and charm of good-fellowship. In this respect we are greatly lacking. Part singing, affording as it does opportunities for special culture, is rightly given the prominence. But in a larger sense the advantages of general singing are equally worthy of attention. Not a few whose inclinations and possibly whose abilities would never lead them to devote their time to the study of classical music would gladly avail themselves of any opportunity of learning a number of good College songs.

Should the present energetic management of the Club deem it wise to devote more attention to the singing of College songs, they will command the increased support and goodwill of a large number of undergraduates and graduates who are in harmony with the views here expressed.

M. S. MERCER,

ROUND THE TABLE.

At the last meeting of the TABLE the visitor's chair was occupied by an early-text enthusiast who soon got astride of his hobby and ran on at a great rate about the loss our language has sustained. When I saw how the conversation was trending I kept my eye on our young limb of the law, whom I had often heard groaning over the barbarous jaw-breakers to be found in Blackstone, *et al.* For some time he sat with all patience consuming his own soul. At last he broke out. "It's all very well for you to admire the language of Chaucer and Spenser, so apt for the poet's use by virtue of its liquidity and picturesqueness. I am not going to deny that. But it is a little too much to ask a lawyer to worship at your musty old shrine." The early-text enthusiast looked surprised, and seemed to ask why. "Why? we are pestered every day with those hideous conglomerates of the speech you profess to admire so hugely;" and by way of illustration, he ran over in the most guttural tone imaginable:—Mundbriche, Feardwite, Litwite, Blodwite, Miskening, Frithsoke, Hamsockne, Forstal, Forhange, Theifephang, Hangwite, Frithbrich, Utlepe, Infongenthef, Dupbriche.

"There is no need for any Jeremiad over the supposed loss to our modern speech," he continued, our visitor seeming "all abroad" after the charge made upon him; "the poets of to-day are as keen as ever poets were for appropriate language to interpret their glowing moods. All of permanent value, that is, all manageable words, phrases, or combinations, are eagerly, sometimes so eagerly as to give the impression of ostentation, used to deck the poetic thought. Farther than this you cannot hope for anything, even from an act of Parliament. You might as well hope to cause the warm heart's blood to pulse once more through a mummy, as to give to obsolete words the stamp of the current tongue."

The practical problem of "why we fight" has been solved for us in two ways, and if the question why the present civilization makes war is not quite answered by the resolution that to fight is natural, it is not the less interesting in tracing the influence of the environment on the moral and physical instincts. Owen Meredith must have had the poet's prophetic soul when he told us:—

"Man is born on a battle-field round him to rend,
Or resist, the dread powers he displaces attend,
By the cradle which Nature, amidst the stern shocks
That have shattered creation, and shaken it, rocks.
He leaps with a wail into being; and lo!
His own mother, fierce nature herself, is his foe.
Her whirlwinds are roused into wrath o'er his head;
'Neath his feet roll her earthquakes; her solitudes spread
To daunt him; her forces dispute his command;
Her snows fall to freeze him; her suns burn to brand;
Her seas yawn to engulf him; her rocks rise to crush;
And the lion and leopard, allied, lurk to rush
On their startled invader."

"Anon,
Still impelled by necessity hungrily on,
He conquers the realms of his own self-reliance,
And the last cry of fear wakes the first of defiance."

But modern war is not defensible on any economic principle except where it opens up new avenues for commerce. On moral ground it has perhaps a standing, for are we not told by a Professor of Moral Philosophy at Cambridge, that every nation should be an armed nation, not because it regards any other with hostility, not because it imagines that any other has an interest in assaulting it, but because its own soil, its own language, its own laws, its own government, are given to it, and are beyond all measure precious to it.

And indeed so long as love of freedom, and even love of gain, are motive powers with mankind, so long will war continue. Even those who have endeavoured to ascertain with cold logic whether there can be suggested an adequate substitute for the horrors of the battle-field, are cautious in their predictions and admit that there is little to suggest the hope of their speedy abolition. While nations are distinct there is no adequate tribunal to decide their respective rights. Each people regard their own interests as supreme, and while they are strong enough to maintain them it is idle to suppose that they will abandon them at the bidding of any intervention, however impartial. The great past furnishes a reason for the greater future, and while the selfish to-day is gilded by the shining of the light of other days, no nation of men will forego their heritage.

But "why we make war" admits of a more prosaic answer. If we are to live as a people in security and peace, we must be prepared to protect our goods like the strong man and be armed. And we must make our force felt; our end is not gained if, when our land is threatened, we kill a hundred thousand of men. If we could blind them all for a time, or lock them up, it would do as well. The end is to put what Kinglake would delight to call

"stress" on them. A vast squadron anchored off a defenceless village needs not to fire a shot in order to rescue a prisoner. Its presence and its potential power are enough. If we can paralyze government and put in jeopardy property, our end is gained. The reason war is made is not to kill but to gain such a hold on the enemy's country that their government, laws, freedom, and even daily bread, are at our command. If we cannot do that without encountering resistance, those who withstand us must be thrust out of the way. Our war establishment is but a method of getting our foe by the throat, but any other way, if equally effective, will do as well. Unfortunately, where there is no controlling force the last resort becomes the only one, and we fight because we are resisted. The more effective we make our forces, the more dreaded our armament, the greater the stress of our power is. If its presence induces an enemy to retire we have gained a position, and it is only when that dread disappears that it is necessary to demonstrate by actual war our superiority and right to be obeyed. Until the pride of race and the love of country are extinct, and until the universal brotherhood of man has made us all mere units without a single noble aspiration, "mere parts of a crowd," the wished-for but debilitating arbitration will not prosper among us.

After all, there is a great deal of jugglery in writing. It is like the Japanese who keeps such a wonderful number of coloured balls playing about his head, or the other Japanese, with brown, parchment-like skin, whose deftness and skill in managing all those gleaming daggers we admire so much. Your *prosateur* must prettify; "the refined nuances of a cultivated literary style" must not be lost sight of for a moment; and your poet must, in addition, look well to his rhyme, to say nothing of his reason. We, the public, applaud the marvellously dexterous tumbling.

It struck me that this would be a rather apt way in which to lead up to what I have to say of transitions. A nicely managed transition I enjoy like a true epicure; and as I have had a very pleasant little time with myself this afternoon over one of Howells, I think it but right that I should share with you.

In his *Panforte di Siena* he had been writing for many pages of St. Catharine, having come upon the house where she was born, which is still standing, in the "Ward of the Goose." Passing at length from St. Catharine, he speaks of other noted personages who had lived in this same ward; among them of the brave archbishop of Siena, Ascanio Piccolomini, "who had the heart to defy the Inquisition, and welcome Galileo to the protection of an inviolable roof." And he comes immediately to the great cathedral thus:

"It is so little way off from Fonte Branda and St. Catharine's house that I do not know but that the great cathedral of Siena may also be in the 'Ward of the Goose'; but I confess that I did not think of this when I stood before that wondrous work."

I think this a very clever transition. It is like leading one carefully over the slippery, trembling fallen tree that serves to bridge a stream, and then showing one, with a smile and a tap on the shoulder, that the tree has fallen from its place ere one's last foot-step. You turn a corner, heedless and suspecting nothing, and the cathedral is before you; but you are vaguely conscious that the laugh is against you somehow. What follows is in Howells' finest style.

The sanctum, of course, has its own contributors' club, the roster of which you must notice as soon as you enter, for it is burnt into the rough old mantel where the hearth-fire is always gleaming hospitably. But besides, set snugly in niches or relieving the dark papering, are likenesses of the great stars in the literary firmament whose lives and works enter largely into our converse. Not least, however, do we value the plates of journalists who under various skies have done men's work in their chosen sphere. As might be expected, for the literary guild is the most cosmopolitan of all, great journalists look like men of the world, in the best sense of that much abused term. Especially is this to be remarked in the latest acquisition—a fine plate of French journalists (presented by Root & Tinker, of New York). Even in the case of About and the fire-eating Cassaignac it would be difficult for the phrenologist to declare off-hand their nationality. It is quite apparent, however, even to those of us who are not skilled in that occult science, that in France, as elsewhere, successful newspaper men are characterized by great tenacity and earnestness.

"When one thinks of Lord Lonsdale (a nice pious sort of young man to have forty-two church livings in his gift!), and the other distinguished members of the peerage, owing to whose exertions the cable news every morning is so—well, really *is*, you know—"

At this point the ingenious man met with several interruptions. "Oh, as to the rest of the nobility," he went on, "the greater part never give themselves any trouble in the world, *parce qu'ils se sont donnés la peine de naître*"—his accent is faultless, of the School of Stratford atte Bowe—"and to call them 'Lords' has always seemed to me singularly fitting; the word being derived, I understand, from the Anglo-Saxon *hlaford*, which is by interpretation 'a loafer.'"

UNIVERSITY AND COLLEGE NEWS.

All reports from Societies must reach us by noon on Thursday to ensure insertion.

The following notice appears on the board: "Dirk found. Can be obtained upon describing it to the janitor." A dirk!!!

In view of the approaching annual dinner, a practice of college songs was held in Moss Hall, on Monday afternoon. Another rehearsal on Friday afternoon in west end lecture room.

COMING EVENTS.—The Annual Dinner on the 9th; the Public Debate on the 10th; "K" Company concert on the 14th; Prof. Haslam's concert—Toronto Vocal Society—on the 20th prox.

The members of "K" Company propose to give a concert in Convocation Hall, on Wednesday evening, the 14th inst. The Glee Club and several city amateurs will assist. The proceeds will be devoted to the furnishing of the Company Armoury. Tickets, 50 cents.

The subjects for Prize Composition, 1887, are now posted and may be ascertained on reference to the bulletin board. The subject for English verse is: "The Jubilee of Queen Victoria"; that for English prose: "Capital and Labour in their relation to the State and to the Individual." The compositions must be forwarded by post to the Registrar on or before the 1st of May, 1887.

It has frequently happened of late that gentlemen appointed to read essays before the Literary Society have absented themselves from the particular meetings at which they were expected to appear. This is not as it ought to be. Does the fault lie with the committee in not notifying the gentlemen of their appointments, or with the gentlemen themselves in not reading the notices posted on the bulletin board? It is to be hoped the difficulty may be obviated in some way or another.

Mr. J. E. Jones addressed the Thursday evening meeting this week on the subject "Our Refuge and Strength," Ps. 46: 1. The meeting was of a very interesting character. Dr. Kellogg has consented to address the missionary concert on Tuesday at half-past 4. This gentleman is a distinguished oriental scholar and author. He has been a missionary in India for several years. He resigned a professorship in Alleghany College in order to come to this city. Something more than ordinary is expected.

The Mathematical and Physical Society held its regular meeting on Tuesday. Mr. W. G. Loudon, B.A., opened the programme with a paper on the Gas Engine. He illustrated his subject by diagrams and by a machine in motion. The President, Mr. T. Mulvey, B.A., gave some interesting experiments in acoustics. A paper on Newton was then read by Mr. H. R. Moore. Messrs. Duff, Bowerman, Loudon, Rosebrugh, Sparling, and Mulvey took part in the discussion. Problems were solved by Messrs. McGowan, Moore and Martin. A communication from the secretary of the Ottawa Mathematical Society was read. Steps will be taken to procure some measure of union between the two societies. Mr. Sparling was appointed to represent the society at the dinner. Mr. Bowerman will read a paper at the next meeting, when the subject of "Leibnitz" will be discussed. An interesting meeting is expected.

The first public meeting of the Knox College Missionary Society was held on Friday, the 26th of November, Mr. J. K. Macdonald in the chair. The first thing on the programme was an address by the President, J. McGillivray, M.A., on "College Interest in Missions." The next item was the anthem, "I Will Lift up Mine Eyes," by the College choir. R. J. M. Glassford read a report entitled "Mission Work among the Lumbermen." Messrs. Gordon, Nichol, McLeod and Hamilton then sang a quartette, "The Sabbath Call." W. S. McKenzie, B.A., who was for a couple of years in the North-west at Fort McLeod, read a paper on "Mission Work among Western Men." Rev. P. Wright, B.D., closed the programme with a stirring address.—Professor Neff has resumed his class in elocution.—Mr. Cringhan has started his Tonic-Sol-Fa class again, and it is getting along very well.

Saturday last the second Association football team visited Bradford, a small town up the Northern, and in lieu of the first team played the Bradford eleven a friendly match. The Varsity men won the toss and chose to kick down hill with the wind, but failed to score, though shot after shot was peppered into their opponents' goal. In second half, as they had to play upon a high hill, dead in the wind's eye, to score seemed an utter impossibility. The home team though favoured by the wind, the slope of the ground and an extension of time in the second half, also failed to score. The second team enjoyed the outing. The Bradford men are hospitable,

and treated their visitors with all kindness. They do think, however, that if the match were repeated, Varsity's second would be forced to swallow a defeat. The members of the Varsity team were—goal, J. C. Stuart; defence, Ball, Edgar, Harry Senkler and Jamieson; forwards, Gibson, J. Senkler, B. Aikins, T. Elliot, Cook and Laflamme.

DINNER NOTES.—The Committee have decided to hold the annual dinner in Convocation Hall, at 7:30, on Thursday, Dec. 9th. Contrary to a hastily-formed impression expressed in our last number, the dinner is to be a hot one; and there is now every indication that, despite the former differences of opinion, the undergraduates will all unite to make the affair a great and memorable success.—The Senate chamber will be used as a reception room.—The "Witches' Kitchen" will be forgotten for the time, and Mr. VanderSmitten's lecture-room will give forth something more toothsome than German roots.—The gallery is reserved for ladies and other friends; no undergraduate need apply.—No toasts for Doctors, Lawyers, or Ministers; a strictly collegiate list.—In order that the dinner may be as informal as possible, and have as academic a character as possible, students are especially requested not to come in full dress, but to wear the College gown.—Among the possibilities: that the ladies will sit down to dinner with the other students. Among the certainties: that Dr. Wilson has written to the Committee, insisting that no liquor shall be introduced.—Some new and original songs will be produced.

Even those not in the secret couldn't help observing that something was on the tapis last Friday. The customary annual hazing, in fact, was held as an afterpiece to the ordinary meeting of the Literary Society. The freshmen interested were kept in the dark till the very last moment. The subjects were taken as met and kept in a handy spot under the care of sturdy guardians, the last not being captured before the meeting broke up. Out of deference to the College authorities, the scene of the farce was not laid in the vaults or in any of the College buildings, but on the sward in front of the main tower. The honourable court consisted of two judges, who had rather a cold time of it. The deliberations of the jury were very short and the speeches of the counsel pointed and pithy, the sentences mild and quickly carried out. The feature of the evening was the desperate but unsuccessful efforts of one misguided freshman to escape. The parental tenderness of the seniors prevented even the most guilty of the culprits from being roughly handled. In this respect, indeed, there was a distinct departure from the mode of procedure of previous sittings of the court. The actions brought against the defendants were conducted throughout in an entirely unobjectionable manner.

The third regular meeting of the Natural Science Association was held in Dr. Pike's lecture room in the School of Practical Science, on Thursday, Nov. 25th, the President in the chair. Six gentlemen proposed for membership at the last meeting were declared elected, and Mr. Babington was nominated as an honorary member. The programme was then taken up, the first paper being by Mr. A. B. MacCallum, B.A., on "Cross fertilization." This was illustrated by large blackboard drawings, and at its close Prof. R. R. Wright gave an account of some recent work on a Brazilian armadillo. After an interesting discussion Mr. H. Wood, B.A., read his paper on a "Classification of naturally occurring sulphides," pointing out the advantages of an arrangement based on chemical composition, and tracing many instances of connection between chemical composition and physical characters. Mr. F. J. Wait then read an account of the life and work of John Dalton, sketching the condition of science before and after the great great chemist's time, and relating many entertaining anecdotes of his personal history. A ballot was then held and the scrutineers declared Mr. Monroe elected to the office of second year representative on the general committee. The next meeting will be held on Thursday, December 16th, when papers will be read by Dr. Ellis and Mr. A. Acheson, B.A.

The regular meeting of the Historical and Political Science Association was held in McMillan's Hall, Dec. 1st, at 4.15 p.m., President in the chair. After the election of several candidates for membership, and other business, the meeting was addressed by Messrs. Harrison and Grant on "Money, with special reference to the Bi-metallic controversy." These gentlemen showed that money must have an intrinsic value, and hence the necessity that paper currency should have a special basis, and also indicated the difficulty of arriving at a solution of the question of Bi-metallism, and its importance especially to England and the United States. The question arises through the relative appreciation and depreciation of gold and silver and the difficulty of carrying on exchange between two countries using different metals; there has been a proposal to form an international bi-metallic currency by making both silver and gold legal tender, and fixing their relative values by law; but it is urged that the depreciation of one of the metals would lead all debtors to use, as far as possible, that coin in payment of debts; hence the other would flow out of the country. Also that it is no more possible for government to fix by law the value of gold or silver than any other commodity. The meetings are becoming very

interesting and the attendance is increasing. The next meeting (Dec. 8th) will be addressed by Mr. Alfred Jury, on "Convict Labor in competition with Free Labor."

The Modern Language Club met on Monday, as usual, in the Y.M.C.A. building, and listened to a very interesting and instructive address by Mr. William Houston, M.A., on the Pedagogical Treatment of English. The subject was introduced by a few general remarks on English, in the course of which the value of that branch as a means of mental culture was shown to be quite equal to that of Classics, though the speaker took care to say he had no wish to depreciate the study of Greek and Latin. There were four points taken up—Composition, Literature, Grammar (confined to Etymology and Prosody), and Philology. With reference to the first of these, the speaker said that a child practises composition as soon as it begins to speak, and should receive its first teaching then. This teaching should be *corrective*. Under the second, reading of texts themselves was advocated, with reference only to such side-work as serves to make the meaning clear. It was also said that a book should be read *as a whole* at first, the particular parts being taken up afterwards. Under the third heading, the members were informed that they had begun at the wrong place to study grammar, taking up Etymology first instead of Prosody. Under the fourth, the tracing of words to their roots, and not of roots to their present forms, was insisted upon, as was also the study of dialectic writings as opposed to works on philology. A short discussion followed, in which excessive practice of parsing was condemned, and the change in setting English papers approved of. The next meeting will be devoted to the study of Gautier's works, when essays will be read by Messrs. Gibbard and Jeffrey.

Dr. A. H. Newman, Prof. in Historical Theology, McMaster Hall, has been invited by Prof. Philip Schaff, D.D., LL.D., of New York, to edit St. Augustine's Anti-Manichaean treatises, with a revised translation, notes, and an introduction on the Manichaean Heresy for the "Post Nicene Christian Library," of which Dr. Schaff is the general editor. Dr. Schaff has assigned the various parts of the works of the Greek and Latin Fathers to be included in the "Library" to leading patriotic scholars on this continent and in Great Britain. The work promises to be one of great value and interest.—Dr. MacVicar has recently returned from Baltimore, Ind., where he was in attendance at the fifth annual session of the Baptist Congress, assembled for the purpose of discussing questions of the day. The paper contributed by Dr. MacVicar, and afterwards discussed, was on "Popular indifference to religion."—Pastor Joshua Denovan's Friday afternoon lectures on Romans, in the Mission Hall, College street, are in such favour amongst the students as to attract them *en masse*.—The Rev. M. B. Parent, B.A., is stopping at the Hall while engaged in canvassing the Baptists of the city in the interest of "La Grande Ligne," their mission school amongst the French Catholics of Quebec. Mr. Parent will be interesting to the members of the Varsity Glee Club as the author of "Emotions et Conseils" in the McGill College Song Book.—On Monday evening Mrs. MacVicar entertained the faculty, students and lady friends from the city at an informal reception held in her rooms in the Hall. The Hon. Senator and Mrs. McMaster were also present. The evening was most enjoyable.

On Friday evening, Nov. 26th, the Literary and Scientific Society held its seventh regular meeting. On recommendation of the general committee it was decided to hold a public debate on the evening of Dec. 10th. Mr. W. A. Bradley was nominated to fill the vacancy in the committee of third year councillor caused by the resignation of Mr. J. N. Elliott. There being no other nomination, Mr. Bradley was declared elected. The literary programme was as follows:—Songs by Messrs. Fowell and Garvin, both of which were encored; a humorous reading by Mr. F. B. Hodgins, also deservedly encored. Then followed the debate, the subject of which was:—*Resolved*, That the Pass Course, as laid down in the University Curriculum, affords a better training for practical life than any single Honour Course. Mr. E. Bayley was the first speaker, and in his usual conversational style brought forward several pithy arguments for the affirmative. Mr. Lafamme, the leader of the negative, occupied his ten minutes in a fluent and forcible speech. His style, however, might be characterized as a little too didactic. Mr. G. B. McClean, of the first year, followed with his maiden speech in support of the affirmative. We venture to prophesy that, as he acquires confidence, he will become an effective speaker. Mr. T. C. DesBarres closed the debate for the negative, confidently upholding the superior advantages of an honour course. Mr. J. O. Miller, presiding in the absence of the President, after presenting clearly all the arguments brought forward, submitted the question to the audience, who decided in favour of the negative.—The following appointments were made for the public debate:—Reader, Mr. T. J. Parr; essayist, Mr. W. J. Healy; speakers, Messrs. Sparling, Cody, Lafamme and Talbot. During these proceedings M. S. Mercer, B.A., who happened to be present, was called on for a song.—A feature of the evening was

the presentation of a medal to Mr. G. B. McClean, who took first place in the recent cross-country races.

The following books have been received into the library since Oct. 1st:—

Goethe, J. W., *Faust*—translated by Bayard Taylor.
The Railways and the Republic, Hudson, jr.
Farrar, F. W., Sermons and Addresses in America.
Hauff, Wm., *Das Kalte Herz*—Ed. Vander Smissen.
Payne, Joseph, Lectures on Science and Art of Education, &c.
Youmans, E. L., Culture Demanded by Modern Life.
Latham, H., The Action of Examinations, &c.
Behrens, J. W., The Microscope in Botany.
Burnside, (W.S.), and Panton, (A.W.), Theory of Equations.
Hamerton, P. G., The Intellectual Life.
Kay, David, Education and Educators.
Zeitschrift für Wissenschaftliche Zoology.
Korting, G., Encyclopædie, Philology.
Elze, K., Notes on Elizabethan Dramatists.
Bancroft, H. H., Works.
Year-Book of Facts, 1839-'55.
Dudley, W. R., Cayuga Flora.
Journal of Society of Arts.
English Cyclopædia, Ed Chas. Knight.
Morley, Hy., Shorter Eng. Poems.
" " Eng. Plays.
" " Eng. Religion.
Crawford, O., Comic Dramatists.
Poems on State Affairs.
McCurdy, J. F., Aryo Semitic Speech.
Suckling, Sir John, Poems, Plays, &c.
Green, Hy., Shakespeare and the Emblem Writers.
Bacon, Delia, Philosophy of the Plays of Shakespeare.
Brathwaite, R. A., Strappado for the Diuell.
Macoun, Jno., Manitoba and the Great North-West.
Ontario County Gazetteer and Canadian Cyclopædia.
Malone, Edw., Life, by Sir Jas. Prior.
Southesk, Earl of—Saskatchewan and Rocky Mountains.
Macfie, M., Vancouver Island and British Columbia.
Chappell, E., Voyage to Newfoundland.
Pedley, C., History of Newfoundland.
Ellis, Hy., Voyage to Hudson's Bay.
Kotzebel, Voyage of Discovery—South Sea and Behring's Straits.
Hooper, W. H., Tents of the Tuoki.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE VARSITY is conducted by undergraduates of the University of Toronto, and will appear every Saturday of the academic year, It aims at being the exponent of the views of the University public, and will always seek the highest interests of our University. The Literary Department will, as heretofore, be a main feature. In the present issue appears the fourth of a series of articles on the University of Toronto. The news columns are full and accurate, containing reports of all meetings of interest to its readers. A special holiday number will be issued during Christmas week.

CONTENTS OF THE PRESENT NUMBER.

Mountain Voices. J. H. MOSS.
The University of Toronto. IV. VIDI.
A Ballade of the Stirrup-Cup. W. J. H.
Shakespeare and Sophocles. T. A. GIBSON.
Vox Humana. B. Our National Literature. JOHN B. PYKE.
Mr. John King's "Other Side of the Story." W. F. W. C.
Topics of the Hour.
New York Letter. W. A. S.
Communications.
An Athletic Association. JOHN S. MACLEAN.
College Music. M. S. MERCER.
Round the Table.
University and College News.
Di-Varsities, &c., &c.



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THE MUSE AND THE MUSIC.

The poet had just got his muse focussed down upon a cosmetic "ad." He had written :

"Oh, damask cheek and throat of snow,
Playground of soft emotion,
Remember, please, how much you owe
To Jink's Cucumber Lotion.

The lurking dimples play—"

Three sons of sunny Italy in the street below having commenced to filter "Sweet Violets" through two violins and a harp, the muse at once broke her gait.

"The-e lurking dimps
Play de-de-de-de-de—"

The poet groaned and would have torn his hair ; but alas ! he had lost it all through using a bottle of Bulgarian Hair Restorer that he had been forced to take in part payment for an advertising puff.

"Oh-h, dimpling chin,
And brow where the sunlight dances,
Lay Jink's Lotion in
And—"

But at this point the political refugees down below shifted off to the "Mocking Bird," and the muse slowed down again.

"I'm singing now of Lotion,
Jink's Lotion,
Face Lotion,
And you haven't any notion
How it purifies and beautifies the skin.
'Tis but fifty cents a bottle,
Large bottle—"

Suddenly the music stopped, and the poet breathed a large sigh—one of the largest sighs—of relief, and began to work his Muse back to her original pace :

"Oh, damask cheek and throat of snow—"
when the artists in the street below, who had only paused to pass around the hat, began "The Devil's Dream."

"Oh, dam—"

That was as far as the poet got

One of the college papers tells a story of President Hopkins. The President, meeting on a car a student whose character for sobriety was not good, and whose appearance was an evidence of a recent debauch, approached him and solemnly and reproachfully said, "Been on a drunk." "So have I," was the immediate reply.

A Young Poet, who was once so Impecunious that he was Reduced to the Extremity of Living in a Garret, and Mending what Clothes he had with Wire, was one day Met by an Old Gentleman who was so Pleased with the Legend of his Sufferings, that he became his Benefactor on the Spot. Several years later, when the Poet was out of the Woods, he Published, at his own Expense, a Volume of his Poems, and sent a Copy to his Benefactor, who upon this Proof of the Poet's Ingratitude, Cut him Forever.

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Somebody has invented a good story—a story too good not to be true. He says that at an examination of Woolwich students the following answers were given to the question:—"Give the meanings of *abiiit excessit*, *erupit*, *evasit*": *Abiiit*—"He went out to dine." *Excessit*—"He took more than was good for him." *Erupit*—"It violently disagreed with him." *Evasit*—"He put it down to the salmon."—*London Globe*.

Sheridan once succeeded admirably in en-
trapping a noisy member who was in the
habit of interrupting every speaker with cries
of "Hear! hear!" Richard Brinsley took
an opportunity to allude to a well-known po-
litical character of the time, whom he repre-
sented as a person who wished to play the
rogue, but had only sense enough to play
the fool. "Where," exclaimed Sheridan, in
continuation and with great emphasis—
"where shall we find a more foolish knave
or a more knavish fool than this?" "Here!
here!" was instantly bellowed from the ac-
customed bench. The wicked wit bowed,
thanked the gentleman for his ready reply
to the question, and sat down, amid convul-
sions of laughter from all but the unfortunate
subject.

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THE VARSITY

A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.

Vol. VII.

University of Toronto, Dec. 11, 1886.

No. 8.

IN THE STUDY.

Out over my study,
All ashen and ruddy,
Sinks the December sun ;
And high up over
The chimney's soot cover,
The winter night wind has begun.

Here in the red embers
I dream old Decembers,
Until the low moan of the blast,
Like a voice out of Ghost-land,
Or memory's lost-land,
Seems to conjure up wraiths of the past.

Then into the room,
Through the firelight and gloom,
Some one steals, let the night-wind grow bleak,
And ever so coldly,
Two white arms enfold me,
And a sweet face is close to my cheek.

WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL.

THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.

V. FINANCIAL RESOURCES.

The combined movement for the overthrow of the Provincial University, and the division of its endowments among denominational colleges, came to a head, as we have seen, in 1860. The Parliamentary Committee, from whom much had been expected, could not agree on a report, and finally contented themselves with printing the evidence. The attempt to prove any abuse or extravagant expenditure of the funds had failed, but there was still a prevalent belief in the existence of enormous resources, and a surplus of untold wealth. So in 1861, a Commission was issued, setting forth that, "whereas many of our loving subjects believe, and have represented to us, that the current expenses of University College are much greater than is necessary for its efficient working; and that, in consequence thereof, a large amount of the University income fund is annually wasted and misapplied; and other academical institutions in Upper Canada are deprived of the benefit of any surplus;" therefore, the Hon. James Patton, who had by this time succeeded Mr. Langton as Vice-Chancellor,—Dr. John Beatty, of Cobourg, and John Paton, Esq., of Kingston, were appointed a Commission, with full power to cite as witnesses, the Bursar and the President, Professors, officers and servants of the College, and to make the most searching enquiry into its affairs. Their report fills a Blue Book of 206 pages, with an appendix. Much of it is statistical, and so somewhat dry reading; but it will reward the study of anyone interested in University history. Till its publication the University endowment was a fabulous eldorado on which the fancy of educational reformers drew at will. In Mr. Langton's criticism of their various proposals he says:—

"Dr. Ryerson contemplates with satisfaction, the possible establishment of 10 Faculties in competing Colleges, each as he proposes receiving £1,500."

Again, of Dr. Cook's plan for the division of the endowment, he says:—

"To divide a limited sum so that no College would be efficiently supported, must be fatal to the superior education of the country. It is idle to say that because Victoria and Queen's are the only bodies petitioning, they alone, with the addition perhaps of Trinity, would claim a share. When the principle was once established, Knox's College and other Theological Schools, would establish secular chairs and assert their right to a free distribution. Nor would the demand be confined to Colleges connected with a particular religious persuasion. Local interests would come into play, and every large town would claim to have its College. Already there are in Upper Canada 12 institutions of this kind, and this year two new ones have sent in memorials to obtain a share with Kingston and Cobourg, of the Government allowance."

Those and other schemes equally visionary, were all advocated on the same assumption, that the University Bursar was the custodian of a bottomless purse, on which any number of educational reformers, or denominational representatives, could draw at will; while, on the other hand, it was assumed that a few thousand dollars were ample income for the State College. A comment on one of those crude proposals attracted notice at the time by its brevity, when Dr. Wilson, in addressing the Quebec Parliamentary Committee, referred to Dr. Ryerson:—

"Who has told us in his famous scheme of University organization, propounded in his voluminous letter addressed to the Hon. Francis Hincks, in 1852, that he meditated it on some of the highest mountains of Europe—a circumstance which abundantly accounts for the windy and unsubstantial character of its recommendations!"

It was not without apprehension that the friends of the University and University College learned of the appointment of a Commission, the constitution of which could not be supposed to give promise of any friendly leanings toward them. Nothing, however, could have been more fortunate. A Commission, the majority on which was composed of members of the corporations of Victoria and Queen's Colleges, had absolute power to make the most searching enquiry into the whole resources of the University and College. There was certain, therefore, to be no concealment of any abuses; and no lack of zeal in revealing the amount of resources. The result was that no abuses could be discovered. The most careful economy was proved in relation to the erection of the new buildings; and as to the revenues, they proved to be little enough for the one university. To the astonishment and mortification of its purposed spoilers there proved to be no surplus to fight about! The report was issued in 1862. From that date the representatives of the denominational colleges ceased to take any interest in the provincial University; and by the later Act of 1872, the graduates at length acquired the right of electing certain of their own number to represent them on the Senate. The abortive scheme of affiliation, set forth in the previous Act, came to an end; and the institution was left in peace to grow and prosper, till its success led to the demand for funds to extend the College and provide additional Chairs.

The outcome of this later movement is the new scheme of University Confederation, the final results of which must be left to the pen of some future historian. Our sketch, however, would not be complete without some account of the men who have held office as Chancellors, Vice-Chancellors, Presidents, and Professors, during the period we have passed under review. This also we hope to furnish, with the aid of some of the senior graduates, familiar with the incidents of those early years of University history.

VIDI.

A SUGGESTION.

Literary curiosity-hunters have placed on record many examples of rapid composition—such as Johnson's "Rasselas," Byron's "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," Bacon's collection of jests, which Macaulay calls "the best in the world," etc., etc. I venture to think I shall be able to add one instance of my own, should the present article ever arrive at completion! At nine o'clock on Saturday morning I am asked if I can contribute a paper for the VARSITY, to be ready by Monday. Interpreting "by Monday" to mean, say, noon of that day, this gives me twenty-seven legal hours of work—provided I do not sleep and have nothing else to do. But, positing that I *have* a great deal else to do; that I certainly should not dream of curtailing my Saturday night's slumbers or my Monday's matutinal meditations; and that I should feel equally disinclined to—ahem—forego the conventional hebdomadal period of rest from secular labours; I have, say, some two or three hours in which to accede to the request. And this means, if I wish to follow Ben Jonson's sage advice, to "consider what ought to be written; and after what manner; to first think and excogitate my matter; then choose my words, and examine the weight of either; then take care in placing and ranking both matter and words, that the composition be comely."

Neither am I, I must confess, at the present moment, particularly prepared either in mind, body, or estate, for the inditing of a VARSITY article. Both my subjective and objective conditions militate against comely composition—especially my objective surroundings. Within ear-shot are two hugely proportioned women (I caught sight of them a moment since)—huge, that is, in their transverse diameters: they are distinguished rather for breadth than for length of limb. One of them is inflicting corporal punishment on what is ordinarily called a *pianoforte*, but which in this case ought to be called only a *forte*, or rather a *fortissimo*. The other is accompanying the resulting noise with vocal sounds as much in unison with the vibrations of the *forte* as it is possible for airs pitched in two different keys to be. The result says more for the arms and throats of the performers than for their ears. The volume of sound varies directly as the bulk of the producers. They are, indeed, ponderous. I fear to approach them. Remembering that gravitation acts directly as the mass, I imagine that centripetal forces (purely physical, by no means emotional) may draw me towards them, that Pharoah's dream of the fat and lean kine may be repeated *backwards*, as it were (and the parallel would not be so very dissimilar, for I should hardly add in any appreciable manner to their volume), and that I may disappear totally from off the face of the earth, and—awful catastrophe—contrary to my own inclinations, join my fortunes with theirs.

But, to return to old Jonson and his comely composition. I think that everything written for the VARSITY should be "comely." I cannot help thinking that to some the VARSITY has been merely a vehicle for the insertion of "copy" which could not be elsewhere inserted—a sort of cloaca for prose and verse. A great mistake this. One's *alma mater* is a jealous goddess. No periodical should be so severely critical as a university periodical. Indeed, by so high a standard would I measure the VARSITY, that I should be willing that to it the nation should look to discover the temper and character of the youth of the Province.

But "comely," truly, VARSITY articles have almost always been. The danger rather lies in the fact that their writers have aimed more at comeliness than at aught else. *Fine* writing seems to be their object. (How I loathe that word "*fine*."*) It should be restricted to the description of the edge of a razor or a cloudless day. It has a history, however—as curious a history as the word "quaint." It was a very favourite word with our great-great-grandfathers—as favourite a word as "genteel." Let us hope it will go the way of "genteel.") But to return: Am I not right in thinking that *form* rather than *matter* has been too often the serious business of VARSITY writers? Both combined, of course, is the desideratum; but if both are not obtainable, I really think *matter* would be preferable to *form*.

To practise what I preach, to present to my readers matter

rather than form, I have a suggestion to make. I need tell no one that there is in England a society called "The Society for Psychical Research." Among the subjects discussed and investigated by this society (taken from the Tables of Contents of its last seven publications) are: "Thought-Transference," "Mesmerism," "Phenomena Associated with Abnormal Conditions of Mind," "Muscle-Reading," "Dreaming and Allied States," "A Magnetic Sense," "Hypnotism," "Telepathic Explanation of some so-called Spiritualistic Phenomena," "Hallucinations," "The Calculus of Probabilities applied to Psychical Research," "Theosophy," "Local Anæsthesia." My suggestion is: Could not a branch of this Society be formed in University College? Already many graduates and undergraduates are interesting themselves in the class of subjects considered by the Society—witness the correspondence which appeared in last year's VARSITY between Professor Young and two graduates on the subject of thought-transference. The Society, I know, has been much vilified, and their labours much derided; but such names as Balfour Stewart (President last year), the Bishop of Carlisle, Richard Holt Hutton, Hon. Roden Noel, Lord Rayleigh, the Bishop of Ripon, Prof. Sidgwick (vice-presidents last year), ought to give it some scientific status. My own opinion is that this Society will one day help to clear our views on the vexed question of the relations between Physiology and Psychology. One of the advantages of such a branch society would be that men of very different mental habits could join and aid each other. As the subjects I have mentioned above will show, metaphysics, mathematics, and the natural sciences, all could be brought to bear upon—let me use the word *Psychics*, I do not know that it has yet been coined, but it is one which may soon be needed. However, I intended merely to throw out this suggestion. Doubtless there are many in University College who know much more of the matter than do I; with them I leave my proposition.

ARNOLD HAULTAIN.

TO CHLOE.

Rondel.

What fearest thou, Chloe, my dainty quest,
That thou unkind shouldst spurn my whispered vow?
The chase but lends thy charms an added zest.
What fearest thou?

Thy ripening bloom is pasture meet, I trow,
Where Love may stray and graze at will or rest,
And ever find delight. Why flee — enow

Of years thou hast to be by lover pressed.
Full ripe for kisses, smooth thy troubled brow,
And tremble not at Love's imperious hest.

What fearest thou?

W. H. H.

LETTER FROM GERMANY.

—
FAUST ON THE STAGE.

Amongst the innumerable places of interest that I tried to see during a short stay in London was Mr. Henry Irving's theatre, the Royal Lyceum, to which I was especially attracted by Goethe's *Faust* being on the boards. After standing about two hours at the pit entrance (N.B. All the private boxes were taken), I succeeded in getting a front seat. The interval before the rising of the curtain was pleasantly passed in seeing the richly decorated theatre being gradually filled with every variety of spectator, from the wealthy gentleman in evening dress who occupied the stall, down to the common Englishman who owned a beaver hat and sat in the pit.

Punctually at the time announced, the first scene opened with Faust in his study. It will be noticed from this that the two prologues have been omitted, as playing no essential part in the dramatic action; and, indeed, in this adaptation of *Faust* for the English stage, this plan is followed throughout,—omit all those parts that are not immediately connected with the progress of the drama, and curtail those scenes that are, from this point of view, unnecessarily long. Wagner, the *famulus*, is dispensed with, the dialogue is in many instances

* Note.—The true meaning of the word is, I think, well shown in the following quotation from the "Ethics of the Dust":—"Yes; and always to dress yourselves beautifully—not finely, unless on occasions; but then very finely and beautifully too."

shortened, and parts of the choruses omitted, while not a scene of the *Second Part* is given at all. An enthusiastic admirer of Goethe, who goes to the Lyceum Theatre with the expectation of seeing this great drama fully presented, will come away disappointed; but the lover of dramatic art, who goes there to see a play well performed, will probably have his highest expectations realized to the full. Irving, as Mephistopheles, is the very incarnation of all those qualities that Goethe has given to the character of the arch-fiend, and it would be hard to imagine a more perfect Margaret than Ellen Terry. The minor roles are all taken with relatively equal degrees of merit, and in some of the scenes, especially that on the summit of the Brocken, the stage appointments are a marvel of mechanical skill.

But the *Faust* given at the Lyceum cannot be looked upon as Goethe's complete tragedy. The former is arranged for the stage, the latter is not at all suited for presentation on the stage. Moreover, the adaptation is an imperfect one. Without the *Second Part* the action in *Faust* is not completed. And here I must confess that I entirely dissent from the opinion expressed by Lewes in his "Life and Works of Goethe," when, speaking of the two *Parts* of *Faust*, he says, "The two poems are two, not two parts of one poem; the interval between them in conception and treatment is as wide as the interval of years between their composition." I admit that, when we take into consideration the *First Part* alone, "the theme of *Faust* is the apotheosis of scepticism, the cry of despair over the nothingness of life." But was not this very scepticism of youth effectual in leading the hero, later on in life, to the true goal of man's ambition? Instead of dying in despair, was he not at last able to breathe from the fullness of his heart, "Verweile doch, du bist so schön"? And although it must be apparent to everyone who reads *Faust* that a great deal of the *Second Part* stands in no direct relation to the progress of the plot, yet I think it must be just as apparent that the last act of this *Part*, at least from the scene *Grosser Vorhof des Palastes* to the end, cannot be omitted without directly reversing the moral of the whole play, to say nothing of distorting its beauty as an artistic work. I am not one of those who insist that a certain moral lesson is to be drawn from every work of art; but when the moral the artist intends to convey can be shown without at all impairing the artistic qualities of the work, why not have it so? If, instead of there being an abrupt breaking off at the end of the *First Part*, the last act of the *Second Part*, or even the above-named portion of it, had been added, the true conclusion would have been made manifest; in the one case Faust, after causing the death of three innocent persons, is still in the hands of the Devil, while the truth is, that he finally overcomes his baser nature and finds that long-sought-for happiest of moments, not in lustful gratifications of his passions, but in honest efforts for the good of his fellows.

Since arriving in Leipzig, I have had the pleasure of seeing the complete *Faust* presented at the Neues Stadttheater. Owing to the length of the drama, a separate night had to be allotted to each part. The company that plays here may be considered to include some fair specimens of German actors, but it is in no way equal to Irving's company, and justice would hardly permit a minute comparison to be instituted between the two. The Mephistopheles of the Leipzig company was by no means the powerful, deliberate and, to a certain extent, dignified "spirit that denies," which Irving portrays, and which, to my mind, is a more perfect reproduction of Goethe's picture. He stands in somewhat the same relation to Irving, as the Mephistopheles of Marlowe does to the Mephistopheles of Goethe. The whole company, indeed, showed a lack of rehearsal,—a drawback which is the natural outcome of the German's insatiable desire for something new. *Faust* is on an average produced only two or three times a year by the company, and it is thus to be expected that no great amount of preparation would be bestowed upon it.

Possibly the fact that the play was not presented in an excellent manner as might be wished for, may have contributed slightly to the *ennui* that I experienced on seeing it; but I think it must be evident to every one who has seen it played, that the complete *Faust*, in two *Parts* as Goethe wrote it, is not well suited for presentation on the stage. This great drama is a picture of human life, which has its quiet, uneventful periods, as well as its periods of stirring action; and, on this account,

Faust wearies the world of theatres-goers by the slowness of its movement. To be made suitable for the stage, many parts must necessarily be omitted; and there are, moreover, many parts that may be omitted without interfering with the proper development of the plot. But it seems to me a thing to be deplored, that, when *Faust* is being adapted to the requirements of stage-presentation, it should be presented to the public in such an unfinished form as it is at the Lyceum Theatre,—like a beautiful statue with the head broken off.

G. H. NEEDLER.

Leipzig, Germany.

UNFORGOTTEN.

Fleecy clouds o'er the moon are drifting,
And across the glittering snow,
And the sombre pines pearl-covered,
The wavering shadows go.

My love lies low deep buried,
As the flowers beneath the snow,
But soft o'er its icy covering,
The shadows come and go.

KATE WILLSON.

LITERARY NOTES.

Literary partnerships have been of frequent occurrence in the history of literature. From the time of Beaumont and Fletcher, to that of Besant and Rice and Matthews and Bunner, collaboration in literary enterprises has been adopted with notable success.

Mr. G. Mercer Adam, of this city, and Miss Agnes E. Wetherald, of Fenwick, have entered into a literary co-partnership, and intend to bring out a series of Canadian novels, dealing with the early history of Upper Canada. The first of the series, "An Algonquin Maiden," will be ready this month, Mr. Adam supplying the historical details and local coloring, and Miss Wetherald elaborating the material so furnished.

Mr. Adam has been identified with many literary enterprises in Canada, and many writers of established reputation owe their first encouragement to his generous sympathy and practical help. Of his own attainments, readers of THE VARSITY need not be reminded. Miss Wetherald, not unknown to Canadians as a contributor to the periodical press of our province, possesses literary talents which justify us in looking forward to a very entertaining novel.

Both these authors have been valued contributors to THE VARSITY, which cordially wishes them that abundant measure of success which their most sanguine hopes could desire.

The battle of the Magazines will open this winter with a brilliant campaign. A new candidate for public favour is announced by the Scribners. Though illustrated, the artist's work, it is promised, will be auxiliary to the text. A chief attraction is a series of unpublished letters of Thackeray. The appearance of a new monthly affords an opportunity for expressing an opinion on the distinctively American development of periodical literature. In *Harper's* and the *Century* the artist's work seems to be of at least as much importance as the strictly literary matter. Some objection can also be reasonably urged against contributors following a beaten track. Month after month in the *Century* a monotonous series of war papers has been running, which, however interesting they may be to survivors and others immediately concerned, are of little general interest. Again, it seems a cardinal rule with the editors that a contributor who has once been fortunate enough to command the public attention, must be secured at whatever figure, and their work, independent of intrinsic merit, must be accepted. This will not seem at all an extravagant assertion to those who have attempted to read Mr. Howells' latest farce—"The mousetrap." Mr. Howells, incomparable as he is as a novelist and showing great dramatic power in his latest work, has in this piece elaborated what might have made one scene in a comedy into a wearisome prolixity. The situation is not so humorous as to require such length in treatment.

THE VARSITY.

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The action of the School Board of this city in acceding to the request of its Inspector that he be allowed to stump the country on the school question during the present election contest, is one which is to be condemned in the strongest possible manner. For it should be remembered that the City Inspector is a municipal officer, and receives his salary as such for serving the city, and not any political party. It is an unwritten law, certainly, that forbids public officials from taking an active part in party politics. But it is also a law which should appeal in the strongest possible way to any man of fine feeling, endowed with a high sense of the dignity of his office and the importance of absolute impartiality in the discharge of the duties of his trust.

We are most strongly convinced of the supreme necessity of drawing the line of demarcation most clearly and strongly between our system of education and the party politics of the Province. We conceive that not only the proper but the only course for a political head of the Education Office to adopt is to keep himself absolutely free from the discussion of political questions, and only to speak in the House upon topics connected in some way with his office. This is the rule in England and Scotland. The Minister in charge of the Education Offices of those countries are never heard on the stump or in the House, unless on some subject connected with education or of grave Imperial import. This is entirely as it should be. Education and politics should be severed as widely as the poles. The head of the Educational Department should not be a politician—in the ordinary sense of the term.

The City Inspector evidently has a quarrel with the Minister of Education. For he refuses to speak with any one else, and his stumping tour thus far has been a dismal failure. The Minister should really give Mr. Hughes an opportunity, as he is apparently suffering for a fight, and is trailing his coat around in the most approved Donnybrook fashion. Mr. Hughes proposes to speak upon the subject of the Public and Separate School law. In regard to the Public School law—Mr. Hughes, being charged to carry out its provisions, is debarred from attacking it on the stump; with regard to the Separate School law, Mr. Hughes, being an extreme Orangeman, will not receive credit for impartiality in his discussion of it. The School Board in their resolution—or at least the thirteen who voted for it—think that it is in the best interests of education that the City Inspector should stump the country. It will be well for the credit of the Board, if not for the city, if, at the approaching School Board elections, the virtuous thirteen be left at home for a season. The electors have a grand opportunity for proving in the sight of all men that thirteen is an unlucky number. We hope they will not fail to make use of it.

According to established usage, the VARSITY will issue a special holiday number during the Christmas week. The editors have secured contributions in prose and verse from the following writers: Professor Goldwin Smith, Professor Clark, of Trinity College, Professor Charles G. D. Roberts, of Windsor, N.S.; Rev. Dr. Scadding, G. Mercer Adam, W. W. Campbell, W. H. C. Kerr, Agnes E. Wetherald, A. Stevenson, A. O. Brookside, W. H. Blake, T. A. Gibson, and other graduates and undergraduates of Toronto University. The Editors are thus enabled to lay before their readers a literary symposium which will be doubtless much

appreciated by our readers. The Editors of the VARSITY return their best thanks to those who have so kindly seconded their efforts in the direction of producing a holiday number of such an exceptional character as they can promise its readers the one for 1886 will be.

A correspondent of the *Queen's College Journal* takes us to task for what he calls our narrow view of the *raison d'être* of honorary degrees. Our position in regard to this question is this: If the regular degrees of a university are not worth much—as our critic seems to think—of how much less value, then, are honorary degrees? If we must have these honorary degrees, let them be awarded for attainments in scholarship, and not for social or political position. But let us do without honorary degrees if we can. Our critic's plea is that it would be degrading for an eminent literary or scientific man to submit to examination by his (presumed) inferiors to see if he was worthy of a degree. If we are rightly informed, the highest degrees of the German universities are only attainable by examination. The high esteem in which these degrees are held, and the numbers of men who yearly try for them, show that there are yet living on the earth examiners who are at least equal, if not superior, to the examinees. The difference between the German and American systems appears to us to be this:—That in Germany the possession of a higher degree makes a man distinguished or famous, or at least gives him the right to be called learned; in America, the higher degree is given because he is distinguished or famous. On the whole we prefer the German method. The absurd length to which this craze for conferring honorary degrees has gone was illustrated by the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, which, within a few days of one another, conferred the Doctorate of Laws successively on Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes.

The undergraduate dinner was held on Thursday night, December 9, in Convocation Hall. About 265 persons were present, including the College Faculty.

Representatives were present from McGill, Victoria and Queen's Universities; also, from the Toronto and Trinity Medical Schools, of this city.

The following is the Toast list:—

1. Our Queen and Country.
2. Alma Mater; responded to in a neat speech by President Wilson.
3. Sister Colleges; represented by Mr. Henderson, of McGill; Mr. Starr, of Victoria; and Mr. McLellan, of Queen's.
4. Lady Undergraduates; replied to by Mr. J. A. Ferguson.
5. Affiliated Institutions; responded to by: Mr. F. T. Lynch, of Wycliffe; J. B. Kennedy, B. A., of McMaster Hall; Mr. J. B. McEvoy, of St. Michaels; Mr. C. E. Gordon, B. A., of Knox; Mr. Scott, B. A., of Trinity Medical School; and Mr. G. Acheson, M. A., of Toronto Medical School.
6. Colleges Societies; replied to by: Mr. J. O. Miller, of the Literary Society; Mr. T. Nattress, of the Glee Club; Mr. T. Rogers, of the Y. M. C. A.; and Mr. J. A. Sparkling, of the Mathematical Society. The graduating class and other organizations were also toasted.

The representatives of the other eight Societies included under this Toast were debarred from speaking, owing to the meeting breaking up at this point,—1.30 a.m.

The other toasts, viz., College Athletics, and The Freshmen, were also left out.

Songs were given, during the evening by Messrs. J. G. Hume, R. L. Johnston, C. E. Gordon, B. A., J. J. Ferguson, R. J. Gibson, J. J. Hughes, O. McMichael, W. H. Grant, and others.

The caterer was H. E. Hughes, of the "Criterion."

The chair was filled by Mr. A. H. Young, and the vice-chairs by Messrs. J. E. Jones and E. C. Acheson. Secretary, T. A. Gibson; Treasurer, J. C. Stuart. The twenty additional committeemen were selected from the various years.

During the evening the best of good feeling prevailed, and quite overcame any discomfort resulting from delay and lack of accommodation. University students are ordinarily disposed to be enthusiastic, but on this occasion they quite surpassed themselves.

THE VARSITY has delayed its hour of going to press this week to secure a report of the Dinner. We are unable to do more than give the programme of the Public Debate. The Glee Club will open with "Oh, who will o'er the downs so free," after which Mr. W. J. Healy will read an essay. After the "Canadian Boat-Song" Mr. T. J. Parr will recite "Spartacus." Mr. J. A. Garvin is down for a solo, "The Vagabond," after which Messrs. J. A. Sparling and

H. J. Cody for the affirmative and Messrs H. F. Laflamme and F. M. Talbot for the negative will debate whether or not it is a proper function of the State to provide facilities for the higher education of the subject.

The Senate met on Thursday night. The following Examiners were appointed for 1887 :—

Law—W. F. Walker, M.A., LL.B. ; W. H. P. P. Clement, B.A., LL.B.

Medicine—Physiology and Pathology—G. A. Tye, M.D. Medicine and Therapeutics—J. J. Cassidy, M.D. Midwifery and Forensic Medicine—W. Britton, M.D. Anatomy—D. B. Fraser, M.B. Surgery and Surgical Anatomy—I. H. Cameron, M.B. Clinical Medicine—J. E. Graham, M.D. Clinical Surgery—L. Tesky, M.D. Hygiene and Medical Psychology—T. S. Covern-ton, M.D.

Medicine and Arts—Chemistry—F. T. Shutt, B.A. Biology—A. B. McCallum, B.A.

Arts—Greek and Latin—Rev. N. MacNish, M.A., L.L.D. ; G. H. Robinson, M.A. ; J. E. Hodgson, M.A. ; W. S. Milner, B.A. Ma-thematics—J. H. McGeary, B.A. ; J. W. Ried, B.A. Physics—J M. Clark, M.A. ; T. C. Campbell, B.A. English—T. C. L. Arm-strong, M.A. ; J. Seath, B.A. History and Civil Polity—J. W. Bell, B.A., Ph.D. German—W. H. VanderSmitten, M.A. French—J. Squair, B.A. Italian—A. J. Bell, B.A. Mineralogy and Geo-logy—H. R. Woods, B.A. Metaphysics and Ethics—Rev. R. Y. Thomson, M.A. ; A. S. Johnston, B.A. Oriental Languages—Rev. F. R. Beattie, M.A. Civil Engineering—Alan Macdougall, C.E.

The report of the committee appointed to consider the letter from the Gilchrist Trust, respecting changes in the awarding of the Gilchrist Scholarship was submitted and adopted. The principal recommendations to the trustees were that these scholarships be open to graduates only of Canadian universities, and that they be tenable at any British or foreign university instead of as formerly at the University of London and Edinburgh. Mr. Mulock was re-elected vice-chancellor for the ensuing two years.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Editors are not responsible for the opinions of correspondents. No notice will be taken of unsigned contributions.

THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

To the Editors of THE VARSITY.

SIRS,—Since I troubled you last, I have received a copy of the Montreal Star containing a sketch of the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association. As, probably, very few of your readers have seen this sketch, I thought it might be interesting at the present moment, to reproduce its main points, omitting eulogies and praises which yet are of value as showing the pride taken in the Association and the clubs comprised therein by every Montrealer.

The M. A. A. A. had a comparatively humble beginning. The first step was the affiliation of the Montreal Snowshoe and Mon-treal Lacrosse Clubs for the purpose of leasing the Montreal Gym-nasium, which was in financial difficulties. This they did in 1877, and met with such success that four years later they purchased the building for a club house. No sketch of the Association would be complete which omitted mention of the club house. The various clubs hold their meetings in the capacious, cosily furnished club rooms, whose walls and show cases are adorned with the hard-won trophies of all departments of sport. A skilled instructor is engaged for the gymnasium, and is always at hand. The basement contains a billiard room, shooting gallery and bowling alley. There is also a well supplied reading room. A large and well equipped stage affords an opportunity for the performances of the Dramatic Club.

The Amateur Athletic Association was organized in the spring of 1884. Since then several other clubs have joined, and the Associa-tion has cleared off a debt of \$9,000 and expended \$4,000 in repairs, etc. Last May it had as clear capital in excess of all liabilities, \$20,289, of which \$400 was in cash. The following will show the membership of the Association in 1886 :—

	Life	Paying
Whole Association	34	1,078
Club House only	195	
Lacrosse Club	28	47
Snowshoe Club	71	42
Bycicle Club		13
Toboggan Club		208
Football Club		38
Total Life Membership		328
Total Paying Membership		1,426
Total Membership		1,654

The Star thinks that the object of the Association, "The en-couragement of athletic sports, the promotion of physical and mental culture among young men, and the providing of rational amusements and recreations for its members," has been accom-plished in every particular.

Of course, in making a comparison we must remember that our constituency is much smaller and our circumstances very different. Nevertheless, I feel sure that our Association will be as beneficial as theirs. If it be not presumptuous, I would suggest that the members of the Y. M. C. A. and of the Temperance League should actively support the scheme. Athletics and "bumming" are utterly incompatible.

JOHN S. MACLEAN.

ESPRIT DE CORPS.

To the Editors of THE VARSITY.

SIRS,—So much has been said of late concerning good-fellow-ship among us students, that really I know not in which sense I may be most excused a letter on the matter.

Truly I do know of those that are so filled and suffused with schemes of greater social intercourse, that they have not time to say "How do you do!" when they meet you. Then there are others that would drop every friend on earth to keep up *esprit de corps* in College. I remember once meeting this expression in a school-story, and wondering much what a school could possibly want with the spirit of a corpse ; and why they did not regularly go in and get fond of one another instead of being content with this cold, lifeless piece of tormented air. It is funny the mistakes one makes when young in translating French.

Then there are those that would consummate in one evening all the duties and enjoyments of a year's sociability—to have all their golden eggs at once, *they kill the goose*. They would knit us into a solid square by the edge of a dinner-table ; and connect us all by the straight line of an appetite. The heart, they say, is reached through the mouth. The stomach is reached through the mouth, not the heart. And the proverb has reference to those that, long accustomed to carry their hearts in their mouths, have finally yielded to hunger and transformed them to their stomachs.

A dinner that is the *result* of good-fellowship is as the spire of a glorious steeple, itself springing from a church whose creed is love. To *effect* good-fellowship through the agency of a dinner is to begin the social arch with the key-stone. This unsupported stone will but fall, and by its fall will add in its ruins, a fresh obstacle to the more patient builder.

Let us give up less of our time to *esprit de corps* ; less of our energy. Let us, more humble in our aim, be more successful in its result. Let each resolve to linger a little longer in the corridors : to speak a little more to his companions ; to speak a little more kindly and frankly ; above all, in this companionship let the desire to please, rather than that of being pleased, guide the course of each. Let every student try to make brighter and more successful the lives of those around him, and all University will not contain your long-wished-for *esprit de corps*, nor all heaven and earth the new happiness of that student.

H. C. BOULTBEE.

THE ORIENTAL DEPARTMENT.

To the Editors of THE VARSITY.

SIRS,—From the heading of the department in the College Calendar, it would seem to those outside the select circle that the staff of instructors in Shemitic Languages was composed of a lecturer whose instructions are supplemented by those of a tutor—the thorough equipment of which Mr. Duncan speaks. This, in-deed, was the case last year, but at the commencement of the present session the students of the second year were distinctly told, in an interview, that the two lecturers stood on an equal foot-ing, and they are accordingly in their lectures covering the same ground, with the apparent exception that the *two* honour men prefer to form a class of two than two classes of one each. These, sirs, are simply facts ; each can draw his own conclusions, *e. g.* "attendant circumstances."

Aside from all this, VARSITY is indeed pertinent in asking, "How many are studying Orientals simply as a branch of higher education and not as a branch of their purely theological educa-tion?" It may not always be so, but some are inclined to think that the day is far distant when the student of four years will de-vote his undivided attention to the elaborate course mapped out without having in view either a lectureship or a future theological course. The popularity of some courses sufficiently demonstrates that students, having but a short time at their disposal, choose that which to them will be most valuable for its information, although any other course would afford the same amount of "education."

R. H. JOHNSTON.

ROUND THE TABLE.

In *Harper's Monthly* for last December it was announced that the management had concluded an arrangement with Howells, by which "all his new writings,—his novels, short stories, descriptive sketches, and dramatic pieces—would be exclusively at their disposal;" and with the January number he began his charming literary talks in the *Editor's Study*. It will soon be a year since this arrangement came into force; and he has not yet stepped out from the *Editor's Study*. It may be that like G. W. Curtis, with whom the Harper's made a similar arrangement some years before, which is to be regretted in that though his conversations from his *Easy Chair* are never less delightful than we may expect from the author of *Prue and I*, he has foregone the writing of books,—Howells, too, prefers to loiter in his study in slippers ease. But one would judge that his habits of life are altogether different.

"Lemuel Barker,"—for the publication of which in the *Century* arrangements had been made before the time of his contract with the Harper's,—is nearing the conclusion; and still the opening chapters of a new novel have not yet appeared in *Harper's*. This is not in accordance with Howells' wont. His talk in the *Study* cost him little more than the mere taking up of his pen from month to month; his literary friends, I am sure, have the pleasure of hearing many unprinted pages. He has always been an untiring brain-worker; what then is he doing now? You will remember that there was a rumour a long time ago that a drama written by himself and Mark Twain, had been found unfitted for the stage.

(This, you may be sure, taking it for granted that the rumour was not all a lie, was due to Howells' discriminating artistic sense of unattainment, and not to the strictures of the managerial mind, which, after original and startling scenic effects, regards the box-office as the adjunct of the drama which has the finest possibilities. From the point of view of the advance agent, turning reluctantly from a grand inspiring Pisgah-sight of HOWELLS and MARK TWAIN on play-bills and posters all over the continent, their withdrawal of the drama must have seemed sheer, disgusting imbecility.)

You will remember, too, what was said of the American theatre in a conversation between Evans and Sewell in *Lemuel Barker*. It is likely, then, that—

"I, bearing in mind all these things," said the ingenious man, taking the pipe from his mouth, "and in addition thereto the fact Wiggins, of Ottawa, has met with indifferent success as a prophet, do hereby venture so far as to predict,—smiting with my fist the table in THE VARSITY sanctum, on this the ninth day of November, at eleven minutes to one in the morning,—that Howells is going to do something big at the drama some of these days. Give me a match, I prithee, good me lord, that I may light me pipe again withal."

This was how we talked round the Table a month ago. We thought it best, however, to allow Howells more time, and we are pleased to see that in this month's *Harper's* a comedy of his appears, and, moreover, the announcement is made that in the number for February he will begin a new novel. I may mention in this connection that within the past month two letters were printed in THE VARSITY, with the heading "A Street Wanted." The City Council has posted placards along St. George street announcing that the new street is to be opened at once. We begin to perceive that we have weight. Our feelings are like those of the editor of the two-sheet paper in the country town who came in on a dead-head ticket to see a company of barnstormers act *Richelieu* in the town-hall. At the words,

"The pen is mightier than the sword,"

he arose and removed his hat. Or as Artemus Ward reports the meeting in Baldinsville—

"'I am identified, young man, with a Arkymedian leaver which moves the world,' said the Editor, wiping his auburn brow with his left coat tail. 'I allude, young man, to the press. Terms, two dollars a year, invariably in advance. Job printing executed with neatness and dispatch!' And with this brilliant burst of elekanee the editor introduced Mr. J. Brutus Hinkins, who is sufferin' from an attack of College in a naberin' place."

Do we not sometimes miscall novelty progress? Whether progressive or not, there is something very attractive in ideas that point to a revolution in society. The majestic sweep of the new tide of thought, (looking merely at its deductions without scanning too closely its hypothetical foundations) carries us away with enthusiasm, and we forget how to reason patiently. It is tame and insipid in comparison to laboriously examine the old, to detect its

kernel of truth. For such core even the most barbarous of politics assuredly had. No society can be based upon a lie. But when in the course of time the civil constitution becomes untrue and therefore unjust, it cannot persist. For then men's minds begin to run wild and riot to the tune of the French Revolution. Such was the lesson of that upheaval, and so sharp, that repetition must be unnecessary.

While thus much may perhaps be sufficient to indicate the general attractiveness of communistic theories, it must be supplemented in the case of those educated visitors to the old world who return imbued therewith. Anarchism, indeed, may be left out of view, for such form of thought can be forgiven the educated man only on the plea of dyspeptic pessimism.

But our friend, who has a natural bent for social investigations spends a few months in Paris where he examines the proletariat at close quarters. The misery and hopeless degradation of the lowest class appeals to his sensibility, and he seems to pay all demands in full (without much self sacrifice it is true) when he rushes to embrace the proletariat, and in the fulness of his feeling exclaims, "Brother, I too am of the *commune*; my heart bleeds for you." On his return we naturally ask about the great Redflagged. With a knowing nod of the head, and in mysterious tones, the reply will be, "Well! I think there's something in it." Perhaps there is the least spice of vanity in his dilettante socialism. It is so picturesque to hint darkly that one has advanced views on social questions. I would not like to say that this picturesqueness is the motive that prompts the profession; but it is pleasing to know that there is this compensation.

If there is one word that a first year student comes to have a positive dislike for it is *freshman*, until the period of his trial is over, and he obtains the footing of an all-wise sophomore, his seniors never lose an opportunity of informing him that he is fresh. This epithet dates back to a time when salt was actually administered to new students by their considerate elders, for salt was a classical emblem of learning and wisdom. Here follows an extract describing how a freshman was qualified at old English colleges.

"On this important occasion the freshmen were obliged to doff their gowns and bands, and look as much like scoundrels as possible; after which they mounted a form that was placed upon a table, and declaimed to the grinning and shouting students below. In the meantime a huge brazen pot of caudle was bubbling on the fire before them, to refresh such of the orators as had recited their speeches gracefully; but those who had acquitted themselves indifferently had their caudle qualified with salt; while those who declaimed very ill were drenched with salted beer, and subjected to sharp admonishment by pinches on the chin from the thumb-nails of the seniors."—*Knight, History of England*.

How different all this from the mild treatment in our college of the few luckless wights that have incurred the great displeasure of their seniors. Called before ye mufti, they have counsel graciously allowed them, who spare no quirks of student law to get them off. Ye chariot of the sun, from long disuse has its lustre dimmed, for none but the gravest offences are now visited with aught but reprimand and humiliation. This year, I am informed, no one of the accused was forced to tread the mystic dance to clear himself from the taint of freshdom by that trying ordeal.

A friend of mine has written to me an account of a letter by Keats, which was sold with the Osgood collection in New York last winter. The handwriting is small, and on one quarto leaf. The first page has some lines scratched out at the top, and beneath them "Oxf—" and "My dear friends." The reverse page contains the address, "Miss Reynolds, Mrs. Earle's, Little Hampton, Sussex," in the middle of the page; at the bottom are eight lines, and at the top nine lines, signed "Yours truly, John Keats." There is a postmark "1817," and a clearly impressed seal of a classical head, slightly broken. The letter is curious:

".....But let us refresh ourselves from this depth of thinking and turn to some innocent jocularity, the Bow cannot always be bent, nor the gun always loaded if you ever let it off..... There you are among sands, stocks, stones, pebbles, beaches, cliffs, rocks, deeps, shallows, weeds, ships, boats (at a distance), carrots, turnips, sun, moon, and stars, and all these sort of things—here am I among colleges, halls, stalls, plenty of trees, thank God—plenty of water, thank heaven—plenty of books, thank the Muses—plenty of snuff, thank Sir Walter Raleigh—plenty of segars, ditto—plenty of flat country, thank Tellus's rolling pin."

"In Lord Houghton's life of Keats," said the ingenious man, "we read of how the poet once scorched his epiglottis with red pepper, to enjoy the delightful sensation of cooling it with claret. It's a pity he did not know enough to fill up on claret some night,—he'd have had a thirst next morning that he wouldn't sell for fifty dollars."

Then Spinx said: "That's a great scheme, but it's nothing to
SCHEME 157."

HH.

UNIVERSITY AND COLLEGE NEWS.

All reports from Societies must reach us by noon on Thursday to ensure insertion.

The present is the last regular issue of THE VARSITY for this term. The holiday number will appear in Christmas week, and will be sent to the addresses desired by our undergraduate subscribers, who will find a list for that purpose in the janitor's room.

Cricket I know, and Rugby I know, but what is this Hockey?

What about a course of Saturday Popular Lectures for the winter months?

R. J. Duff, '85, is in law with Coatsworth and Hodgins, Barristers, of this city.

The familiar sound of "Shove Varsity!" is no longer heard on the lawn. The "Elevens," too, have time to reflect on past victories.

Mr. W. H. Hunter, '87, was appointed by the Young Men's Liberal Club as delegate to the Reform Convention, held in Temperance Hall last Thursday evening.

Several of the affiliated colleges, as well as a number of the societies and clubs in and around University College, fail to report regularly to the news columns of THE VARSITY. Let us have regular and full reports. If at any time they are handed in and do not appear in the next issue, or appear in shortened form, it is on account of limited space.

The GLEE CLUB met for practise as usual on Friday afternoon. A communication was received from Mr. D. G. Symons, inviting the club to sing at the Church of the Redeemer on the 16th inst., on which date a "Pound" concert is to be given. The invitation was accepted.—Mr. T. Nattress was elected to respond to the toast, "The Glee Club," at the Undergraduate Dinner, Dec. 9th.—It will be necessary that extra rehearsals be held in order to meet engagements.

The S. P. S. Engineering Society held their last regular meeting for this year on Tuesday last, Dec. 7th, at 3 p.m.—Professor Galbraith presiding. Mr. T. Wickett, of the 1st year, read an interesting paper on "Masonry," Mr. J. L. Leask, of the 2nd year specials, following with one on "Shafts, Belts and Pulleys." The subject for discussion—"Preservation of Iron"—was opened by Mr. Martin, and discussed by the society. Discussions of late have become more general and interesting. Mr. G. H. Richardson was elected to represent the Society at the "Undergraduate Dinner" on Thursday next.

The regular Thursday evening meeting of the University College Y. M. C. A. was held in their hall, with a somewhat smaller attendance than usual, owing no doubt in part to the undergraduate dinner, which was held that evening. Mr. F. Tracy, who was leader for the occasion, opened up a profitable discussion in a clear and interesting way on the "Christian's commission" (John 17:18). The point that was insisted on was the similarity which exists between the business of the Christian and the work of Christ, viz., the preaching of the gospel. It is expected that Hon. S. H. Blake will give an address next Thursday evening at the usual hour.

MODERN LANGUAGE CLUB.—A French meeting was held on Monday afternoon in the Reading room of the Y. M. C. A. building. Mr. Gibbard read an excellent essay on Gautier's *Emux et Camées*, finishing with a translation of *Ars Victorix* by Dobson. Mr. Jeffrey read an essay on *Le Capitaine Fracasse*, in which the plot of the story was sketched. Readings were contributed by the Misses Withrow and Robson. Mr. Steen was elected to respond on behalf of the Club on Thursday night. Owing to the resignation of Mr. J. H. Moss, the position of Recording Secretary is vacant. Election next Monday.—Messrs Spence and W. C. Ferguson are the candidates. Schiller's "*Die Riuuber*" and "*Kabale und Liebe*" form the subject of next meeting.

TRINITY MEDICAL SCHOOL.—Lectures close on the 16th inst., and commence on 4th Jan. '87. Mr. Philip represented the School at the recent McGill College dinner. Our own dinner, held in the Rossin House, was a great success. Mr. McLurg was the elected chairman on the occasion. The Lieut. Governor and other celebrities of the city were present; also a representative from the Toronto Womens' Medical College.—The Lieut. Governor gives our students a Reception on Saturday afternoon.—Our new Professors, J. L. Davison, L. R. C. P., on Materia Medica, and E. B. Shuttleworth, on Pharmacy, are making themselves efficient and popular. Mr. Davison especially, with his entertaining lectures, is a fine addition to the staff.

A MISSIONARY CONCERT (the second of a series to be continued monthly) was held in Y. M. C. A. Hall, on the afternoon of Dec. 7th. A large number of University and Theological students were in attendance. Mr. T. Logie, B. A., Fellow in Mental and Moral Science in the College, occupied the chair and, in a few well chosen words, introduced the Rev. Dr. Kellogg, of this city. The doctor has been a missionary in India for some twelve years himself and, on this occasion, spoke from experience on the subject, "India as I saw it." He regards the people of India very favorably as a social people, and gives a vivid sketch of the climate and country. He speaks encouragingly of the difficulties and pleasures of mission work there. At the close of the address, various questions were handed in to the rev. gentleman, and were ably answered. These concerts are both interesting and instructive.

TORONTO MEDICAL SCHOOL:—On Wednesday of last week the students attended in a body the funeral of the late Mrs. Dr. Barret. His Honour the Lieut.-Governor gives an "At Home" to all medical students on Saturday, 11th inst. The following officers were elected, on Tuesday, the 7th, to reorganize the Glee Club:—President, Mr. Egbert; Musical Director, Mr. Halliday; Secretary-Treasurer, T. H. Halsted; Business Committee, Messrs. Egbert, Halliday, Tovell, and Proctor. Mr. Galloway represented Toronto School of Medicine at the Annual Dinner of McGill Medical School. Mr. Kitchen dines with the Dental students. Mr. G. Acheson, M.A., was elected by acclamation to represent the School at the dinner in Convocation Hall, on Thursday night. Mr. G. Chambers has overcome his dislike to the dissecting room, and now Cherry W. may be found at all times of the day busy on one of his three parts. Mr. A. T. Hunter, after an absence of several years, has returned to his studies.

The following is the PROGRAMME of the "K" Company Concert, on Tuesday evening, December 14th, in Convocation Hall:—Part I.—1. "Canadian Boat Song," University College Glee Club. 2. Violin Solo (piano accompaniment) Gavotte op. 23, Miss Geikie and Dr. A. J. Geikie. 3. Song, "The Soldier's Goodbye," Mr. Mercer. 4. Piano Solo, March (Tannhauser) *Wagner-Liszt*, Miss Gunther. 5. Duett, "Coming Home," Messrs. J. L. and W. A. Geddes. 6. Song, "A Dream," Miss Berryman. 7. Presentation of prizes won at annual rifle match, November 6th, 1886. Part II.—1. Part Song, "The Three Chafers," University College Glee Club. 2. Song, "My Own True Love," Miss Fanny Wright. 3. Reading, (selected), Lieut.-Col. G. T. Denison. 4. Romance, "Alice, Where Art Thou?" Mr. Gorrie. 5. Song, "Alone in the Desert," Mr. Walker Sparkes. 6. Song (selected), Mr. W. Restall. 7. God Save the Queen. Musical Director—W. Elliott Haslam. Members of "K" Company and other corps are requested to appear in uniform. Concert to commence at eight o'clock.

WYCLIFFE'S first Public Debate of the year was held on Friday, Dec. 3rd, before an audience numbering over four hundred. His Worship, the Mayor, graced the chair. A very *à propos* Inaugural was given by the President, N. W. Hoyles, Esq., M.A., on the subject of Debating Societies. Messrs. Lynch and Skey charmed the audience as Brutus and Cassius in their celebrated quarrel. A fairly sung Glee by the students paved the way for a debate on the weighty social question, "That the Selfishness of Wealth is the Main Cause of the Mental, Moral and Religious Degradation of the Poor in Cities." W. A. Frost, B.A., stated the case very moderately, showing the carelessness and indifference of the wealthy to be a great factor in the degradation of the poor. His grand finale of a Syllogism in Barbara concisely stated almost took the ground from under the negative. However, Mr. Hamilton spoke up boldly and being ably supported by Mr. O'Meara, who worked against Mr. May, turned the audience in favor of the down-trodden capitalist. The "Vesper Hymn," as a quartette, and a vote of thanks to the Chairman, closed a pleasant evening's entertainment.

The regular weekly meeting of the Historical and Political Science Association was held in McMillan's Hall, Dec. 8th, President Houston in the chair. After the transaction of business, the President introduced Mr. Alfred Jury, who addressed the Association on "Convict Labour in Competition with Free Labour." The address was from the stand-point of the Labour Party, and was delivered in a clear and vigorous style. The speaker showed the rising practical importance of the question of this continent—a question not so much of the production of wealth as of its equal distribution, which is more important. He held that the present system of employing criminals is unjust; for (1) it does not reform criminals, but often makes them, by transferring a great portion of a trade to the prisoners, thus throwing labourers out of employment and bringing them to want, which is a parent of crime; (2) it discriminates in favour of the rich against the poor. Contractors secure the labour of convicts at very low rates, so that the labour of honest men is degraded by their being obliged to compete with felons for labour, besides assisting to support prisons; (3) it places a premium on crime by giving criminals the knowledge of a trade, while honest men have to make sacrifices in order to pay some one to teach their sons a trade. When the speaker finished, a number

of questions were asked, and a lively discussion followed, in which Messrs. Hume, Aikins and Russell took part. On motion, a vote of thanks was tendered Mr. Jury. Next Wednesday Mr. Philips Thomson is expected to speak on "Socialism."

A BUSINESS MEETING was held in Y. M. C. A. Hall on Friday afternoon, Dec. 3rd, to consider the final report of the Building Committee. The President occupied the chair, opening the meeting with reading and prayer. The Committee reported favourably and handed over the new Y. M. C. A. building to the Association, furnished and free of debt. Following is the financial statement:—

(1) Subscriptions—	By the Senate.....	\$1,125 00
	" Faculty.....	232 00
	" Undergraduates.....	939 07
	" Graduates.....	1,419 25
	" Outside friends.....	3,198 88
	Making a total of.....	\$6,914 20
(2) Receipts—	From the Senate.....	\$1,125 00
	" Faculty.....	232 00
	" Undergraduates.....	879 07
	" Graduates.....	1,384 25
	" Outside friends.....	3,144 88
	Total Receipts.....	\$6,765 20
(3) Expenses—	For Masonry, to Crutten.....	\$2,215 87
	" Carpenter work, to Forbes.....	2,448 80
	" Gas fixtures.....	83 20
	" Painting, to O'Connor.....	251 20
	" Slating, to Rennie.....	230 00
	" Plastering, to Walsh & Sharpe.....	306 80
	" Plumbing, to W. J. McGuire & Co.....	158 37
	" Galvanized Iron, to John Douglas.....	232 00
	" Furnace, to J. F. Pease.....	252 00
	To Gordon & Helliwell, architects.....	200 00
	Travelling expenses in collecting.....	64 99
	Balance on Organ (which was in part a gift).....	51 61
	Mantel.....	57 00
	To Gas Co.....	12 40
	Printing, Stationery and Postage.....	49 68
	Insurance for three years.....	44 00
	Coal.....	24 80
	Telegraphing.....	1 18
	House furnishings.....	20 92
	Cleaning building.....	8 00
	The total expense in connection with the erection and completion of the building was.....	\$6,712 82
(4) Losses, consisting in subscriptions unpaid and unobtainable.....		\$ 73 00
(5) Assets—	(a) Balance on hand.....	52 13
	(b) Subscriptions unpaid, but which may yet be collected.....	76 00
	(c) Postage Stamps.....	18
	Total.....	\$128 31

Hearty votes of thanks were passed to the retiring Building Committee, of whom Mr. A. J. McLeod collected \$4,256 83, Mr. J. McP. Scott \$365.00, and Mr. A. H. Young \$788.12; to the ladies of the city for furnishing the building so handsomely; and to the Bursar of University College, through whom the Committee received \$1,355.00. The Committee, in handing over the surplus money, recommended the purchase of a table, book-case and such other necessary articles. It is just two years ago last Thanksgiving Day since Mr. S. H. Blake headed the list of subscribers toward the erect-on of a building for Y. M. C. A. purposes. The College authorities donated the ground to build on. It remains now for the students themselves to make the success of the Association even still greater than it has been in the past in University College circles.

Last Friday evening, Dec. 3rd, the usual meeting of the Literary and Scientific Society was held in Moss Hall. The attendance was unusually small, doubtless owing to the fact that public debates were held in both Wycliffe College and McMaster Hall. Mr. Thompson opened the programme with a song, "The Mermaid," and, on receiving an encore, rendered "Dere's a heap ob Trouble on dis Ole Man's mind." in a style which showed clearly that comic singing is his forte. Mr. Pearson then made his first appearance before the Society with a recitation. These two gentlemen succeeded in confirming the already formed opinion of the excellent ability of the freshman year. Mr. W. H. Hunter read an essay on "The Puritan Element in American Character." Mr. A. H. Young also favoured the audience with a solo. Then followed the debate, the subject of which was, Resolved: "That Anarchy, Nihilism, and Socialism might be abated if proper concessions were made by the

wealthy and privileged classes." J. McP. Scott and W. Prendergast argued in support of the affirmative, while J. A. Sparling and J. D. McD. Spence maintained the negative. Mr. Scott treated of Nihilism and German Socialism in a speech which, if somewhat prosy, was, nevertheless, telling, and showed careful consideration of the subject. He said that it was useless to try to stamp out that which contained an element of truth, and that so far the only way to deal with these evils had been to treat their supporters as reasonable men. In Germany, for instance, by judicious and proper concession Socialism had lost so much of the objectionable element as to become the popular party in the last elections. Mr. Sparling confined himself to a refutation of the preceding speech, which he apparently failed to grasp. He believed education of the masses to be the only remedy for admitted evils. Mr. Prendergast advocated concession in such a state of affairs as we find at present existing in Ireland in the matter of land tenure. Mr. Spence, in a fluent speech, closed the debate for the negative. His argument was that concession means simply the triumph and consequent strengthening of Socialism, and that, as a matter of fact, society, as a whole, is moving in that direction. He considered Socialism, not in the sense which inevitably attaches to the word when associated with Nihilism and Anarchy, but as he himself defined it, "The governing by society as a body of everything concerning them as a body." None of the speakers seemed to thoroughly grasp the subject. Concession of their rights will certainly take the ground from beneath the feet of agitators of whatever kind, but this can only be accomplished by the conversion of a majority to at least a part of their views. Socialism, *so far as it is evil*, will, however, be diminished by proper concession. This view was evidently taken by the meeting, for, when Mr. Biggar, (who, on the President being obliged to leave, had taken the chair,) submitted the question, it was decided in favour of the affirmative. The committee was given power to arrange, if possible, for intercollegiate debates. Mr. J. O. Miller was appointed to reply on behalf of the Society to the toast of College Societies at the Annual Dinner.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE VARSITY is conducted by undergraduates of the University of Toronto, and will appear every Saturday of the academic year. It aims at being the exponent of the views of the University public, and will always seek the highest interests of our University. The Literary Department will, as heretofore, be a main feature. In the present issue appears the fifth of a series of articles on the University of Toronto. The news columns are full and accurate, containing reports of all meetings of interest to its readers. A special holiday number will be issued during Christmas week.

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DI-VARSITIES.

Japan boasts of a singing fish. It has musical scales, we suppose.

In the olden time we lived by days of toil.
Now we live by Knights of Labour.

"The good die young." That accounts for the bald-heads at dizzy shows.

Shakespeare never billed his plays. Yet he builded better than he knew, Bill did.

Silence may be golden, but it doesn't necessarily make a millionaire of a mule.

"Now, then," said the dancing master, when he was setting his clock, "all hands around."

The degree that Harvard conferred on Princeton seems to be somewhere about 260 Fahrenheit.

When the roast turkey was stuffed with chestnuts, Jones said it was time to ring the dinner bell!

"Have you ever seen a ghost, Pogkins?"
"No, Snippit," was the spirited reply, "and I never expectre."

Diner.—"Waiter, I see you have got turtle soup on the menu. Is it mock turtle?"
Waiter—"No, sir, mud."

Women have been admitted to the Bar in several States. We have always contended that the country was drying up.

This is the latest witicism with which W. S. Gilbert is credited. "It is easy enough for bishops to be good on a salary of £5,000 a year," said the satirical dramatist, looking round on a select circle of literary friends, "but we have to be good for nothing"—a pause—"and some of us are."

"My son," said the father of a convicted bigamist, "you have brought degradation enough upon me, without this final blow to the family name." "I was only following your advice, father," answered the prisoner. "You told me the last time I got into trouble to 'take a brace'—and I took them."

"How is it none of my contributions are ever used?" asked a would-be contributor of an editor. "You must be mistaken. Do you write on one side of the paper only?" "Certainly." "Then it's all right. We write our editorials on the blank side. Never be afraid of your contributions not being used."

"Yes," said Mr. Hendricks to the minister, "I am proud of that dog. Why, he knows the different days of the week." Just then the dog began to run to a gun which stood in the corner, then back to his master, and wag his tail. "He's made a mistake this time, Pa," said young Bobby, "He thinks it's Sunday."

"Habit" is hard to overcome. If you take off the first letter it doesn't change "a bit." If you take off another you have a "bit" left. If you take off another the whole of "it" remains. If you remove another it is not "t" totally used up. All of which goes to show that if you wish to be rid of a bad habit you must throw it off altogether.

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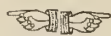
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THE VARSITY

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A BALLADE OF CALYPSO.

The loud black flight of the storm diverges
Over a spot in the loud-mouthed main,
Where, crowned with summer and sun, emerges
An isle unbeaten of wind or rain.
Here, of its sweet queen grown full fain,—
By whose kisses the whole broad earth seems poor,—
Tarrys the wave-worn prince, Troy's bane,
In the green Ogygian Isle secure.

To her voice our sweetest songs are dirges.
She gives him all things, counting it gain.
Ringed with the rocks and ancient surges,
How could Fate dissever these twain?
But him no loves or delights retain,
New knowledge, new lands, new loves allure;
Forgotten the perils and toils and pain,
In the green Ogygian Isle secure.

So he spurns her kisses and gifts, and urges
His weak skiff over the wind-vest plain,
Till the grey of the sky in the grey sea merges,
And nights reel round, and waver and wane.
He sits once more in his own domain;
No more the remote sea-walls immure;—
But ah! for the love he shall clasp not again
In the green Ogygian Isle secure.

L'Envoi.

Princes, and ye whose delights remain,
To the one good gift of the gods hold sure,
Lest ye too mourn in vain, in vain,
Your green Ogygian Isle secure!

Windsor, N.S.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

THE UNDERGRADUATE GOWN.

Without entering at all into the deep philosophy of distinctive costumes in the case of the *animal implume*, the featherless biped, man, I am desirous of putting on record, as a matter of fact, the origin of the existing undergraduate gown of the University of Toronto. It was intended, in its form and adornment, to be a tribute to the memory of one whose name will be ever interwoven with the early history of higher education in these parts, the Rev. Dr. Joseph Hemington Harris, first principal of Upper Canada College. Dr. Harris had been a member of Clare Hall, in the University of Cambridge, and not merely a member, but a fellow of his College, a position often quickly attained by a fifth Wrangler, as the doctor was, in 1822. When King's College, Toronto, was being organized, it was suggested by some one among the large group of Dr. Harris' Canadian *élèves*, that the gown worn by him when an undergraduate should be the one adopted in the new Canadian University. The idea was entertained; and hence it has come to pass that the distinctive undergraduate habit of University College, Toronto, successor to King's College, Toronto, is today that of an ancient and distinguished foundation in the University of Cambridge—ancient, as dating from A.D. 1326, and distinguished, as being the

“grete college
Men clepe the Soler Hall at Cantabrege,”

spoken of by Chaucer in the *Reve's Tale*, and the College of Geoffrey Chaucer himself. At least, so the tradition runs.

The undergraduate gown of Clare Hall is the same in form as that of the Bachelor of Arts of the University, except that perhaps it is somewhat less ample, and the sleeve, instead of being open from the shoulder, is closed down to the inner angle of the elbow, and just over this inner angle three chevrons of black velvet are to be seen, a device doubtless borrowed from the College shield of arms, on a part of which three chevrons appear.

While at the present time the undergraduate gown of all the seventeen separate Colleges in the University of Cambridge is alike in shape, it is differenced for each particular college by a special mark, so that to the experienced eye, a man's college is known at a glance. Clare Hall, for example, or Clare College, as in later years it has been authoritatively designated, has these three chevrons; St. John's College has in the same position three horizontal bars; other colleges employ a system of narrow plaits, transverse or vertical, on the facings of the gown, and other slight minutiae of ornament, while the Trinity undergraduate has a special distinction of which he is very proud; his gown, while not varying in shape from the standard pattern, is wholly violet-coloured or blue. The Trinity undergraduate thus sometimes exchanges his undergraduate garb with regret, for the sombre habiliments of the graduate, by means of which he is merged in the general crowd more than he had been before, the B.A. ribbons to the contrary notwithstanding, which, though intended to be tied across the breast to secure the gown on the shoulders, are usually allowed to float to the right and left on the breeze, *dignitatis causâ*.

Still, after all, it is to be observed that the present undergraduate gown of Cambridge is not an ancient institution. I am in a position to say that, for I happened to be a denizen of the place when a wonderful change was effected in its undergraduate habiliments in the year 1836. I feel pretty sure that is the date, when an order came from the Caput or Executive of the university that henceforth the primitive, immemorial undergraduate costume was to be abandoned and the habit already above described assumed in its stead; the questionists, *i. e.*, the fourth year men of the year, being at the same time considerably excused the necessity of providing themselves with new gowns.

Now, it must be confessed that the old undergraduate habit had at the time become a most disreputable-looking affair throughout the whole university. Originally it was a longish vestment descending to about the middle of the calf of the leg, and made of strong, lustrous Russell cord, quite handsome to behold when new, so far as its material was concerned. Moreover, it was rather richly adorned with silk velvet down its sides, and had a broad, rectangular flap of the same material falling over the shoulders, after the manner of the collar of a man-of-war's man's blue shirt. But the garment was entirely destitute of sleeves, and when on it had the exact appearance of a child's pinafore put on the wrong way. With every one who was at all sensitive on the point of exterior effect, the habiliment was most unpopular. It became a practice, even with the newly-arrived in the university, to prefer second-hand specimens, which were not difficult to procure, rusty in hue, frayed in outline. And then, as to be clothed with the article to the smallest extent possible was an object, it was from time to time curtailed more and more, the skirts of the ordinary coat becoming more and more grotesquely conspicuous below

it as the academic terms rolled on. The ignominious title of "curtain" universally bestowed upon it was an insinuation that its sole function was to be a kind of veil suspended over the less comely portion of the human frame. These studied exaggerations of the deformity of the old undergraduate vestment, having become habitual and inveterate throughout the university, induced, as much as anything else, the authorities at last to decree its abolition.

Such a striking revolution as that which followed in the costume of the university could not pass over without giving rise to a number of the customary squibs and epigrams. I shall quote a few lines from a contemporary production of this sort, which I have chanced to preserve. That they may be properly understood, it will be necessary to observe that between the two all but contiguous colleges of Trinity and St. John's there is supposed to subsist a kind of continual latent rivalry, both in respect of places gained in the class lists and in respect of general college equipment, splendour of architecture, spaciousness of grounds, courts, gardens and so forth. It is also to be recalled that the undergraduate of Trinity had by some good luck been already for many years exempted from the use of the objectionable vestment, and allowed to envelope himself in the imperial colour, by virtue, it is probable, of his being a member of a royal foundation. Some caustic doggerel had come forth, as it would seem, on the Trinity side of the wall, cynically chaffing the Johnians on the figure they cut in their new undergraduate attire. The rejoinder is in this form:—

"Be it known that offended and curtainless men
Have petitioned their Laureate to take up his pen,
And with one single flourish, whose force is infinity,
Put down the vile scandalous scribbler of Trinity."

The said laureate then proceeds to indulge in a good deal of opprobrious talk and perpetrate some atrocious puns. The following specimen will suffice:

"It is very well known that our robes long and new
Have made all the Trinity gownsmen look blue,
And since we've brought down our gowns to their levels,
Our Trinity neighbour's been filled with blue ———.
Our three stripes of velvet so plain to all eyes,
Which we wear on our arms in the new-fashioned guise,
Show we're *Sergeants* at least, while it equally true's
Each Trinity man's but a *private* & *th' Blues*."

An audacious reading of a line from the *De Arte Poeticâ* heads the whole piece—"Quatuor aut plures *aulæ* premuntur in *inches*"—with "Free Translation" added—"The curtains are lengthened three or four inches."

It will now be seen that the existing undergraduate gown of the University of Toronto, adapted, as it has been narrated, from Clare Hall, in Cambridge, in honour of Principal Harris, turns out after all not to be the vestment in which that educational benefactor of Canada trod the courts of Clare Hall. In his day the undergraduate vestment worn there was the traditional one of Chaucer's era, under which the modern youth of Cambridge chafed so long.

The initiation of distinctive academic costumes in a new college in a new country led, when King's College was being put in operation, to some consideration of the question whether the habiliments proposed, if adopted at all, might not in some points be so modified as to be rendered occasionally of some practical use, as articles of dress, instead of being, as in Universities generally they have become, mere conventional ornaments? Is it not well known that most of the vestments now regarded as official costume were originally ordinary matter-of-fact articles of dress? Was not the academic square cap, now so paste-boarded and stiff, as it comes from the hands of the maker, once a skull-cap or coif, fastened sometimes under the chin with strings, with a comfortable bonnet of felt or wool put on over it? Was not the hood, with its liripe depending, the common covering of men's heads before the introduction of the beaver; and the tippet attached thereto a realistic thing for the protection of the neck and chest? Were not scarves and stoles simply mufflers, sometimes as old pictures show, actually fur boas,—thrown back over the shoulders when not in use? And was not the M.A. gown properly a loose sack with capacious sleeves provided with armholes in front, back through which the arms could be withdrawn at pleasure, and the hands thrust down into a pair of roomy mitts, the survival of which is to be seen in the horse-shoe cut of the M.A. sleeve, sometimes considered so mysterious? I do not know that any results, very

enduring, came of these suggestions. But I certainly remember seeing the President himself—if not several of the professors—wearing, as December drew on, an academic cap, covered, as to the spherical part of it, with handsome black Astrachan dog skin fur, over which the usual quadrangular trencher and tassel did not look amiss. The professor of Divinity, it may be added, invented a shovelesque winter fur cap for the use of D.D.'s and other dignitaries, provided with a broad projecting peak, and a turn-up or turn-down, as circumstances might require, fitting close to the head behind, but coming round slantingly on both sides to the broad peak in front in such a way that the whole could conveniently be worn, if necessary, under the capote of a Canadian habitan's or Hudson's Bay coat; on the *motif* of which also the professor designed a useful every day cassock, which was adopted by some, and possibly continues in use.

HENRY SCADDING.

FAME.

In days gone by of worldly fame I dreamed,
What time I lay upon the tented field
And sleep, by weary marching gained, had sealed
Mine outward eyes; and in my dream I seemed
To stand on high, where silk and jewels gleamed,
And hear the hum of praise while joy-bells pealed—
Yet in my heart there lay a woe concealed,
For never eyes on mine with true love beamed.

But now I envy not a warrior's fame
Tho' he be victor in a thousand fields;
For, once o'erthrown, the world forgets his name
And Beauty her sweet smile no longer yields—
For in thine eyes I see eternal love,
And I am famed all earthly fames above.

W. P. MCKENZIE.

TWO MODERN ENGLISH WRITERS.

It is one of the melancholy things to reflect that however crowded the age may be with more or less clever and industrious writers, few of them win contemporary fame, and fewer still, when they have gone hence, find an abiding-place in the literary annals of their time. With whatever skill and toil their books may be brought forth, how soon does the wind wail heedlessly over their once living pages, as it will one day wail heedlessly over the narrow tenement that encloses their forgotten dust! In the midst of this entombing process, which is ever repeating itself, it is with no little pleasure that we now and then note the good fortune of some writer who bids fair to defy oblivion, or who has lengthened his hold on the public attention by the possession of gifts which the world was slow to recognize and a miser to reward. In the former category we may place the comparatively little known philosophic novelist, George Meredith. True, his novels are caviare to the multitude; but for over a quarter of a century he has plied his skilful, though often cynical, pen, and striven hard to merit the fame which seems now about to be meted out to him.

To those who are wearied with the inanities of most writers of modern fiction, and who care to give the thought necessary to the intellectual enjoyment of a clever writer, who is at once a shrewd discernor and an able delineator of human character, the novels of George Meredith will be found well worthy of attention and will amply repay the labour which their careful perusal demands. Of the novelists of the time there are few, in our judgment, who possess greater intellectual power, or whose writings present a more unique individuality. Like the works of George Eliot—with whom our author may well be classed—the writings of George Meredith manifest remarkable insight, subtle and profound thought, and a quaintness of humour, which is heightened by an almost unexampled power of epigrammatic phrasing. No less remarkable is his skill in dissecting character, in analysing motives, and in laying bare the roots of human action. In dealing with present-day problems, in politics and sociology, he has the grasp and insight necessary for their elucidation, and which assure one that, however appalling these problems may at times appear, there is

at least one mind capable of throwing light upon them and of materially aiding in their solution. As few of his writings seem to be known to Canadian lovers of fiction, and but one or two are to be met with in the cheap libraries, we may indicate such of his novels as are most deserving, not of popularity—for they are not simple enough to win that—but of the interest and attention of the thoughtful reader. These are: "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," "Emilia in England," "Rhoda Fleming," "Vittoria," "Beauchamp's Career," "The Egoist," "Evan Harrington," and "Diana of the Crossways." The first and last two of these we would especially recommend. The range of interest and diversity of theme in these stories will surprise and delight the reader; while he will find in the author's poems and comedies, if he cares to seek them out, much vigorous, though sometimes too recondite thought, which belong to great creative intellects, with a delicacy of touch characteristic of the true poet.

Into neither the plot nor the incidents of Mr. Meredith's novels have we space here to enter, nor can we indicate further the treat in store for the studious reader of them who makes their acquaintance for the first time. Again we say that these novels require thought on the part of the reader; but if he can get over their sometimes tedious prologues and become accustomed to their author's portentous mannerisms, he will be abundantly rewarded. As a writer of English, if in nothing else, George Meredith is well worthy of study. His style, though terse and compact, is bright and luminous; his imagination is rich and vivid; and his sympathies are broad and generous. Besides these attractions, Mr. Meredith is a most instructive and suggestive writer, one that has, in a marked degree, what so many novelists of the day lack—genius.

Another comparatively little known author who is rapidly making a place for herself in the literature of the time is the lady who writes under the pseudonym of Vernon Lee. Her real name, we believe, is Violet Paget. She is of English birth, though she was educated in Italy, and has long been a resident of that country. Her style, like George Meredith's, is her own; but, unlike that novelist's, it is florid and discursive; though her work is equally charged with thought, and is at times overburdened with ethical purpose. Vernon Lee, though she has very marked natural gifts, is the blossom—we had almost said, the full-blown flower—of the higher education of women. This she herself almost admits in a passage occurring in a collection of Essays on the Renaissance in Italy, which, while it bears the marks of youthful enthusiasm is at the same time rich in thought and richer still in suggestion. Speaking of these essays, our author says that "they are mere impressions developed by study; not merely currents of thought and feeling, which I have singled out from the multifold life of the Renaissance, but currents of thought and feeling in myself which have found and swept along with them certain items of Renaissance lore." Art is chiefly her theme—in the twin-handmaids of Music and Painting—and Italy, which she knows as the lover knows the face of his mistress, is the main field of her work. But, as a clever and cultured woman, instinct with imagination, and brimful of ideas, Vernon Lee seems capable of writing on any subject, as the range and variety of her Essays indeed bear witness. Her published work, so far, includes art, biography, religious philosophy, general literature, and fiction. In all of these departments she has challenged criticism, and in one at least her clever work has all but disarmed it. In 1880 appeared "Euphorion"—presumably named after the wondrous child of Faust and Helena, whom Carlyle speaks of as "the offspring of Northern character wedded to Grecian culture"—a volume of stories of the antique and the mediæval in the *Renaissance*. This was followed by "Belcaro," a collection of Essays on *Æsthetical Questions*, of an intensely subjective character. Her first work dealt with the great Italian musicians and composers of the eighteenth century; the latter with the painters and sculptors. These volumes are loving studies of the art-world of Italy, and display a wonderful discernment of its beauties, with a lavish praise of its creators. These again were followed by a novelette, entitled "Otilia," and by a biography in the "Eminent Women Series," of the Countess of Albany, who was married in her youth to the ill-fated Charles Stuart, the Pretender, and afterwards became the mistress of the Italian poet Alfieri. Recently we have also from her pen a novel, "A Phantom Lover," and a volume of speculative essays, entitled, "Baldwin," being "Dialogues on Views and Aspirations." This, her latest work,

has all the finer feminine qualities, of lofty aspiration and high ethical purpose, which mark Vernon Lee's writings, with the strength of the acute but, unfortunately, sceptical thinker. "Baldwin," who has been called "an atheistic sort of Socrates," discusses with a number of other interlocutors such subjects as the responsibilities of belief, the morality of vivisection, the value of the ideal in fiction, and the beneficent agencies of literature and art. On all these subjects Vernon Lee has something fresh to say, though the manner of saying it is not always happy. Still less happy are the views she puts into the mouth of the chief interlocutor. With his aspirations we cannot fail to have much sympathy, but we should like to have seen them the blossom of the soul rather than of the intellect. The moral effect of the Dialogues is almost entirely lost by the anti-Christian attitude of the characters introduced, and by the failure to see that morality does not arise from any "rule of the road," devised by the self-preserving instincts of human society, but from moral intuitions which have their ground-work in a Revelation which the interlocutors deride, and in a Being whose existence they contemptuously ignore. On purely intellectual subjects, our author, however, has the faculty of interesting the reader, and of occasionally impressing him with a sense of the nobility of her aims and the genuineness of her claim to be heard as a thinker and a teacher. With the defect we have pointed out, thoughtful readers may take up her books with profit, and find in them the earnest reflections of a clever woman and an able writer.

G. MERCER ADAM.

MY CUPID.

"Ερως φρένας ἀμφεκάλυψεν.

Iliad III., 442.

The fickle pleasure-loving race
Who peopled erstwhile storied Greece,
Whose genius, strong, refined and chaste,
Is still the model for our taste,
Were shrewd and skilled enough, I grant,
In things whereof the mere pedant
May prate, or modern aesthete rave,
The sun-light glinting on the wave,
The rustling bay or olive leaf,
The scented gold of harvest's sheaf,
The god-like grace of human form,
The darkling glory of the storm,
As whistling from the north it lowered
O'er straining forest-tops, and poured
Its gushing, gusty squadrons down
On waving fields and fallows brown,
Or swept where white-waved billows roar
In long succession to the shore.

Fancy's swift shuttle, with bright threads like these,
Filled warp and woof of life for them with colors sure to please.

And when their grave philosophers first strove
To enter Mind's dark kingdom, and unlock
Its stores of mystery, the treasure trove,
The spoils of intellect, won by the shock
Of labored onset on the forest grim
Of Ignorance rude and cruel, furnish him
With clew who fain would tread again the way
They trod before him centuries ago.
Or when the Muse inspired the Poet's heart
With lofty passion's generous ebb and flow,
How sweet the numbers rose at his behest,
Whether to melting love he tuned his lyre,
Or swept its ringing, echoing chords with patriotic fire.

But though in pride of intellect, in patriot zeal,
The sons of Hellas stand aloof, alone,
A long-robed shadowy throng, not stern, but drawing close
About their faces ghostly cerements
Of greatness long-departed but unequalled still;
Though poets never sang like theirs, nor grew

Under the sculptor's chisel rare such forms
Of breathing, speaking beauty as their gods,
Their Zeus and Artemis from Pheidias' cunning hand,
How strangely they mistook in bodying forth
Their God of Love, their Eros, as a petulant boy,
Blind, winged, with bow and stinging arrows armed,
A peevish, vengeful child, not brooking cheek nor cross,
But wild, imperious, coquettish, coy.

Type truer far in you, dear girl, I find
Than quick Hellenic fancy could divine
For Love, the master-passion of our kind,
That moving melting force, that in such wise
Does one day enter into change the mould
Our very souls were cast in, and to fill
With Heaven's own glow the loveless heart and cold,
Till love's new cadences on my heart-strings thrill.

Far be the spoilt blind boy from me, dear heart,
When you are in my thoughts; your sparkling eye
Is lighted not at Anger's torch; no part
Nor lot has lurid peevish jealousy
In your dear breast; motive unkind or low
Can find no harbour there; the kindling blush
That rises mantling over cheek and brow
Is sweet as dew-dipped rose, no forced affected flush.

How sweeter far to me your matron's grace,
The arch coquetry of your clear dark eyes,
Than the winged boy's bright dimpled changeless face
Where the true melting love-light never lies.
Mere beauty I could never love; beneath
The fairest face there lurks the grinning skull;
The tender heart and kindly soul that breathe
In face and feature make your love so masterful.

J. T. FOTHERINGHAM.

AN AFFECTATION OF THE POETS.

Chief among the affectations of the poets is that tendency to gloom observable in so many writers of verse of the present day. Sadness, world-weariness, hopelessness, is literally the burden of their strain—a burden that they bear all too willingly. It seems like a hard and cruel thing to say of suffering, it is an affectation, and of grief, it is unreal, but the practical mind is frequently moved to the reflection that the amount of effort now expended in clanking chains would be sufficient, if rightly expended, to break them.

"I sometimes deem it half a sin
To put in words the grief I feel,"

says Tennyson, and having encouraged us by this bit of confidence, we feel like going a step farther, even to the verge of intimating that to our unpoetic sense it would be better to substitute "often" and "wholly" for "sometimes" and "half," respectively. We are told too frequently that this is a weary world of woe. The statement is smooth and alliterative, and one is tempted to give mournful cadence to it when one remembers old age, with its infirmities, middle age, with its blighted hopes and ruined prospects, youth's broken hearts, and childhood's cut fingers and shattered toys. Very sad are these, and very real to those who suffer from them. But it is only children and poets who make a wanton display of their griefs. They sigh and sob and will not be comforted. They are certain that because the day is cloudy and their pleasure is postponed, that therefore all the days of their lives will be dark, and that for them pleasure, except as a name, has ceased to exist. If it is a sign of immaturity, of what one may call amateurishness in life to weep and bewail, "to curse the heavens and die," why not in literature?

In a world of unrealities there is nothing quite so fantastically unreal as poetic woes. The poet deplores his loss—as though anything could ever belong to us; he broods over his affliction—as though to keep open an old wound were the best thing for it, or for him, or for the unwilling spectator: and continually reminds us that "earth is a place of graves." What have we to do with graves? They concern us not.

They are of the earth, earthy. The materialists are welcome to them. May they take possession of them soon!

However real sorrow may seem to the rest of us, one must always think it an affectation in the poet. In his heart he dimly feels it to be such. What fellowship have the lofty virtues of courage, hope, faith and patience with the weak souls that rail at fate? Happiness, like heat, is invisible and intangible, and yet it is the life of the world. It is positive, indestructible, immortal. It is the broad and strong foundation of our being, but in our gross materialism, accustomed to distrust what we cannot see, we build too slightly upon it, and then complain because around the frail structure that we have hesitatingly reared, the storms of life beat heavily, and its windowless interior is chill and dark.

"Build thee more stately mansions, oh, my soul!
As the swift seasons roll,
Leave thy low-vaulted past!"

This is the adjuration of the strong-souled poet.

After all, what is this sorrow of which so much is sung and said? "She is no transient guest," proclaims one of the sad-eyed singers. But it is equally certain that she will not outstay her welcome. No need to be harsh in her dismissal. The worthy Quaker, who was sorely plagued by a stranger, who lingered an interminable time within his gates, finally freed himself by introducing this striking clause into his morning petitions: "And oh, Lord, we entreat thy special blessing upon our dear friend, Samuel B., who is to depart from us this day." Is it too much to say that no grief is blest until it departs from us? So long as it sat at our table and slept beneath our roof it was a continual source of irritation and depression. But now the clouds lift, the sun shines forth, frolic breezes disport with the manuscript of dismal ditties, or bear them out of sight forever:

"And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west winds play,
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day."

It is a common superstition that joy is light, effervescent, lacking in experience and wisdom, suited for children, or for the ignorant and thoughtless. The same may be said of health, which is the normal condition of everyone. Sadness is soul-sickness. Disease, whether of soul or body, has many beautiful outward appearances, but its substance is unsoundness, its atmosphere is poisonous, its end is death.

It would be folly to contradict the oft-repeated statement that the poets learn in suffering what they teach in song. But what is it they teach in song? Would they have us believe that despair is the natural lot of man, and that hope and joy are made of such stuff as dreams? Then indeed they have not learned the alphabet of suffering. What grief greater than bereavement—a continual realization of the fact that we have lost a life dearer to us than our own life—and yet, note the lesson learned in this bitterest form of suffering:

"I hold it truth whate'er befall
I feel it when I sorrow most,
'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all."

There is a deeper lesson still, which lies at the very heart of suffering. It is seldom expressed in words, but we sometimes read it in glorified characters on the faces of those who have endured pain and privation, disappointment and hardship all their lives long. Briefly expressed, it is the knowledge that only through wilfulness of our own are we ever shut out of God's presence, and in His presence is fullness of joy.

To those blest singers who have escaped from the prison-house of gloom, within whose unbolted doors so many feeble souls have chosen to remain, we say not, "What of the night?" but evermore our cry goes forth, "What of the day?" In the shining distances which are yours by heritage, do you not

"Have glimpses that will make us less forlorn?"

Do you never catch sight of

"The sun which bares its bosom to the morn,"

And

"The white arms in the breakers tirelessly tossing."

Say naught to us of darkness and decay, but tell us about that blithesome time of year

"When the lily-footed spring glides out at summer's gates,"

And when

"Whether we look or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur or see it glisten."

For it is life,

"Oh, life, not death for which we pant,
More life and fuller that we want."

Poetic retrospection—introspection—vivisection! Enough,
enough!

"What though the heart's roses be ashes and dust,
What though the heart's music be dead?
Still shine the grand heavens o'erhead!"

A. ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

"LOVE'S WANING."

A RONDEAU.

O waning Love! it surely cannot be,
That this poor shrunken thing indeed is she,
Who lured me on with sweet beguiling grace,
And lingered lonely, in my warm embrace,
As coral isle lies bosomed in the sea!

Reckless of riven vows, fair, false and free;
Could my fond eyes fatality foresee,
Bathed in the light of Beauty's smiling face,
O waning Love?

And yet, could Fate once vary her decree,
And traitorous Time unroll the past for me,
I would not from the scroll one line efface,
But with affection fond would note each place
Where thou wert dear, yea! all in all to me,
O waning Love!

Toronto.

F. M. FIELD.

SIX WEEKS AT THE SOUTH.

A sojourn for about six weeks at New Orleans, early last year, gave me an opportunity of observing many things new and strange to a Canadian. For instance, in that city all the street drains, or sewers, are above ground. A main drain forms a sluggish canal in the middle of one of the wide streets or avenues; and yet the effect is not so unpleasant to the senses as might be supposed. After a heavy shower—and showers are unusually heavy in New Orleans—a steam-pump of great power was put in motion to clear the Exhibition grounds of the accumulation of water collected there.

Then, all burials are above ground. The bodies are placed in receptacles called "ovens," which are hermetically closed. Some of these are neat little brick or stone structures; others are large, and capable of containing in tiers, one above another, ten or twenty coffins. The reason for this kind of sepulture is, that water is everywhere found about two feet below the surface of the ground. The Jews, who object to this kind of burial, inter their dead under mounds raised about two or three feet above the ground level.

The French and Spanish creole quarters of New Orleans are historically of much interest to strangers. A person when there can hardly imagine that he is in America, much less under the dominion of the stars and stripes.

That national peculiarities are long-lived and die hard, even in contact with an aggressive cosmopolitanism, is abundantly demonstrated in New Orleans. The "old creole days," as sketched by George W. Cable, do not now exist, but enough of their spirit still lingers to show how averse the French, and especially the Spanish, Creole of to-day is to fraternize with *les Américaines*.

One of the most amusing incidents of a visit to New Orleans is to watch the groups of negroes—chiefly women with bright turbans—that congregate near the Cathedral and about the old French market, and listen to their incessant jabber in a

French patois peculiar to themselves, grotesquely marked as it is by the peculiarities of manner and the characteristic shrug of that vivacious nation.

Had I space I should like to say a few words about a most interesting visit which I made to Shell Beach, on an arm of the Gulf of Mexico, and also to the famous "jetties" at the main embouchure of the Mississippi into the Gulf of Mexico. Shell Beach is remarkable as exhibiting a practical example of the slow process by which the chalk cliffs of Dover were formed. On this beach there are billions of small shells which have been dashed up by the sea waves. They form hard and compact banks, and appear to be slowly becoming converted into a limestone formation.

The "jetties" are renowned as an example of the wonderful scientific skill and foresight displayed by Captain Eads, who constructed them. He successfully solved the difficult problem of keeping open an unobstructed channel to the Gulf of Mexico, through what had been the sluggish and choked-up arms or passages of the river to the Gulf. This channel was opened up through the delta which had been formed by the mud and *debris* carried down for long years from the far west and north by the great "Father of Waters."

My visit to New Orleans was, however, for a far different purpose. It had to do with the educational features of the great "International Exposition" held there last year. The Educational Exhibit at that Exposition was very complete and extensive—especially from France, Japan, Jamaica, and the several States of the Union. The exhibits from France and Japan were remarkable for their fullness and variety, while from the United States Bureau of Education at Washington and from nearly every one of the States in the Union there was no lack of pupils' work and school material displayed. A separate gallery was also set apart for an exhibition from the coloured schools. This exhibit formed a most instructive and suggestive study. It was unique in its combination, and, in many respects, was characteristic of the peculiarities of the coloured race. The mental and manual labour of the pupils in the schools was displayed in about equal proportions. The handicraft was somewhat rude, it is true, but still specimens of map-drawing, of writing, of arithmetic and of composition, as well as of cabinet work, carpentering, broom making, sewing, and quilt making, were quite creditable. The æsthetic taste of the negro was displayed in striking specimens of water colour drawings, vivid in style, and in oil paintings, not certainly copied from the "old masters." Nor was the embroidery equal to the exquisite specimens from Japan.

As one of the International Jurors selected to examine and make awards on the vast array of educational work displayed, I had an ample opportunity of noting the condition, progress and prospects of education throughout the Union and elsewhere. The study was a most instructive and practical one. It was in some respects a revelation. I felt that Ontario must look well to her laurels, or she will be left behind in the race of practical and industrial education.

Industrial education is now the question of the day, and we have barely looked at it; while France, England, and many States of the Union have, within the last few years, made it an essential feature of their educational operations.

Hitherto we have regarded the New England States as being in advance of the other States in the completeness and thoroughness of their system of education. And yet the jurors were unanimous in placing Minnesota in the highest rank of educating States. To her was awarded a grand diploma of honour, while to three of the New England States they were only enabled to award a third grade in rank. Massachusetts and Rhode Island had, in their judgment, to take second rank. As a rule, the jurors found the Western States of Indiana, Illinois, Iowa and Ohio quite in advance, both in the superior character of the pupils' work exhibited, and in the evident practical character of the teaching in the schools.

The prospects of education in the South are very cheering. The Freedman's Aid Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the Congregational and Baptist Missionary Societies, are doing good work. Many of the Southern States too, as the weight of the enormous war debt of \$400,000,000 is being lightened, are putting forth renewed effort to afford the colored population the means of acquiring a good practical education.

And yet there still lingers in many parts of the South, great hostility to the education of the quondam slaves. The influ-

ence of the Northern residents in the South is all in favour of uplifting the colored race, but they meet with much sullen, and often open opposition. It is even carried so far as to socially ostracise the educational agents and teachers from the North, especially those who seek to establish colleges and higher institutions of learning for the negroes.

Want of space forbids more than a reference to the successful solution of the problem of Indian education. The policy of the Indian Department of the United States has of late years been vigorously and judiciously directed to this end. Bands of Indian youth of both sexes have been brought from the Indian reserves and placed in such industrial schools as that at Carlisle, in Pennsylvania. There they are skilfully trained in regular habits of industry and thrift. The convenience and comforts of home-life, as enjoyed in dwelling-houses, are demonstrated to their senses and judgment, so that when they return to the reserves they carry with them the feeling that such things have become a necessity to them.

A most interesting feature of the jurors' work was to examine and make awards in several departments of women's work. A diploma of honor was awarded in the Literary division for a "collective exhibit, embracing nearly 1,400 volumes of published works in the English language by women." In the Scientific division a similar diploma was awarded for another "collective exhibit, including about fifty illustrated examples of the scientific work done by women, in astronomy, botany, chemistry, mineralogy, zoology, entomology, architecture and ethnology."

Want of time forbade a visit to the Teche country, the home of the expatriated Acadians and of Longfellow's Evangeline.

J. GEORGE HODGINS.

Toronto, December, 1886.

THE SONG IN "CYMBELINE."

"Fear no more the heat o' the sun."

Sæviat acris hyems, urat sol fervidus agros;
Nil tibi quod noceat bruma vel æstus habet.
Exactus tibi jam labor est numerataque merces;
Claudit opus vesper, tempus abire domum.
Aurea sic pueri, sic aurea turba puellæ,
Servorum ut proles sordida pulvis erunt.

Torva supercilia et gladios contemne potentum;
Imperia in manes nulla tyrannus habet.
Omnia mors æquat; nec major arundine quercus
Nec tibi vestis erit cura nec ulla cibi.
Regum non aliter sceptræ atque Machaonis artes
Pallados et doctæ munera pulvis erunt.

Ira Jovis cœlo tonet et micet ignibus æther,
Non rumpent somnos fulmina dira tuos.
Irrita nec metues mendacis verbera linguæ;
Ultimus hic luctus lætitiæque dies.
Tota cohors Veneris, toto quod in orbe juventæ est
Lege tua, exiguo tempore, pulvis erunt.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

THE STORY OF A CHANCE ACQUAINTANCE.

"Ah, there!" he said, waving his arm with easy grace as he stepped out on the pavement, cigar in hand, to meet the horse-car; and the electric light seemed to etch his form for a moment on the vague background of shadow and stir and shifting half-lights on King street before us,—for it was after eleven o'clock of a night in August, and I was standing alone with the driver on the platform of the last McCaul street car. A moment after his exclamation he was with us on the platform.

My conversation with the driver had been disjointed, owing to a habitual preoccupation of mind on his part, suggestive

of frequent dexterous clutches at the brake-handle, by which all was brought to a standstill as his eye caught the signals people make before boarding a horse-car; but between the new-comer and myself the stream of talk flowed more freely. As we moved along we spoke of one thing and another, I forget what, until our talk came to be of Poughkeepsie on the Hudson, which I knew from of old. "I didn't tell you he is my uncle," he said, when I asked him if Dr. Mayne lived still in Poughkeepsie. "His son, my cousin Jack, and myself entered Bellevue Medical School together a year ago. One of Jack Mayne's chums at the school was Gus Dekker,—you must have known Gus, too. Wasn't he sort of grad of your university?"

"Well," I admitted, "he matriculated, I believe. He was around here two years in a desultory way. Wiley, a friend of mine who was here then, used to say that Dekker was more different kinds of fool than any—"

"Yes, that's Gus Dekker! He's something like those little prize arrangements, you know, they have at church fairs. It costs you a dime ante,—only in his case you squander it in a sample room; and then you can draw him out as easy as anything, and you find there's nothing particular in him. And, besides, you knew that beforehand in both cases, and—"

I remember that as the car swept round the curve at the head of York street he was telling the following story.

"After the examinations last April, when we were all at the end of our first year, Dekker expressed a wish to get some insight into a physician's ordinary practice; and as Dr. Mayne's assistant—for he did his own dispensing—intended to be away from Poughkeepsie for a few months, it was arranged that Dekker should pass the summer with my uncle. He was delighted with the plan, and two jolly fellows they were, Jack and he, as I saw them off up the river early in June, promising to follow them before the end of the month.

"I had a postcard from Dekker before I left New York. It announced that 'except a few cases of ague there was nothing doing as yet,—the people round there were too condemned healthy for a man of ideas, who knew a thing or two about all the latest methods of treatment.' He kept his hand in, however, by spending a great deal of his time fishing and shooting with Jack. The two seemed to be having a pleasant summer.

"It happened that I did not reach Poughkeepsie until well on in July. It was seven o'clock in the evening when I arrived,—and I was evidently not expected until the next day. The doctor was not at home. Jack and Dekker, I was told, had left that afternoon for Catskill. This is a place four or five miles down the river where the doctor had built a cottage. It is as beautiful a nook as any on the Hudson, with wooded hills on either side, and in the blue distance the Catskill range where Rip Van Winkle slept his famous sleep so many years ago. In this pleasant retreat of deep woods and quiet waters there are only five or six summer residences yet. One of them has a telephone connection with Poughkeepsie.

"Well, Doctor Mayne drove up not long after I had arrived, and greeting me hastily, he passed into the dispensing room. He came out soon with several phials and instruments, and without speaking to anyone drove away again; and then my cousin Nellie gave me a letter that had been left for me. It was in Dekker's hand, and began by telling me how the doctor had given him charge of old Mrs. Hasbruck's case, and sketching out the treatment by which she was to be brought around nicely. 'I have just made up,' he wrote, 'a second lot of pills for the old lady, which I'll leave with her on my way to the river.' He then made some able remarks on the epispaetic treatment and that sort of thing, and said: 'If you don't get this note let us know to-morrow when we come back to see if you have yet arrived, and to bring you down to Catskill with us.'

"I was standing on the stoop as I read this, and when I looked up, it was to see a carter, whip in hand, coming up the path towards the house. His team was standing at the gate. He gave me a note scrawled hurriedly with a lead-pencil, and told me that as he was coming along the road two young fellows had hailed him from a small boat on the river and given him the note to carry to Doctor Mayne's, there to be read by whoever was at home, as it was important. I read it. It was from Dekker, too. He had made a mistake about that second lot

of pills for Mrs. Hasbruck. Before leaving he had changed his coat and forgotten the pills, which would be found, he wrote, in the pocket of his coat hanging in the dispensing room. He wanted them sent to Mrs. Hasbruck at once, as she had taken the last of the first lot that afternoon.

"I went into the dispensing room and searched all the pockets of the coats I found hanging there, but I didn't come upon any pills. The room was now growing darker, and as I stood puzzled and uncertain what to do, I was suddenly startled by the ringing of the telephone bell. I did not know at the time that there was telephone connection with Catskill; but my surprise was no greater than Dekker's when we found ourselves speaking to each other.

"After learning that the doctor was not at home and that the carter had given me his note, Dekker informed me that further down the river, while fixing some cartridges—they had a rifle in the boat—he had let fall into the water all the shot they had with them. 'I then made a thorough search,' he said, 'for anything available, and to my great astonishment I found Mrs. Hasbruck's pills in one of my pockets. Well, we were coming near a great place for duck, so I just loaded up with the pills and got myself in readiness, with Jack at the oars. We're having two of the three duck I brought down for supper—the third must have been meant for you.' Dekker likes to put things strongly.

"After I had promised to go out to Catskill next day, Dekker asked me to make up the pills for Mrs. Hasbruck and gave me the formula over the wires. 'They are to be exactly the same as those she has been taking,' he said; and his prescription was mainly podophyllin, or anthesis, I think,—anyway, there were minute doses of strychnia to counteract the tendency to paralysis. And while I was measuring out the strychnia, graduate in hand, my uncle came into the dispensing room with a disturbed expression on his countenance.

"He told me, as he walked over to the telephone, that Mrs. Hasbruck had just died in convulsions. He called up Dekker and asked what were the doses of strychnia she had been taking. Dekker said one-twentieth of a grain. The doctor pronounced Mrs. Hasbruck's death to be an evident case of strychnia poisoning, and went on speaking about twitching of the muscles, tetanic spasms, dyspnoea preceding death, and the administration of chloral or belladonna, I don't remember which. Dekker was now thoroughly frightened, and seemed to be saying—as far as I could make out from the doctor's end of the conversation—that one-twelfth of a grain of strychnia was not an uncommon dose. Something was said of the mortar he had used which had not yet been cleaned; its contents could be subjected to analysis. The doctor told Dekker angrily to come home in the morning. I went out of the room but I could still hear his loud tones as he spoke through the telephone. I did not see my uncle again that evening.

"In the night I awoke after a short sleep and tossed on my bed, unable to close my eyes again. I heard a clock strike one; but all drowsiness was far from me, and as I lay there, multitudinous thoughts poured into what I understood to be my mind, jostling and rolling over one another, and leaving me in hopeless misery. I must have fallen into a doze, however; for at the clock striking two I awoke with a start that left me hopelessly sleepless. And then the telephone bell rang out. I hastened down at once.

"Jack Mayne was speaking with incoherent excitement. 'Dekker is dying,' he said; 'we're both poisoned. It's the ducks—just like old Mrs. Hasbruck. It's the pills. What'll we do?' He was almost crying. But in the torrent, tempest, and as Hamlet says, the very whirlwind of his passionate vehemence, the telephone ceased suddenly and was silent as a thing of stone.

"My uncle had come down by this, and we stared at each other helplessly. After an anxious deliberation we thought it best to go to them. We dressed hastily, hitched up, and drove out for Catskill.

"The grey of an early summer dawn was beginning to streak the eastern sky in the old, reliable way; but between the wooded hill-tops all was yet in shadow. On our right, as we drove along the road, the great river was motionless siiver. Across the river, the dark pines, I remember, were not unlike a procession of monks from the monastery of night—each friar gloomily alone—breasting the hillsides with a surly greeting for the coming day. Well, we came in sight of Catskill at last,

and when I saw a light in the cottage beneath the trees, I could hear my heart beating in my ears, for a fact. I can't remember how it was that we reached the cottage; all I know is that when we broke in we found Jack and Dekker—playing cards, and smoking, and talking together, and seeming very comfortable. They explained that Dekker had had a nightmare and that they had both been badly scared for a few minutes."

He looked up at Wycliffe College as he ended, for we were now at the head of McCaul street, and Miller's oriel window was shining out into the night. His cigar had long been extinct.

"But old Mrs. Hasbruck?" I asked, as he lighted a new one.

"Well," he replied, puffing quickly a second or two, "around towns like Poughkeepsie there are generally quite a number of old women who make up cures and remedies of their own from all manner of 'yarbs'—compounding simples, and that sort of thing. And it came out later that Mrs. Hasbruck had privately taken a large dose of one of these wonderful remedies which arrest every disease at the fountain, by setting to work at once upon the blood. You remember Mr. Powderell and Mrs. Gamsby in *Middlemarch*? Of course this co-operative measure wasn't to be mentioned to the doctor. I don't think, now," he mused, "that the old women can have any very certain reliance on these things."

"It is strange," I said, "that their attitude of mind with regard to their drugs should differ so little from that of the licensed practitioners."

"Oh, the old woman in this case," he answered cheerfully, "probably tempered the general uncertainty of things with a devout hope that the use of her drugs might be attended with a blessing."

We were now at St. George street, where we both alighted. And as we stood talking for a time before parting, we watched idly the red light of the horse-car jingling along westward into the darkness.

W. J. HEALY.

THE PRAYER OF THE FISHERS.

It was at one time the custom, and may be yet, for the French fishermen on the coast of Brittany, before going out on a cruise, to stand in their boats, as they were ready to leave the harbour, and offer a prayer for Divine protection. The burden of the prayer was:
"O Lord, protect us! Thy sea is mighty and our boats are small."

Lord of the sea, the sunshine and the gale!
 God of the brooding ocean and the storm!
 Father of those who brave the treacherous main!
 Thy sea is mighty and our boats are small.

Calm is the sea to-day, the sunlight free;
 Fair is the lapping wind that fills the sail;
 Lord, ere we go we trust our all to Thee—
 Thy sea is mighty and our boats are small.

When the safe stillness creeps upon the wave;
 When the white moonlight cheers the silent night;
 Guard us lest danger lurk beneath the calm—
 Thy sea is mighty and our boats are small.

When the wild hurricane uplifts its voice,
 And cold embracing billows threaten us;
 If Thou should'st slumber we are powerless;
 Thy sea is mighty and our boats are small.

Bread-winner of the crying fatherless!
 Husband of widowed women left to mourn!
 Our all—we leave them; Oh! protect them, Lord!
 Thy sea is mighty and our boats are small.

J. O. MILLER.

VITA BREVIS.

*'O crudelis adhuc et Veneris muneribus potens
Insuperata tuæ cum veniet pluma superbiae,——'*

—Horatii Carm., IV., 10.

Meadows in gloominess silently lying,
Voices of spirits in dreary winds sighing,
Earth-strewing carpets of autumn leaves dying,
No longer green.

Rain-swollen brooks with their deep murmurs lading,
Silence of nature her losses upbraiding,
Sadly regretting her gaiety fading,
Such was the scene.

Chloe was sadly and tearfully viewing
Wrinkles reflected, so swiftly pursuing
Beauty with passion her lovers imbuing ;
Formerly deaf to the words of their suing,
No longer green.

T. A. GIBSON.

LADY MACBETH.

A STUDY.

Let me try to paint for you the character of this woman. At the very outset there meets me the plain unvarnished fact that in her case experience can lend me no aid. The type which she represents is as extinct as the mammoth or the cave bear. Why, then, did Shakspeare sketch such a woman? Why did the Almighty allow a Cesar Borgia, an Alva, or a Countess of Brinvilliers to strut their brief space and then pass away, leaving a halo of infamy alone to mark their stranger than meteoric flight? Shakspeare is the poet of the centuries, and whatever epoch he touched, he has left for us a picture drawn from it which we must endeavor to read aright.

There are many things we must try to forget in studying Lady Macbeth. We are now living in an age of refinement and cultured ease, of manners moulded by Christianity, by fashion, or often by caprice. We are now a law unto ourselves. We regard human life as sacred. We measure our actions by their probable consequences under strict moral regulations, and above all, we do right, because it is right to do so. Now, none of these considerations can avail us in examining Lady Macbeth. Eliminating all such, then, let us put ourselves in her place, and in her time.

Her time is fixed for us. Siward of Northumberland, Sweno of Norway, and King Duncan all lived at or about the beginning of the eleventh century. A time of upheaval, of war and carnage, personal valor, and preternatural hate; when treaties had no power, when law was in abeyance, when human life was cheap, and when neither man nor woman looked too closely to the means, provided the end was attained. In such an age, given a woman of Lady Macbeth's character, and her course will appear true both to history and nature.

Then, again, her husband is the king's cousin, both being sons of Siward's daughters, Daoda and Beatrice. The one is Scotland's king with two sons not yet grown to man's estate, the other is the thegn of Fife, successor to the crown if Duncan dies before the sons are old enough to govern. The crown in those days went not to the king's son, unless the kingly sceptre could be wielded by him in such a way as to make it respected. The king is amiable, mild, fond of home and all its pleasures. The thegn is a victorious general, the darling of the army, and his ambitious thoughts are stirred within him by a mysterious meeting with the weird sisters on the heath. Then in reward for his great victory over Norway's hosts, he is saluted "Thegn of Cawdor," while at the same time his nephew is designated prince of Cumberland, and his inherent right to the royal inheritance thus boldly declared "a step," says Macbeth, "on which I must fall down, or else o'erleap, for in my way it lies;" and to crown all, his wife is—Lady Macbeth.

I am now face to face with her, and how, I may well ask, is she to be described? Perhaps I can do it best by negatives. She has none of the qualities which we associate with women. She never shows one particle of love, woman's crowning glory. She knows no fear of consequences, no regard for anything, beyond the mere temporal advantage of her husband. And yet the picture of her stands out bold, clear, undimmed. We can see every act of her life; assign a reason for every step she takes. She is a wild untutored animal, a very tigress tamed only by her regard for her lord. She marks his hesitancy. She glories in his deed of midnight assassination. She ever after supports him even when "his coward lips from their courage fly."

But is not such a character impossible? Certainly, in our time, but not in the eleventh century. In no other country have feuds and rivalries been so rife as in Scotland; and in none other have the women been found the foremost in fanning the flames of war. Mary Queen of Scots was a civilized Lady Macbeth, and acted her part, as wild, weird, and frightful, as her prototypes.

Not one of Shakspeare's heroines has a ruling passion; and yet in all of them there is one central motive power, and in Lady Macbeth this is *ambition*. She wades in blood to the throne; she upholds her husband in every one of his subsequent murders. The thought of failure alone appals her. She bends every energy to shield and protect him; she is fiendish in her desire to shed blood, not because she hates her victims, but because they stand between her husband and the throne. In the magnificent banquet scene, neither she nor any one else suspects the horrid sight which unnerves her husband. She knows not of Banquo's murder; she may strongly suspect it; she is ready with excuses for her husband's strange conduct, yet her vehement aside: "This is the very air drawn dagger which, you said, led you to Duncan," shows that she at least had no fear for things which might "well become a woman's story on a winter's night." Her strong desire to shield him, to ward off even the appearance of suspicion, to make light of his disconnected maunderings, is but part of that ambition which has decreed that, come what may, there shall be no failure in her. In the pursuit of her purposes she has kind words for neither friend nor foe. But does she not love her husband? Yes, but not with the love of woman. She loves him as the bloodhound loves his master, as the lioness loves her mate. Anything that rouses danger to him calls forth every instinct of her nature and makes her watchful, fierce, unpitiful. Then, no dangers frighten, no fear of consequences causes hesitation, and blood alone can satisfy the restless cravings of her heart.

It might be thought that Shakspeare has here painted a fiend in human form, and yet she is consistent with herself. We are fascinated with her. We hesitate to give her even our small meed of praise, and yet somehow she compels us to respect her awful career. Yet she is not altogether bad. Listen! "Had he not resembled my father as he slept, I had done 't." The words are few, but they are Shakspeare's. I honour them, however, as showing me a glimpse of heaven in a character else so unlovely. Amid all her cool, calculating fury, her more than devilish yearning for the murder of the king and his chamberlains, the image of the sleeping victim goes right home to her heart. This may be a trait common to her and also to the animal instinct in every living thing; but all the same, I cannot help assigning it no unworthy place in a being from whom all good had else departed. The gleam of a better nature is transitory, quick as the lightning flash, and yet, like the lightning, it helps to illumine the all-surrounding darkness.

Her husband loved her. Small blame to him. He had climbed high; and unaided, except by her, had held his place. On the last day of his life, just before the battle, his mind is distracted by thoughts of her, and directions to his army, and now, when everything is slipping away from him, he longs for that active brain of hers, which never failed him, which often infused her spirit into his, and whose worth he now knows by what is lacking in himself. The love of such a man is not worth much, but such as it was she had it.

Was she satisfied? If she had been, Shakspeare would have failed for once in his analysis of the human mind. All her plans had succeeded; all her ambitious longings had been satisfied, and yet they did not give her a mind at ease, for I read:—

"Naught's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content ;
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy."

These lines show the deep-seated remorse, biting like the serpent's tooth. The rank she gained is worthless to her ; she even envies her victims, "sent to their account with all their imperfections on their heads," and writhes beneath her ever-present inward monitor, conscience. And yet, in the very next line, on her husband's entrance, she throws all aside, assumes a manner she cannot feel, and sharply reminds him of the uselessness of unavailing regrets, for "What's done is done" ; and in the immediately subsequent banquet scene, not once does she falter, although the agony of remorse was undermining her reason.

And so the night-walking scene is but the fitting prelude to the end. "Out, damned spot ! out, I say ! one, two ; why, then, 'tis time to do 't. Hell is murky ! Fie, my lord, a soldier and afeard ! What need we fear who know it when none can call our power to account ? Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him ! The Thegn of Fife had a wife, where is she now ? What, will these hands ne'er be clean ? No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that ; you mar all by this starting. Here's the smell of blood still ! All the perfumes of Araby will not sweeten this little hand. Oh ! oh ! oh ! wash your hands—put on your night-gown, look not so pale. I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried ; he cannot come out of his grave ! To bed, to bed, there's knocking at the gate ; come, come, come ; come, give me your hand—what's done cannot be undone ; to bed, to bed, to bed !"

Insanity is in every word. And yet see how her mutterings sweep every scene in her murder-laden life ! The hands besmeared with the old king's blood run through it all, and horror ever brings her back to them. But the distraught mind again hears the bell, and one ! two ! recalls the fatal hour. Then the thought of hell, dismissed instantaneously, as the faint-hearted husband looms up before her, and anon the blood. Then the banquet scene is re-enacted, and Macbeth's nervous excitement angrily reprov'd, and amid all—the blood on that little hand ! Finally, tired nature relaxes ; the knocking is again recalled ; the hurried dressing ; and then to bed, to bed !

Shall I tell you how that scene affected one of the greatest impersonators of it, Mrs. Scott-Siddons ? "It was my custom to study my characters at night. On the night before I was to appear in this part for the first time, I shut myself up and began a careful study of Lady Macbeth. I went on in tolerable composure, in the silence of the night, till I came to this scene, when the horrors of it so rose before me I could do no more. I snatched up my candle, and hurried from the room in a paroxysm of terror. My dress was of silk, and the rustling of it as I ascended the stairs to my room, seemed like the movement of a spectre pursuing me. At last I reached my chamber, clapped my candlestick on the table, and then threw myself on the bed without the power of taking off my clothes."

Little else need be said. "More needs she the divine than the physician," and soon after the wailing cry of her women announces that all is over. The king dismisses her from his mind with a grand commentary on the briefness and uncertainty of life :—

"Out, out brief candle !
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more."

And I, having concisely sketched the salient points in her character, would gladly dismiss her were it not that I want to point the moral I see in her : That power gained by unjust means will not satisfy. The retrospect of it was ever present with her, wrecked her mind, and finally snapped the cord that bound her to life, but not before she had drifted away into hopeless insanity. "The golden round" for which she had sinned "'gainst fate and metaphysical aid" brought no peace, but rather a curse. She knew it, she felt it, and the thought of it dethroned her reason, and the wild, wayward heart and life went away, as when a gust of wind blows out a light at the casement.

Ottawa,

SAMUEL WOODS.

BALLAD OF LAKE HURON.

Miles and miles of lake and forest,
Miles and miles of sky and mist,
Marsh and shoreland where the rushes
Rustle, wind and water kissed ;
Where the lake's great face is driving,
Driving, drifting into mist.
Miles and miles of crimson glories,
Autumn's wondrous fires ablaze,
Miles of shoreland red and golden,
Drifting into dream and haze,
Dreaming where the woods and vapors
Melt in myriad misty ways.

"Mary ! Mary !" calling "Mary,"
Crooked, aged, shrunk is she,
Crooked, eyrie-shrunk and shrivelled,
Bent like some bleak withered tree,
"Mary ! Mary ! Where is Mary ?"
Croaks the burden of her tune.
Like some winter brook that shrunken
Low, can only croon and croon,
Parched and frozen, chill and chattering,
Under clouds and waning moon.
"Mary ! Mary !" calling "Mary,"
Through the long still afternoon.

"Curses ! Curses ! All is evil,
Curse my pipe, 'tis getting low,
Curses ! Ay, the lad was handsome,
In his eye the devil's glow ;
Dad was drunken, Bill was brutal,
God's sake what's it keeps her so ?"

Miles and miles of lake and vapor,
Out beyond the cabin door,
Out beyond the cabin, built of
Wreck and driftwood from the shore ;
Built of driftwood in the forest,
By the lakeside bleak and wild.
Where about it crawl and clamber,
All the woodvines flaming wild.
Clinging, clasping all its walls tight,
As a mother clasps her child.
Near it in the rude dug garden,
Golden pumpkins glow the ground,
Sunlit, flaming gold and ruddy,
Flinging tendrils far around :
While beside her, blind and haggard,
Whines in sleep a toothless hound.
Up the old crone starts and totters,
Hands on eyes to peer before,
Miles and miles of lake and vapor,
Miles of woodland, mist and shore.

Miles and miles of lake and forest,
Miles and miles of sky and mist,
Wild birds calling where the rushes
Rustle, wind and water kissed,
Where the lake's great face is driving,
Driving, drifting into mist.

"Get up, Cherry ! Get up, Dandy !"
Homeward in the evening air,
By the lakeside, by the woodside,
Where the marsh is bleak and bare,
Where the briars and bushes tangle,
Darkling in the evening air.
"Get up, Cherry ! Get up, Dandy !"
She was trustful, sweet and true.
Ay, was trustful, over-trustful,
For an evil heart to woo.
With the birds and flowers she grew up,

Only their wild love she knew ;
Voices of the sky and forest,
Loves that never were untrue.
"Get up, Bossies !" She is dreaming
Of the promise that he gave,
Of the love he lightly cared for,
Fickle, false, as wind and wave ;
Love that she will keep and cherish,
Hold and cherish to the grave.

"Get up, Bossies !" She is dreaming,
Woman-like, of love and home,
Lit with gentle words and actions,
Where no evils ever come,
Rudest, poorest, by the lakeside ;
Love and love would make it home.

She is dreaming, hearth and firelight
Flaming ruddy into glow,
Table set with cups and saucers,
White and shining all a row,
And a well-loved one that enters,
Making gladder gleam and glow.
She is dreaming, let her dream on ;
She will never dream them more.
"Get up, Bossies," miles of woodland,
Miles of vapor, mist and shore.

Miles and miles of lake and vapor,
Miles and miles of gust and gloom,
Where the winds are shrieking, raging,
Under clouds that scud and loom,
And the great lake in its anger,
Shoreward rolls with sullen boom,
'Twas a storm of demon madness,
Men ne'er knew its like before,
Many a vessel wrecked and driven,
Sank that night on wintry shore ;
Blew the lake winds with a madness,
As they never blew before.
In the bitter night stood Mary,
By the lakeside wild and bleak ;
From the northwest came a wind that
Took the life-blood from the cheek.
Loomed the night and roared the gale so,
One could scarcely see or speak.

"I must go," she cried, "come with me !
He is out there in the storm,
Through the gale I hear him calling,
Through the gust I see his form.
Could you leave a fellow-creature
Out to die there in the storm,
All alone out in the night there
In the bleak lake and the storm ?"
'Then there spoke an aged fisher,
"I have sailed these lakes for years,
Come next summer, it is thirty ;
Grown too old for landly fears,—
But to venture it were madness ?
Such a surf to landward steers.
Hear it booming, hear it calling,
Hear the wrack and treacherous tow ;
Where the lake is straining, pulling,
Like a creature in its woe ;
Pulling, straining in its madness,
It were surest death to go."

"I must go alone," she cried then.
"He is out there on the wide
Waste of seething wind and water,
Where the breakers shoreward ride,
Out alone there, and to-morrow
He had sworn I'd be his bride."

Ere a man could speak or stop her
She had siezed the nearest boat,
With a strength far more than human,
Sent herself and it afloat,
Where about it dipped and tossed her,
Like a lily on a moat.

Then they cursed her and besought her,
But her ears were deaf to all,
Save the beating of the surf outside,
Against its landward wall,
That beat and moaned throughout the night,
With bleak and lonely call.

Ay, they called and called her vainly,
Had their narrow hearts but known
That the lake's wild calling outside
Seemed her lover's drowning moan ;
And the grief and madness in her,
Turned all else in her to stone.

Ay, she went into the darkness,
With a prayer upon her lips,
Toward the raging waters outside,
Fast her boat careens and dips ;
Out into the lake and midnight,
With a prayer upon her lips.

She was just as pure a spirit,
Ever earthly precincts trod,
Whiter than those starry tapers
Round the altar-throne of God,
Flaming all the floor of heaven
As the daisies flame the sod.

Men and women, hearts that pity,
Wives and husbands, priests and kings,
Have the poor no heart-felt sorrows ?
Are they but unholy things ?
She was trustful, she was human,
Had her hopes and failings too,
Had her dole of dreams and heart-break,
Living, dying, sweet and true,
Sweet and trustful, where the rushes
Rustle, wind and water kissed ;
She is driving with the lake's face,
Driving, drifting into mist.

WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL.

West Claremont, N.H.

MY FRIEND JULIUS SCHMIDT.

My friend Julius Schmidt is a very odd sort of fellow. He is, as might be inferred from his name, a German. That is, he was born some eight-and-thirty years ago in a little German village in the Rhine country, and lived there long enough to make him a little shaky in his pronunciation of shibboleths such as the English *th*. Still he speaks our language with wonderful fluency and correctness, and has become a Canadian in at least one respect, for he is thoroughly cosmopolitan, which is another way of saying that he has rid himself of all sentiment akin to patriotism. He presents, too, the curious spectacle of a German who uses neither beer, tobacco, nor *sauerkraut*, for he thinks they are vile articles, and clog and hamper the soul of man. Another odd thing about him is, that, although during the last few years he has been wonderfully successful in his affairs, and has more than trebled his income, he prefers to live still in the same humble quarters, amongst the same plain people, in the same plebeian street he occupied years ago when it was hardly possible for him to make ends meet. In this of course he differs from both Germans and Canadians. His friends, for he has a few, often remonstrate with him and try to shame him out of his humble lodgings, but he sticks there still like a burr in a fleece. He says he

can't see why he should be ashamed to live where he has lived so long, because he happens to be a little better off now than he was formerly.

"Am I not happy?" he asks. "Are the people not kind to me? Would it not be casting a slur on my past life to be ashamed of the old twelve-by-fourteen room which has so long held me and all my belongings? Which is of greater importance, what I have or what I am? If my past life has been clean and good why should I seek to break loose from it? Is the unbroken continuity of my own existence of no importance to me?"

But the most curious thing about Julius is something I discovered the other evening when I ran in to see him. I was urging him to get into more elegant quarters, and he in addition to all his old arguments was urging in reply, that it would be impossible to find an excuse that he could use either to his landlady or to himself.

"If that is your difficulty," said I, "I can show you a way out of it. Get married, Schmidt, and *you'll* be pleased, and the landlady—well, there never was a woman who was not pleased to know that somebody was getting married, even though it might be her best boarder."

Schmidt replied solemnly, "I'll never get married."

"Why?" said I.

"Because," replied he, "I'll never be able to choose. I love too many women to be able to give all my affection to one."

This was news to me. I never heard that he had a single young lady acquaintance in the city. Nobody had ever seen him even cast a glance in the direction of the fair sex. I was speechless with astonishment.

"You look surprised," said he, "but I'm telling you the truth, and if you want to have evidence, come out with me for a walk, and I'll call on a few of them."

I accepted his offer with great readiness, and we set off. We soon turned down a very poor street, in which were a large number of second-hand shops. On arriving opposite one of these, which was crammed full of old stoves, old chairs and tables, and old boots, besides a large assortment of apples, cabbages and turnips, Schmidt stopped short, and taking me by the arm, told me to look in. I did, and saw seated in the midst of all these wares a decidedly corpulent mulatto woman of about fifty years of age, whose eyes were very full and lustrous, but who might have had more regular features twenty-five or thirty years ago.

"That is one of them," said Schmidt. "I think that is a very sweet face," continued he, "and I often come down this way to have a look at it, but I never go in, I have never spoken to her, nor do I want to. I am perfectly satisfied with the sweetness of her countenance, and I do not want to have the charm destroyed."

We passed on and soon stood in front of a candy and fruit shop. Schmidt stopped again and asked me to look. I did so, and saw a very pretty dark-haired, red-cheeked girl of about eighteen. I asked Schmidt if he would not like to buy some of those fine Northern Spies I saw in the window, but he said he would not go into that shop for a thousand dollars. It was a shrine whose sacred precinct he dared not enter.

We moved on; we passed a little stationer's shop where we saw a little old maid with the kindest of faces, before whom Schmidt paused a few moments in a sort of silent adoration. I asked him if he bought his evening paper there, and he said he would consider any such thing a profanation.

Then he turned towards home, no doubt thinking he had made calls enough for one evening. As we walked along, he said,

"I have others besides these in various parts of the city, and I pay my addresses to them, as you have just seen me do, silently and unseen. I feel none of what the world calls 'lover's pangs.' I am never in doubt as to whether my suit will be accepted. I know that they are all mine. Their fidelity to me can never change. For me they are the sweetest and purest of beings, and they never can be anything else, for I shall never approach them close enough to know whether they are as earthly as I have found the majority of mortals to be. When I sit by my fire, dozing and musing, after my day's work is over, they often drop in to keep me company. If I am in a serious mood, my sweetheart with the deep, deep eyes comes to see me. We talk together about those matters which are only found far down in the soberest hearts, or I take down some gentle book

and read to her, while she draws closer to me and lays her hand in mine and I am comforted. Sometimes it is the gay little chit with the merry eyes and the golden locks, who pokes fun at me because I am a bachelor, or because my hair is turning gray, or because I am an oddity, and I have to laugh at myself so heartily that the tears often come to my eyes. No, No, my friend," said Julius, "I shall never marry."

And I don't think he ever will.

JOHN FAIRMAN.

UNIVERSITIES.

The difficulty of determining the work to be done by the Universities of the present and the future is very much greater than it appears to the casual onlooker. The great thing, we are apt to be told, is that our schools and universities should meet the practical needs of our people; and in a large sense of these words few will object to the requirement which they formulate. But the moment we begin to discuss the nature of these practical needs, we find that we have been using language which has many meanings in the mouths of many speakers. There is a kind of utilitarianism which does not result in that which is, on the whole, most useful. There is a kind of practical philosophy so short-sighted that it undermines its own foundation and falls into the pit which it had dugged with quite another purpose.

One of the most remarkable symptoms of the difficulty of these questions is found in the continual changes in the curriculum of almost every university, European or American. The two great English Universities, formerly reported the most conservative of educational institutions, are so changed in their course of instruction that their old *alumni* would hardly understand them. No doubt there is a traditional tone and spirit, a consecutive historical *ἦθος*, by which each of these Universities is distinguished from the other. Oxford may be very different from the Oxford of a century back; but still it is Oxford and nothing else. Cambridge has changed nearly as much as Oxford, and yet it is still Cambridge; and men with delicate perceptions declare that they can tell the member of the one University from that of the other.

It seems clear that we have in the circumstance just noted a hint of the way in which these institutions should be developed and adapted to their work. As a rule this cannot be successfully done by revolution, or in any way which does not respect the past history of the University. Of course, there may be Schools so bad that there is nothing for them but revolution. Many persons think the state of France was so bad at the time of the revolution that there was no remedy for it, but in what Taine calls dissolution. It may be so; but at least the reconstruction has been arduous work, it can hardly now be said to be satisfactory, and its future is most uncertain.

These remarks, it may be said, have very slight application to the educational institutions of a new country; and, to a certain extent, this is true. But they are not without application even among ourselves. Our school and college system has its origin in those of England, Scotland, and Ireland, just as our people have their origin in the inhabitants of those lands. And, just as the Canadian has a certain stamp, by which he is partially identified with the parent races and partly distinguished from them, so Canadian education has its own stamp, and, moreover, it has become a consolidated system bound up with the associations, the habits, even the affections of Canadian men; and as such has the same kind of claim to respect, the same right to protection from revolution which belongs to the older types.

We are not forgetting that there exist among us various types of Universities, some conformed, in greater or less degree, to the Scottish archetype, some to the English. And this is exactly what we should expect, and indeed what we ought to desire. The English and Scottish Universities were genuine products of the intellectual life of the countries to which they belonged. Each originated in the Middle Ages, each from the beginning reflected the characters of the two peoples, both were influenced by the Reformation, and diversely, according to the form of the Reformation in either country. The Scottish University education was to a large extent popular, the English might perhaps be said to be aristocratic; there, too, may be

seen the influence of the peculiar manner in which the Reformation was brought about in the two countries. In Scotland the professorial system was dominant, large classes being lectured to by professors. In England the University professors very nearly had sinecures, the work being largely done by college tutors, and to a considerable extent also by private tutors, irreverently termed coaches.

England and Scotland have greatly assimilated in character during the present century. A Scotch clergyman informed the writer some years ago that the local dialects which were spoken in his youth were rapidly becoming extinct. Some of the most distinguished Scottish professors at the present moment are graduates of Oxford and Cambridge. The University systems of the two countries have been affected by these changes: the professorial system has been quickened into life at Oxford and Cambridge, and something of the tutorial has been attempted in the Northern Universities. In other respects there are evidences of assimilation. In the old Scotch Universities men received an education perhaps as useful as any that could be given for the ordinary work of the world. The English Universities, however, imparted a higher culture. As a rule their students are more wealthy and of a higher class, and their system corresponded with the material on which they had to work.

The Scotch graduate was, as a rule, a more thoughtful man than the English, but he was not so good a scholar. It is generally agreed that the English public schools produce a type of scholar that is not found elsewhere. The Scotchman was seldom a good Greek scholar, nor did he excel in Latin verse composition; but he knew Latin very nearly as he knew his own language, and his Latin prose would have passed muster in the best days of Classic Rome. He was often a mathematician, and generally something of a metaphysician. The Englishman, as a rule, took little interest in abstract thought; but Cambridge produced great mathematicians, and great scholars, like Bentley and Porson, while Oxford turned out the most cultivated men that the world perhaps has ever seen. It may be useful here to note a difference between these two Universities, which is sometimes overlooked. It is common to say that Cambridge is the mathematical University and Oxford the classical. In a certain sense this is true; but it was more true in former days than it is now. Formerly a man could not take Classical honours at Cambridge unless he had first taken Mathematical honours, and the consequence was that several of her best classics have taken no honours at all. Besides this, Cambridge has been distinguished by the attention given to the language rather than to the contents of the books, whilst Oxford has aimed at learning quite as much as at scholarship, if not more. This may partly account for the fact that Cambridge has certainly turned out the finest scholars, whilst Oxford is thought to have produced the more cultivated men. As the *Saturday Review* said of Mr. Matthew Arnold's opinion of culture, which is sweetness and light: "Oxford men are sweeter and lighter than other men." It seems that Cambridge is now adopting something of the Oxford method in the study of the classics. This is, no doubt, desirable, if only the fine Cambridge scholarship is not to suffer.

Before leaving this subject of the mutual influence of the Universities, we should mention that the Scotch Universities have received a new impulse in regard to the study of Greek. When we remember that the Professor of Greek at Glasgow is Mr. Jebb, reported to be one of the first, if not the very first, of Greek scholars, and that the new Professor at Edinburgh is hardly behind him, we may hope for great results in the Scottish study of Greek; nor must we forget what has been done by Professor Geddes, of Aberdeen, a scholar of native growth, who has shown by published examples that he can raise Greek students who can write verse in that language of which the University of Porsen would not be ashamed.

One powerful influence in the modification of our University systems deserves more attention than can be given to it at the end of a paper already sufficiently long, and this is the study of the physical and natural sciences. How far these can take the place of classics as a means of education is a very interesting and a very serious question. How far, again, our Canadian Universities may properly be affected by those of England and of Scotland, is a subject which requires to be considered. For the present both of these questions must be deferred.

Trinity College.

WILLIAM CLARK.

IN CHRISTUM NATUM.

MELOS: "Brightest and best."

Lux jucundissima, Phosphore belle,
Nos tua, quæsumus, fauste juvet!
O horizontis Eoi ocelle,
Duc, ubi infans Redemptor latet.

Gelidi rores resplendent cubili,
Astant armenta et pecudum grex;
Angeli laudant, qui dormit bubili
Munndi Creator, Salvator et Rex.

Dic, si Heddamus divinos honores,
Anne hæc placeant dona illi:
Siliæ myrrhæ, Sabæi odores,
Terræ thesauri, dos Oceani?

Frustra; nil valent hæc munera pia,
Non hisce artibus salvus eris;
Blandior multum est vera latria,
Carius Deo est cor pauperis.

O jucundissime Luciferorum,
Lux tua nos viatores juvet!
Stella Orientis, des lumen decorum,
Duc, ubi infans Redemptor jacet.

W. H. C. KERR.

DREAMS.

In considering this subject a distinction has necessarily to be made at the outset between dreams, as generally understood, and visions, in which some revelation of future and impending events may be made. Visions, at least for the purposes of this writing, may be considered as being produced in some way by the influence of some mind outside the one receiving the impression. This and a closely allied subject have been discussed by Messrs. Gurney and Myers in a series of admirable articles which appeared in the *Nineteenth Century* for the current year, under the title of "Apparitions," to which the reader is referred.

Before proceeding to the consideration of dreams, it would seem necessary to offer some explanation, partial and imperfect though it be, of the way in which any sensation reaches the brain. For example: take the effect produced upon a person by viewing a tree which stands alone on a level lawn. The rays of light from the sun fall upon the tree and are reflected from trunk, branches and leaves. A converging pencil of rays falls upon the retina of the eye of the observer. In the eye the vibrations of ether are transmuted into a form of energy, which we will have to call "nerve energy." This nerve energy is transmitted along the optic nerve to the brain. Some of the particles of brain matter are consequently thrown into a state of vibration, and these vibrating particles in coming to a state of rest arrange themselves in a different way from that in which the entering impulse found them. This, when cognized by the brain, produces the conception of the object, viz., the tree.

If the word "Tree" be pronounced at the same time by some one standing near, another effect will be produced. The sound impulse reaching the ear of the observer, and being transmuted in that organ into nerve energy, is propagated along the auditory nerve. On reaching the brain certain other particles of brain matter vibrate, which, in coming to a state of rest, assume an appropriate arrangement different from that in which the inward auditory nerve impulse found them. The co-relation of these two distinct sensations in the brain produces the recognition of the object looked at, as a tree. Suppose these processes simultaneously repeated a great number of times. The process of teaching is in reality being carried on. In course of time it happens that if only one of these two impressions be produced on the brain of our observer; so closely have the two at first distinct sensations now become related, that the other is also simultaneously produced, though in a less degree of intensity than formerly.

It appears, then, possible for an impulse from without, travelling along the auditory nerve, to stimulate into appropri-

ate action particles of brain matter, at other times directly stimulated by impulses travelling along the optic nerve. The auditory impulse produces a similar effect, though of course very much weaker, to that directly produced by the optic impulse. This is also the case with particles of brain matter stimulated by the gustatory, by the olfactory, and by the nerves of feeling.

Each inward travelling wave of nerve energy leaves the particles of brain matter more sensitive and more ready to respond to the following similar wave. Each separate sensation leaves the particles of the brain predisposed, so to speak, to receive a similar recurring sensation. Professor Huxley says, in his essay on "Animal automatism": "The condition of the brain on which memory depends, is largely determined by the repeated occurrence of that condition of its molecules which gives rise to the thing remembered. Every boy who learns his lesson by repeating it, exemplifies the fact." In sleep the door of the mind is as it were left open, and the entrance of any impulse from without through any of the senses may, by reflex action, stimulate one or more of the other senses into activity.

Impressions produced during the day, being the latest, will in all probability be more vivid and more easy of reproduction, in the brain, than those of the previous day, that is, unless some incident of peculiar importance has happened on the previous day. The events of the day being more easily recalled, a comparatively insignificant cause will be sufficient to start a train of sensations. During sleep, when the brain is quiescent, if a person be aroused by the noise made by continued hammering, carried on, say in an adjoining room, it may be that at the first blow of the hammer, a vague and indefinite impression may be produced in the mind of the sleeper; but as blow succeeds blow, the repetition starts one of the recently made, and comparatively vivid impressions of the day. The blows of the hammer, perhaps, suggest to the mind of the slumberer, splashes made by the stick thrown into the water for a dog to swim after; which sport was indulged in during the walk home from the office. The recollection of the water, thus called up, produces the memory of the reflection made by the rays from the setting sun across its smooth surface. The recalled "orb of day" brings with it to the mind of the sleeper the bright sunset colors observed that evening. The sunset colors, in their turn, remind of the autumnal tints of the woods seen at that season of the year. The thought of the woods carries with it, the sights and sounds proper to the woods in reality. The sighing of the autumn breeze and the notes of the birds, and the rapid tapping of an imagined wood-pecker brings vividly before the mind, not only the bird making this repeated striking noise, but his height from the ground as he works away, far up the trunk of some white dead tree. The white tree and the woodpecker's height from the ground cause the sleeper in fancy to endeavour to lift down the heavy book from the top of the office shelves, which he in reality had done that afternoon. But the wood-pecker engrosses the dreamer's attention, and he endeavours to lift the wood-pecker down, but seems to overbalance the bird; and book and bird both fall down together, striking every branch of the tree and making successive sounds in their zig-zag descent—and with a start, complete wakefulness is produced. Yet very few blows of the hammer may have been struck, and only a few moments required to wake the slumberer. If the dream were recalled and recounted it might be in these words, our supposed dreamer speaking:—"I thought that I was returning home from my office, and upon reaching the turn of the road, came upon the lake, whereupon I picked up and threw into the water a number of sticks for my dog 'Nero' to swim after. The exercise caused me to run, and I followed him eagerly, and ran into the water after him. As soon as I got below the bright surface, I seemed to be in a forest, and above my head, tapping loudly, was an old wood-pecker. The noise he was so loud and so irritating that I put up my hand to reach him and lift him down. In catching hold of him I over-balanced a large book, exactly like one of those in my office, which I had not before noticed, and which was in the branches of the tree, and it and the wood-pecker came tumbling down together, making as they struck each branch, a loud noise. Both fell on the ground with a loud bang, and on looking down I discovered that there were only two large books lying on the wooden floor, upon which I found myself standing when,—I awoke and found it was only the workmen, tacking down the carpet in the next room, who were making all the noise."

The hypothetical dream and the hypothetical dreamer make between them altogether a very connected narrative. It will, however, when considered in detail, serve to show how some one impression, conveyed from the outer world to the brain, may arouse sensations more or less vivid, and which impression, entering through one particular sense channel, may produce upon the mind effects usually produced by impressions directly conveyed to the brain through some other sense-channel. Each separate sensation is the faithful reproduction of some actual occurrences of daily life, though strung together and following each other in strange and grotesque sequence. For instance, in dreams a poker would seldom be imagined as being used or held by the foot; yet to poke the fire with an ink-bottle would not appear, at the time, at all incongruous. The idea of poking the fire would be natural; and the idea of the ink-bottle would also be natural; but the use made of the one with reference to the other would excite no surprise in a dream, for in daily experience in real life they have no such relation in the mind, the one to the other.

The sequence of events, however unnatural, excites in the mind of the dreamer no surprise, and the absence of the perception of the absurd or the impossible in events following each other in dreams, is perhaps due to the fact that little or no feeling of surprise is experienced at the sequence of events in daily life. Nothing unusual would be noticed in dreamland if a friend stepped out of a railway train which had travelled over the ocean, rocking on the crest of every wave, and which drew up at a wharf instead of a platform. We do not usually feel surprised when a vessel reaches a wharf, or when a railway train runs into a station and draws up at a platform; so in a dream no surprise will be felt at the landing at a wharf or the reaching of a platform of something which could not possibly land at a wharf, or could not possibly reach a platform.

It may, however, be urged that dreams are often brought about by no such violent means as hammering tacks into a carpet, and that they are more often produced without any apparent cause. This is true, but it must be remembered that most subtle causes will often operate in producing a train of ideas in the mind which follow one another into various channels, "as water spilled on the table flows more freely in the lines already made by water previously spilled." It must also be remembered that the ordinary sleeper is at the mercy of many and various influences, each competent to arouse certain brain activities which connect themselves more or less directly with the more or less vivid impressions of the preceding day, of the preceding week, or of the preceding year, or it may be years. The sudden opening of a door, a constrained position in sleep, and the effort to become more comfortable, a slight draught, a pain, an attack of indigestion, the buzzing of a fly, a mouse running under the bed, the flickering of a lamp, the sound of wind or rain, or any of the thousand sounds only heard at night in a still house, or the thousands of incongruous sounds of the street or country may all collectively or individually produce, or tend to produce, that state of consciousness which we know as "Dreaming."

The writer has for years been able to trace the sensations experienced in dreams to the occurrences of the day, or week, or perhaps of the month preceding, the merest suggestion of an idea being sufficient to make an important dream event. Often an occurrence of the day passed over, almost unnoticed and forgotten, stands out in the mind in a dream, clothed with a grotesque and fictitious importance, giving birth to new and more startling fancies. Careful watchfulness, so that no detail escapes, and faithful memory, and perhaps a little practice, will convince any unprejudiced person that the dream of the night is but the transposition of the actions and feelings of the day, "the mind being driven hither and thither, like a rudderless ship, by every wave and wind and passing gust."

A dream is a state of mental activity, but often too feeble to be recalled definitely to the mind with morning light, as each sensation not directly produced from the outside world is weaker than that which is so produced. This may perhaps explain why, in waking moments only, the indistinct, undefined, vague and formless memory of a dream remains, or perhaps only the feeling that we have dreamed and have wandered for a few short moments in the moon-lit world of dreamland,—where we cannot tell, and have returned to the light with only the soulless ghost of a dream fading from our sight.

Yale, B.C.

A. O. BROOKSIDE,

ROUND THE TABLE.

Christmas-tide brings with it the usual round of seasonable utterances, also occasional lament over the loss of the splendour and gaiety that lent grace to the festival in olden days. For—

"England was merry England, when
Old Christmas brought his sports again,
'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale,
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale,
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
The poor man through half the year."

The fancy can not but dwell fondly on the old Yule-tide customs and observances, the stately pageantries and rude boisterousness of games entered into with equal zest by old and young, noble and burges, glowing feasts adorned with peacock's train and boar's head with gleaming tusk, ferocious even in death. Very pleasing, too, is it to picture the kindness and overflowing generosity that filled men's hearts at that season. Who can read Bracebridge Hall or Pickwick Papers without feeling a sympathetic interest in the simple hearty fun of an old English family when the Yule log is crackling and blazing on the wide hearth and the lamb's-wool is circling?

In our own Canada, when we consider the present in the light of the traditions of the past, we might naturally feel that the glory of Christmas has departed. What can now compare with the wild revelry and feudal state kept up by the great fur-trading nabobs—the partners in the North-West Company who resided at Montreal and Quebec? Have we not, too, some glimpses of a little muddy spot, destined to blossom out into a queenly city—Toronto, which in those olden days reeled with the reckless festivities of a garrison town?

One whose mind is thus imbued with the spirit of the past points out with regret that the fine old race of cultured professional men is dying out; that the stern realities of life require a constant devotion to one pursuit to at all ensure success. The lawyer, he will say, knows nothing but law; the physician, nothing but medicine. So strong the competition that we must sacrifice the graces of living to such an absorbing devotion to our life's work. Social life is incompatible with this hard commercial age and its ceaseless quest for wealth. The jolly confraternity of the Monks of the Screw would be as much an anomaly to-day as the airy costume of a Greek warrior in a modern sham battle.

That this picture is over-charged we have but to turn to such brilliant exceptions as the poet-broker of New York and the scientist-banker of London. Even he who takes so gloomy a view of the age must perforce smile when asked, Has then amusement lost all charm for our generation?

Far other seems to be the true reason underlying this decadence of old roistering customs and amusements. With advancing culture higher intellectual pleasures are sought.

What is a man,
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.
Sure, he that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason
To fust in us unused.

This is pre-eminently the age of intellectual amusement to satisfy the cravings of our higher nature. Men still mingle the pleasant and the grave as our fathers did. The change may be clearly seen in the status of the theatre. In Shakespeare's day, the hey-day of the drama, patrons of the stage were found almost exclusively in the highest and lowest ranks of London population. Noble and gentleman, apprentice and vagabond, graced the performance of Hamlet and Lear, the great middle class was alien. Indeed, a respectable burges would have forfeited the esteem and confidence of all sober-minded men if he were seen in the pit at the *Globe*.

* * *

Beautifully is it said that at the Christmas feast the old tale told of the spiritual Swedenborgians is made true, and a plate is set for the invisible guest. Our merry-making is not without the presence of those who are gone from amongst us for years; they come with the kindly cheerfulness we knew of old, "gentle and just," casting no shade of sadness on our mirth.

It is now a quarter of a century since Thackeray's wearied brain paused, and his great, outworn heart had rest forever. But he is with us to-night—he who knew so well how to crush down the secret sorrow in his heart and make an evening such as this pleas-

ant, and memorable to his friends. He will sing for us his Christmas hymn to the Mahogany Tree:

"Christmas is here;
Winds whistle shrill,
Icy and chill,
Little care we:
Little we fear
Weather without,
Sheltered about
The Mahogany Tree.

"Once on the boughs
Birds of rare plume
Sang, in its bloom;
Night-birds are we:
Here we carouse,
Singing like them,
Perched round the stem
Of the jolly old tree.

"Here let us sport,
Boys, as we sit,
Laughter and wit
Flashing out free.
Life is but short—
When we are gone,
Let them sing on,
Round the old tree."

For "the sense of tears in mortal things" will haunt us in moments, be we never so merry; and a minor creeps into the brave voice of the tender, true-hearted singer:

"Evenings we knew
Happy as this;
Faces we miss
Pleasant to see.
Kind hearts and true,
Gentle and just,
Peace to your dust
We sing round the tree."

But on this night of high-blazing fires and generous good-will, the one night of all the year, we will draw closer together, and be merry in despite of fate.


"Care, like a dun,
Lurks at the gate—
Let the dog wait;
Happy we'll be!
Drink every one;
Pile up the coals,
Fill the red bowls,
Round the old tree!

"Drain we the cup—
Friend, art afraid?
Spirits are laid
In the Red Sea.
Mantle it up;
Empty it yet;
Let us forget,
Round the old tree.

"Sorrow, begone!
Life and its ills,
Duns and their bills,
Bid we to flee.
Come with the dawn,
Blue-devil sprite,
Leave us to-night,
Round the old tree."

* * *

Thackeray was a man of world-worn wisdom, who saw through life with that terrible lonely power of his; who lived his life bravely, with maimed happiness, with the frequent fallings, the botless strivings and endeavours of us all; who said many a bitter word in his wayward fits of moodiness and grim solitude; but who never grieved with harshness those he loved—whose heart was ever as a child's, yearning for love, and brimming with love for men, his brothers. Let the memory of such a life be with us to-night, "the sweet presence of a good diffused." For his was the child's heart within the man's; his the noble, pure spirit without which there were no Christmas, the feast dear to children, dear to us all because of our childhood, and consecrated to the divine Child who took on our humanity to teach us the lesson of love.



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"My heart beats warm with a love untold,
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As I sit and sing of the days of old,
To whisper the half-told tale ;
And I sigh as I think, how short he stopped—
My own and only beau,
Just as I thought he ought to have popped,
The question long ago !"

THE OLD BACHELOR SINGS :

"When moon-beams silver the sylvan scenes,
As sinks the evening star,
I leave my room with its 'might have beens,'
And puff my dime cigar ;
But a phantom face in the smoke I see,—
And strange it should be so,
'Tis the only face that was dear to me.
In the days of long ago !"

F. M. F.

A DESPERATE PLUNGE.

He stood upon a fallen tree,
Whose branches in the river lay,
And in his mind full pensively
Wild thoughts chased wilder thoughts away.

"I cannot leap," he slowly said,
"Yet that's the reason why I came
In the dark river's watery bed
To rest my strong but shrinking frame.

"Oh, what would my dear mother say,
My loving sister Maggie, too,
If they should know what I to-day,
Had here intended now to do ?

"But such weak thoughts I'll harbour not,
I will not play the coward's part ;
So fields and woods and every spot
I love, farewell. Be still, sad heart."

He leaped, and now the dark, swift stream
Had quickly hid his form from view ;
Aloft was heard the eagle's scream,
Shocked at what man had dared to do.

Silence upon the river came,
The circling eddies swiftly fled,
But look—once more the youth's stout frame
Arises, for he is not dead.

Like sheep by ruthless butcher's hand,
Unto the cruel slaughter led,
The youth his dark eyes turned to land,
And most excitedly he said,

"Billy, old fellow, jump right in,
The water's beautiful ;
Don't stand like I did, shivering,
For fear it might be cool.

J. L. G.

QUERY.

Whether the Tower of Pisa, he,
If other towers should meet his sight,
Would deem his leaning self to be
The only tower that stood upright ?

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A DARWINIAN FABLE.

(From the French of H. P. Le May)

It was in Afric soporific
That, canopied by plantains stubby
Dangling with bananas chubby
The apes held congress scientific.
Wished they our human clothes to don
And after man to do the flunkey?
Ah! No. They only wished to con
The origin of monkey.

Savants, sceptic philosophers,
Poets, critics, politicians,
Smug-moraled hagiographers,
Horse-reporters and logicians
Came flocking, gravely, to depose
Accounts that savored of the wondrous.
But a horrid scandal sudden mid the throng
Arose
When sev'ral sages, in accents thundrous,
Declared off-hand,
With bold defiance
In the name of science,
The ape so grand
His descent began
Straight from an animal called man.
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THE VARSITY

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No. 10.

STORM IN THE NIGHT.

They shriek afar i' the east from their haunted vaults—
The winds, his horséd couriers ; comes a tread
Which shakes heaven's coping. Overhead, the stars
Fall withered at the far glance of his eye.
He rides the blast, his trumpets fill the night ;
All ministering powers of light and good
Fall to the gloom of the underworld, ere yet
His swift, deep-mouthed dogs of hell hunt down
Their quarry through the sky.

W. J. H.

THE FIGHT FOR APPEARANCES.

To be rather than to seem, would be a good motto for more general adoption to-day. Not that this is an age of shams above all ages that ever were. Yet we know our own times better than it is possible for us to know any other and we can judge them more fairly.

There are, of course, different opinions as to what constitutes our well-being. And if we can suppose some approximation to absolute truth to be attainable here, then the desire to be well, and to appear well, is certainly not blameworthy. But while our capacity of desiring seems to be infinite, our powers of attainment are limited and fixed by the conditions in which we find ourselves. The result is a fight and a compromise. We struggle against the conditions and vanquish some of them ; we accept the others under tacit protest and restrain or modify our desires into a harmony of some kind with them.

In this process of conflict and adjustment the moral nature often suffers. The world judges us by appearances. There is nothing else for it to judge by. We alone may know ourselves. At the outset the world takes us to be what we seem to be. Subsequent manifestations on our part may change the judgment, but it is still a matter of appearance. And as the attainment of the reality which we desire and which the world approves, is often difficult or impossible, while the semblance of it is within easy reach, we sacrifice integrity on the shrine of appearance and sell our souls for a sham.

A considerable part of our social life is a fraud. The conventions of society and the laws of etiquette which condemn individuality and aim to make all men seem alike and act alike, are dishonest and fraudulent in their operation. Much of the current society talk, the complimentary allusion, the affected interest, are spurious and counterfeit. People say what they do not believe ; they pretend to feel what they do not feel.

There is a large element of sham in our politics, our trade, our professions and our literary and religious activities,—all

for the sake of some supposed advantage to be gained thereby. We do not stop often enough to reflect that no such gain can compensate the soul for the loss of honesty. But essayists and preachers have descanted sufficiently on this portion of the subject. For sake of variety the present article will deal with another particular phase of the evil.

I refer to our building operations. Many of the houses that are put up now-a-days are a fraud. Those who have had to live in them during the past month can well testify that they do not fulfil the primary end of a dwelling-house, which is to afford shelter and comfort. And in the secondary consideration of architectural beauty we fall equally short, though we make some pretension in this respect. People think they must have large houses, and as they can't afford to build them thus of solid stone or brick, they give the walls a brick veneer, or the front wall at least, though the sides and the back are of plaster. If the foundation is not of stone or the roof of slate, an attempt is made by the use of paint to make them appear as if they were.

Even the walls of our greatest public buildings, which to unsophisticated minds are of massive stone, turn out to be a brick-lined shell. To the Toronto University man who had passed and repassed for four years the old King's College building in the Queen's Park, and knew not too much of its history, but looked on it through a mist of romance—to such a one what a shock was given to find while the process of demolition was going on recently, that it too was a sham. We do not build now-a-days for the gods who see everywhere, but for men who look only at the surface.

There are many buildings of much pretension in Toronto, both public and private, that are disfigured with wood or metal cornices and pillars, painted with skilful trickery to the wretched semblance of stone. Even many of our churches, which at least ought to be honest buildings, are a deception with their sham stone pinnacles, turrets and mouldings. And the new hall now being built in Toronto by the Young Men's Christian Association is also to be condemned in this respect. If some of our religious buildings are in any sense an embodiment of our religious character, what a fraud we must be, to be sure !

The interiors and furniture of some of even our best houses are no better. There is too much veneer and imitation. We paint and stain and grain and paper and plaster our walls, our doors or our furniture, until we have deceived ourselves into ignorance of what plain honesty and good taste in these matters require of us. If we cannot have the reality through and through, for the sake of heaven let us not corrupt our souls with the imitation.

In matters of dress and personal adornment, the same dishonesty and vitiated taste appears. In fact, with respect to ornament, it has come to be pretty generally understood that very little that glitters is really gold, and even a lady's sealskin coat becomes an object of suspicion.

The remedy for the evil lies with the individual. Let him break from under the base compulsion of other people's opinions—and of his own. Let him moderate his desires to the point where he can satisfy them with realities. Satisfaction and success are relative terms. There is no absolute here. High satisfactions may consist with humble desires, and being, not having, is the end of life and the measure of its fulness.

A. STEVENSON.

THE NEW LITERARY SENSATION.

Amid the immensities of Western nature, men are cast in a larger mould. Under their broader skies is developed a magnificent largeness in speech and thought, now finding vent in heroic enterprise, and again in coining the queerest slang. They fondly proclaim that a new literary type is arising on the Pacific slopes, instinct with energy and life. The charms of mining with its alternate gifts of opulence and penury attracts the choicer specimens of the new race to the little mining settlements, where there is that reckless ease begot of fatalism mingled with buoyant hope. For while the hearty life of the west pulses through their limbs, it is worth while to live merely for the pleasure of living.

There is one point on which the Western community is touchy, and that is the supposed higher culture of the East. In their own vigorous way they will prove conclusively to you that the East is effete in literature as well as in men, and show that it is in the hardier West that America must find its future writers. For there the mountains, skies and grand processes of nature are never-failing sources of inspiration. At last the West has found a fit exponent of its views.

Through the kindness of a friend there has reached me the first issue of the *Lone Gulch Sanhedrim* (a quiet reference perhaps to subscription list), a literary and political weekly. Lone Gulch is a flourishing mining settlement in a spur of the Nevada Mountains. I am enabled to give a short description, because the *Sanhedrim* has for title piece a wood-cut of Lone Gulch embowered in the rays of the Western sun. About a dozen wooden shanties, all but two decorated with legends to the effect that this was the Ar Saloon, and a number of old army tents occupy a fairly level plateau at the mouth of the gulch. A fringe of tasseled pines forms a background.

The "Prospectus" is worthy of our attention, as it embodies the platform of the promoters of the new enterprise. An extract or two will convey a better idea than any description:—

"The slip-slop of Eastern Journalism is disgusting. In their periodicals there is no longer manly vigour. Men do not write what they think in good, wholesome Saxon. They seek elegance and finish at the expense of strength. The result is a nerveless sweetness only palatable to an enervated public.

* * *

We intend to say what we mean every time, no roundaboutisms with us. If we think a man is a skunk we intend to let the public know it.

* * *

We intend to show these Eastern galoots that just as good writing can be done with our dialect, as they choose to call it, as with the cold lispng language of the East. Where can you find such picturesqueness in epithet and images so forcible as in that despised Western speech. . . . &c., &c."

May they succeed. As the *genre* painters grew up in defiance of all rules, as the realist school in literature started up in France and England to protest against artistic fetters, so America is to see a natural school grow up on the slopes of the Rockies. And what better champion than the Lone Gulch *Sanhedrim*.

The *Sanhedrim* is a four-page weekly, printed from old type, battered and broken, on gray wrapping paper. Its contents are a curious mixture. An account of a dance and supper up at Red Mike's Saloon, "where all the beauty and fashion of Lone Gulch were gathered on this festive occasion." An account that glows with all the imagery of a western reporter is cheek by jowl with an editorial utterance of a true frontier flavour. "Two-fingered Bill, which his other name is Short, is warned to stop loafing about the stampers, trying to steal, for the eyes of the intelligent citizens of Lone Gulch are upon him, and they will tender him a surprise party," which surprise, it is not obscurely hinted, would be in the nature of bringing his neck into sympathetic contact with a rope and an oak limb.

The election of a sheriff is coming off and, of course, the *Sanhedrim* pushes its candidate powerfully, remarking that if the other party felt aggrieved, he "could make known his objections at this office," but, at the same time, quietly suggested that it would be as well if his friends had ready a barrow to remove the remains.

In literature there is the first instalment of a story, some verse, and a singular piece entitled "A Gargoyle," which I shall quote. It seems to have a personal bearing on some "soak" of the Gulch, and is introduced by a line or two of jolly old Falstaff.

"I have maintained that salamander of yours with firr any time these two and thirty years; God reward me for it."

—Falstaff.

The carbuncular richness of his phiz was an outward and visible sign, a very beacon rather, of an inward and proof-spirit grace. By such token you might guess he was of the most noble order of toss-pots—your devil-may-care fellows who swig off their lush with the ease that only a lifetime of practise can bestow. For some five and forty years he had dandled and petted his rubicund member, and great was his reward. A mellow glow wreathed the massy structure, in which a swollen vein here and there gleamed portentous—dark purple on a sanguine field. With its fiery sheen it lighted up the ambush of his hairy muzzle, for all the world like an angry sunset in a squalid forest. Gnarled and knotted, as sometimes is the patriarch among trees, not a knob but chronicled some great effort in the service of the wine-god. This blossom—he would say, laying his finger respectfully on a particularly vicious looking excrescence that shaded its rich tones into the encircling brassy tints—cost me a good twelvemonth's devotion to a prime article of Bordeaux brandy. For as a pine by its rings marks the march of time, did his bulbous ornament in itself serve for annals. In days of old, when faith was young our sires were wont to garnish their churches with grotesque figures—gargoyles, that from coigns of vantage upspread to the four winds of heaven their quaint hideousness, to fright away what bad spirits ranging abroad might chance to prowl near the fold. Like fair service was rendered our jolly toper by the dazzling effulgence of his generous organ. For, overcome at sight thereof, the tapster—he who calls spirits from the vasty deep—would forget his knavish cunning and turn true man. So for the nonce there was no lime in the sack. H.

JEAN JACQUES :

A TALE OF A FRENCH REVOLUTION.

CHAPTER I.

Jean Jacques was a Frenchman.
So were his father and grandfather before him.
Jean Jacques was of noble birth.
His father was a French Count.
His full name was : Jean Jacques de la Rochejacquelain
Leon Michel de Haut-Ton.

But he was always familiarly called Jean Jacques, in imitation of another celebrated Frenchman.

CHAPTER II.

In the Revolution of six months before, Jean Jacques had staked high, and had lost.

The hated Republic had been established, and the Government had been returned with an increased majority.

But his hopes and wishes for the ultimate destiny of France were not extinguished by the inactivity of the Revolution business.

"France shall yet live," he often used to say, "Even though I die for her."

In the horoscope of political destiny Jean Jacques saw that a Revolution must come.

He was ready.

CHAPTER III.

Jean Jacques had been forced *malgre lui*, to accept a position in the Bureau of Finance.

He had to live somehow, and "why not gain some departmental knowledge? who knows but that some day——"

His salary was 1,000 francs a year,—a mere pittance—but what was sordid gold to him if France might yet be saved!

The position was respectable; and though he scorned to be employed by the Republic—bah!—he had sense enough not to starve.

CHAPTER IV.

With the characteristic love of his nation, Jean Jacques was fond of showy dress.

And so far as his salary would allow, he dressed himself in a manner becoming a true son of France, and the son of a French Count.

He usually wore a tight-fitting *surtout* of blue serge, adorned

with great brass buttons taken from an old military overcoat of the time of the Empire.

He was continually smoking cigarettes. His favorite brand was "Le Petit Caporal." The picture of Napoleon on the wrapper had first attracted his attention; and from that time his soul had been fired with a desire to rival the Sovereign of Elba.

Visions of *Coups d'Etat* floated constantly before his vision.

CHAPTER V.

Jean Jacques had an intimate friend.

The gentle reader will instantly draw the conclusion that his *intime* was a woman.

And the gentle reader will be wrong.

No; Jean Jacques' friend was an obscure printer, poorer than himself.

But this printer was a Frenchman! Did not that make up for a great deal!

The printer's name was Antoine—simply this and nothing more.

If Antoine had ever had any other names he never remembered them.

If he had ever wanted more, Jean Jacques would have lent him some of his. He had often said so.

Such, gentle reader, is the power of love.

Antoine had no particular creed. He would shout himself hoarse over the Republic or Empire, according to which paid best.

Just now it was the Empire.

But if there was a real live, *At. Revolution* on deck, why so was Antoine.

He published a newspaper,—*L'Epee de Damocles*.

Jean Jacques and Antoine were bosom friends,—*amis de sein*, in fact.

CHAPTER VI.

Jean Jacques had on several occasions asked for a "rise."

No attention having been paid to his requests he determined to take one—out of the Republic.

He came to the conclusion that it was absolutely necessary to start a revolution, or else France would be forever lost.

CHAPTER VII.

It was night.

It was dark and wet.

Jean Jacques de la Rochejacquelin Leon Michel de-Haut-Ton walked as rapidly as the length of his name would permit towards La Place de la Revolution.

Antoine sought it from another direction.

It was a propitious meeting-place!

The clocks had stricken ten.

"Ha! Voila!"

"Oui!"

"Y restez!"

"Are you prepared!"

"Je suis."

"Bien."

"Que buvez-vous?"

"Une taille-de-coq."

"Bien."

"Hâtons-nous!"

"From this moment," said Jean Jacques, "I give myself for France. She shall live, though the very infernal regions combine against her, France shall live——."

But the cold injunction of M. le Gendarme to "*aller, au-dessous, vite*ment," cut short the impassioned eloquence of Jean Jacques.

The conspirators strode off into the darkness.

But their souls were on fire.

France had not begun to live yet.

These were only the mutterings of the tempest.

CHAPTER VIII.

A difficulty presented itself to Jean Jacques.

He wanted a pretext for his Revolution.

At last one was vouchsafed him.

He was alone in his office one day.

He espied a scrap of paper on the floor. He picked it up.

"*Mon Dieu*," was all he said.

These were the words on the scrap of paper; "They must

be of the best German silver, as they will be used in all the Government Departments."

The scrap bore the signature of his chief, a Cabinet Minister!

Jean Jacques placed his "find" next his palpitating heart, and when his work for the day was over he hurriedly sought the office of *L'Epee*.

CHAPTER IX.

He embraced Antoine, and sank into a chair, exhausted.

"Ah, mon ami, you have news?"

"France shall live. I shall save her. Read!"

Antoine read the scrap of paper, and sank into his friend's arms.

They both remained silent for a spell.

CHAPTER X.

"We must Revolute," said Jean Jacques.

"*Ca ira*, Gallagher," responded Antoine, fervently.

CHAPTER XI.

The next day, *L'Epee* contained the following:—

Aux Armes!

A Bas La Republique!

Vive L'Empire!

PATRIOTS! Read This:—

"They must be of the best GERMAN SILVER, as they will be used in all the Government Departments.

(Signed.)

"Boulanger,
Minister of War."

Patriots of France!

The Government is recreant!

It is in league with Germany!

German Boodle debauches the Executive!

German silver threatens Les Bureaux!

To arms, then!

Down with Bismarck!

A Bas the Boodle crew!

(Signed)

Jean Jacques, etc., de Haut-Ton,
Antoine.

CHAPTER XII.

Paris was moved.

The Boulevards were thronged.

L'Epee was in every hand.

Jean Jacques alone is calm.

* * * * *

Borne along by a surging mob of humanity, he sits unmoved on the triumphal seat.

They approach the *Chambre des Deputes*.

They find it deserted.

They enter with shouts and cheers.

Jean Jacques ascends the Tribune, amid cries of "Vive L'Empire," and "Vive L'Empereur!"

CHAPTER XIII.

A hush settles on the crowd. Jean Jacques speaks.

He denounces the government.

He demands that all the rivers flowing from France into the Rhine, and even that river itself, be dammed.

He proclaims the downfall of the Republic.

And announces the establishment of the Empire.

The crowd cheer, and the students of the University of Paris sing "Vive Le Roi" from the gallery.

CHAPTER XIV.

Jean Jacques is proclaimed Emperor.

Antoine secures the Government Printing contract, and is happy.

CHAPTER XV.

France lives!

She has achieved a great moral victory!

It is her first and only one! But what of that!

She has humiliated Germany!

And without spending a dollar!

Or shedding a drop of blood!

CHAPTER XVI.

O, long-headed Jean Jacques.

O, happy Boodler Antoine.

Ave!

Salve!!

Houp-la!!!

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All communications should be addressed to THE EDITORS, University College, Toronto, and must be in on Wednesday of each week.

Contributions when not accepted will be returned if accompanied with a stamp for that purpose.

For some time previous to the Christmas vacation various inuendoes were in circulation respecting THE VARSITY and its management. Since its commencement THE VARSITY has met with similar treatment periodically. The present difficulty arose, so far as we can learn, over the management of a recent college event, and the attitude therein assumed by those in whose hands has been placed the conduct of this paper. We should take no notice of the charges brought against THE VARSITY were it not that we desire to correct an impression which has evidently gained currency amongst some of our readers whose goodwill and help we should be very unwilling to lose.

Our readers will naturally wish to know what the charges are. As there is no virtue in concealment we shall be most explicit and direct in our statement of them. As is well known, there is a branch of the Zeta Psi Fraternity in existence in University College. For reasons which it is not our province to discuss, this Greek Letter Society has incurred the ill-will of certain students. During the "late unpleasantness," the action taken by the editors of THE VARSITY, in their private capacity, furnished the pretext upon which the charges were based. Thereupon a regular "Rye House Plot" was unearthed, and THE VARSITY was charged with being controlled by, and conducted in the exclusive interest of, this Greek Letter Society!

Now we have a few words to say in reply to this charge. First of all, THE VARSITY is controlled by a Joint Stock Company, and is entirely independent of any society, body or clique, except its shareholders. To these, and these alone, is it responsible. In the second place, not a single Editor of THE VARSITY belongs to the Greek Letter Society. And in the next place, considering that the Editorial Staff alone has control of the columns of THE VARSITY, we fail to see how members of the Directorate, who are not Editors, could possibly control its columns in the interests of any society!

The Editors of THE VARSITY have always adhered to the rule, that a contribution from any quarter shall be accepted, provided the subject discussed is of general interest; that it is written with some regard to literary finish, and that the article is vouched for as *bona fide*. The correspondence column is always open, and unless correspondents omit to acquaint the Editors with their names, and unless the writer wishes simply to veil personal recriminations under the cheap device of anonymity, his communication always will find a place in the columns of THE VARSITY. Opinions at variance with those of the Editors, and letters criticizing the editorial utterances of THE VARSITY, so long as they conform to the above rules, are never refused. It now only remains for us to add that those who persist, after this explanation, in bringing such charges as we have now replied to, will have the doubtful satisfaction of knowing that they are telling what is not true.

By a recent statement in the daily papers it is officially announced that Woodstock College is to be converted into a separate University. But there is also another statement which, while it does not surprise us, is to be regretted most sincerely. It is this: That the Toronto Baptist College is joining in the movement. It will

doubtless be made the Theological Faculty of the new McMaster University—if that institution ever becomes an established fact. And this THE VARSITY will most strenuously oppose. We have already stated our objections to the new University, and there is no need to go over the ground again. But this much may be said: That McMaster Hall is now affiliated to the University of Toronto; that the spirit of the terms of affiliation was that the students attending the Baptist College in that city should get their theological training there, and take their Arts course at University College, graduating in the University of Toronto.

Principal Castle, if we remember aright, was a prominent speaker at the great banquet in the Pavilion three years ago, when Confederation was the all-engrossing topic in University circles. He represented the Baptists on that occasion, and was clear and distinct in the expression of his and their sentiments of loyalty and affection for the University of Toronto. The Hon. McMaster is a Senator of Toronto University and a member of the Board of Trustees. He may not unfairly be asked why he should seek to complicate matters at the present juncture, and fail—as he practically does—in his support of the University of Toronto. Considering the official position he occupies in relation thereto, this might reasonably be expected of him.

As we have stated before, we would not object to the establishment of a Baptist Arts College with a good staff of instructors. There is no real pressing need even for this. The multiplication of Colleges for the purposes of giving instruction, while almost unnecessary at present in Ontario, would not have any very bad results. But the multiplication of small Colleges, endowed with University powers, has a positively vicious effect upon higher education. At the present time, when an honest attempt is being made to consolidate two of the prominent Universities in this Province, it is disheartening, to say the least, to see the project started—and that, too, by a Senator of one of the Confederating Universities—of establishing another University, which must necessarily be a rival institution. Senator McMaster's University scheme, if it goes through, will leave things in the same position practically, but in a worse condition positively, after, as before the consolidation of Toronto and Victoria. Since our last utterance on this subject the Provincial elections have been held. The same party—though with increased strength—is in power. During the contest the Reverend Principal of McMaster Hall took a hand in the discussion. His fulsome adulation of the Provincial Premier may not be without its effect. But we certainly hope the Minister of Education will think seriously before he consents to introduce a Bill into the Legislature which will confer University functions upon Woodstock College. Such a course would stultify his previous utterances and actions in reference to University Confederation. We believe he is sincere in his desire to bring the present negotiations to a successful and happy consummation. The government is secure for another four years and does not need to bid for Baptist support. We trust, therefore, that wise and statesman-like counsels will prevail, and that the government will not countenance the proposal to confer University powers on Woodstock College.

The *Knox College Monthly*, in its December number, took occasion to compliment THE VARSITY upon what it called its "change of front" with regard to theological colleges. We cannot, however, accept our contemporary's congratulations on the terms on which they are offered. We do not desire to receive praise on false pretences. We did not last year, nor do we wish this year, to be in "antagonism to theological colleges." But we did not, and shall not, hesitate when occasion arises to speak out plainly in every case in which we have reason to believe that the interests of University College are threatened, no matter from whence the danger may come. Last year we had reason for believing that the representatives on the Senate of the theological colleges had other and ulterior objects in view than those affecting the good of the University or the College as a whole. We took occasion to say so plainly. But we were not antagonistic to theological colleges, and it is most unfair to charge us with having assumed such an attitude. This year no such occasion for criticism has arisen, and we have not, therefore, said anything on the subject. From this

silence our contemporary draws the inference that we have been converted. Our attitude is one of defence, not one of defiance; we are conservative, not radical. We have no occasion, as we certainly have no desire, to put ourselves in an attitude of antagonism to the affiliated colleges. But at the same time we reserve to ourselves the right of criticism and attack when necessary. Our first duty, as we regard it, is to University College and its interests. When they are concerned it is ours to do what we can to defend and protect them. Our contemporary has, apparently, not forgiven THE VARSITY for the publication of the New Protestantism articles. We are sorry for this, but have nothing to regret in the matter. We have no quarrel with the *Knox College Monthly*, but feel it but just to the former staff of this paper, as to the present, to correct the impression which the *Monthly's* article would convey. We have nothing but the most friendly feelings for our contemporary, whose Board of Editors is composed entirely of our own graduates, and whose value as a magazine is increasing with each issue; but we must respectfully decline to receive its congratulations about our "change of front."

Not only all who have had to do with University College in the past few years, but University men generally,—and not University men alone, but all who would zealously care for and foster what there is of Canadian literature,—will welcome the announcement that Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., of London, are about to issue a volume of the poems of Mr. T. B. Phillips-Stewart, of THE VARSITY staff in the spirit, but long lost to us in the flesh, in his wanderings over seas. The class of '87 need not be reminded that in their sophomore year Mr. Phillips-Stewart did them the honor of winning the prize by his poem, "The New World," which has its place in "THE VARSITY BOOK." The poems which appeared over his name in our columns last year are familiar to our readers; and little that we can say in praise and sympathetic approval of them will have force to add to their power, and beauty, and promise.

Mr. Phillips-Stewart departs from London for Rome within the month; and it is not unlikely that before these lines are in print his volume will have been launched on the perilous sea, whose ebb-tide leaves stranded multitudes of waifs. But we have all confidence in his self-sustaining strength and the high poetic purpose which will, in time, compel the literary world to take note of him; and we are assured that the best wishes of our readers are with the gifted young Canadian in his first attempt to scale the Old World heights.

UNRECORDED CONVERSATIONS OF GREAT MEN.

I.—STEELE AND DEAN SWIFT.

One afternoon Mr. Addison and Sir Richard Steele entered But-ton's arm in arm, and found assembled most of the wits who frequented that well-known coffee-house. Mr. Ambrose Phillips, with somewhat violent gestures and not a little excitement, was delivering his opinion of Mr. Pope's paper on Pastoral Poetry in the *Guardian* of that day. Mr. Addison said but little, and seemed lost in meditation while he smoked his long pipe. Sir Richard, who had been fuddling himself earlier in the day, absorbed quantities of spirits and water, throwing out flashes of wit into the discussion going on, and then relapsing into a moody silence.

Dean Swift entered with a pretentious grandeur of manner which was lost on those present by reason of the ardour of their conversation. After a few words with Mr. Addison, the Dean, annoyed at Sir Richard's persistent inattention to his presence, bawled out with the ill-bred vulgarity which was so disagreeably characteristic of him, "So, Mr. Dick, you don't know your friends any longer now, when you see them,—eh?"

"They do tell me that I am growing short-sighted," said Steele, turning to his fellow countryman with tipsy gravity, "but if you would kindly shut your mouth so that I may see more of your face, perhaps I then shall be able to make out who you are."

II.—HUXLEY'S MERRY JEST.

"Herbert Spencer has been telling me that you were labouring last evening under extreme cerebral excitement," remarked Huxley, as he met Richard A. Proctor emerging from a London drug store on the second of January.

"I have just been procuring some bromide," returned Proctor, smiling feebly.

"I understand," Huxley continued, "that you magnanimously offered to clean out two bobbies with one hand tied behind your back, and that you drew a great crowd by rendering several local selections very acceptably——"

"Good Heavens!" gasped Proctor, "Did I do that?"

"Very acceptably," persisted Huxley, "though with a rather thick utterance. You made the street howl with melody, and were the centre-piece of a large and enthusiastic celebration."

"I haven't the slightest—I don't remember——" ejaculated Proctor, putting his hand to his head vaguely. "Last evening is a perfect blank to me!"

"Would I not be justified, now," Huxley inquired with a merry twinkle in his eye, "in putting this on record as an exceptionally well authenticated instance of Unconscious Celebration?"

W. J. H.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Editors are not responsible for the opinions of correspondents. No notice will be taken of unsigned contributions.

"A SUGGESTION."

To the Editors of THE VARSITY.

DEAR SIRS,—In your last number appears one of the most astounding instances of the "consciousness of genius" that the American continent has produced. I attack the article from cover because the author's acquaintance is a source of intellectual profit to me. I confess that the first sentence of "A Suggestion" slightly staggered me. On recovering, it occurred to me, "this *must* be a joke." But the "suggestion" of this galaxy "Rasselas," "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," and "A Suggestion," so primarily essential to its creation in the mind, is evidently *no* joke. The author might have omitted poor Ben Jonson's name, and certainly he ought not to have tried to father his hasty *suggestio mei* on the undefended dead. You must understand, Mr. Editor, that I proceed according to the canon that "Brevity is the soul of wit," and, therefore, do I conclude that the first thirty lines are *not* a very prosy joke, but a little revelation of genius. The author finishes (alas! too soon) by throwing out the suggestion. What a pity this was not done instead of putting it in print. But—and here ensues another train of subtle philosophy fairly sampled thus—"I cannot help thinking that to some the VARSITY has been merely a vehicle for the insertion of 'copy' which could not elsewhere be inserted," and "But 'comely,' truly, VARSITY articles have almost always been." This latter phrase must, according to Ruskin and Arnold, mean that the articles in question are beautiful within and without. Here, evidently, one of the "fat women" came betwixt his "wit" and his sense. Roget and many others use the word "Psychics," and it can be found in many dictionaries, so that this special coining of the author must be, as it indeed appears, a counterfeit. Still we may acquit him of any criminal offence for he observes: "Doubtless, there are many in University College who know much more of the matter than do I."

And here let me notice a pretty literary gem of your own, Mr. Editor: "The *battle* of the magazines will open this winter with a brilliant *campaign*."

Yours feebly,

OLD SLEDGE.

"VARSITY."

To the Editors of THE VARSITY.

SIRS,—Every time that I take up your valuable paper my highly strung nerves receive a shock on observing the title which to me savours somewhat of slang. I have heard the term used at Oxford in reference to the 'Varsity boat or the 'Varsity Football team, etc., such being also the case at Cambridge University. I think it would seem to any one unbefitting that the first word which meets the eye in the organ of this great Educational Institution, which would be supposed to be devoted entirely to articles in cultured language and other matter of the same kind, should be of the nature of slang. I will not, however, go so far as this without making some suggestion myself; I think some such title as University Gazette or Chronicle would be more appropriate. When I leave University College I am sure I shall feel much more inclined to continue taking your valuable paper, if it bears a different name. I have spoken to other University men on the subject and fancy a change of name would meet with general acceptance; the same, I think, will prove true with regard to the outside public, not to speak of our graduates. If I have not made myself prominent in any other way in University College affairs I shall feel much gratified if I shall prove to be the means of bringing about this much needed reform; or, at any rate, to bring about a thorough discussion of the subject. Hoping this will meet with your approval,

I remain yours,

J. C. BURROWS.

University College, Toronto, Dec. 8th, 1886.

ROUND THE TABLE.

In the "Breakfast Table Series," Oliver Wendell Holmes occasionally takes us into his confidence. At least he seems to do so, when he mentions that a tendency to *mal apropos* remarks in conversation has proved to him a fruitful source of embarrassment. He candidly tells us that whenever he talks with an Irishman, he has to keep constant watch over himself to avoid some reference to Paddy, though that endearing diminutive finds no place in his ordinary vocabulary. In this tendency I suspect that the autocrat is not alone; do we not all recollect times when we would create the most favourable impression, but have blundered out some clumsy phrase, some "crass fate," as it were, compelling us to disappoint our own eagerness? My own latest I here set down with no extenuating circumstances.

* * *

A week or so ago I was picking my arduous way through that cavernous opening in the Park where soon a stately pile will uprear its massive grandeur. I stopped midway to admire the scene and to listen to the shouts of workmen and creak of teams, till the place seemed alive with all the bustle of a busy mart of trade. (I think I have seen that phrase somewhere; at present, however, I am unable to place it. And then observe how finely it rounds off the sentence.) In my abstracted mood I noticed a stranger, with the well-known *formidable* English air, approaching. Had I but been on the alert I might have taken warning, for there was a question in his eye, and so have nerved myself for the encounter. But on my heedless ear the question fell. Again, in courteous terms, he inquired of me whether that was the site of the new Legislative Buildings. I bluntly assented and then, bethinking myself that our English visitor might carry away an unpleasing impression of Canadian brusqueness, I hastily rummaged through my mind for some appropriate remark. Out it came at last, seemingly after due deliberation and looking around on every side, for in my helplessness I sought inspiration from without,—"*a pretty sizey hole?*" with the rising inflection.

Think of it ye gods! I who have haunted the groves of Academe, who have drunk of ancient and modern springs of Parnassus, who am a flower of Ontario youth (for so our friends flatter us), to be able on such an occasion, when Canada was represented in my person, to say but this—a *pretty sizey hole?* The Englishman seemed pained and I—I left.

* * *

When the critic saw the article headed "A Russian Fabulist," he perused it very carefully and then laid it down with an air of disappointment mingled with contempt. On our asking what the matter was, he said, "Now, there's a fellow who doesn't know his opportunity. Such a chance he may never have again. Why, actually, in talking about fables and personification, he had not gone enough in him to refer to the '*Anthropopathic tendency in man.*'" We, on the contrary, rejoiced with exceeding joy that the writer had spared us.

* * *

The gentlemanly Gifford, who wrote the "famous infamous" review of "Endymion" in the *Quarterly*, was the first, if I mistake not, to characterize Keats, Leigh Hunt, Lamb, Hazlitt and others, as the "Cockney School"; the point of the witticism lying wholly in the fact that the reviewer affected to believe that the coterie was made up entirely of Londoners. I may be mistaken as to Gifford, for, though I have read a great deal about his momentous article, and have enjoyed the imagination of how he must have satisfied poetic justice in writing under Shelley's slings and arrows, I have never gone through the article itself, —*pars minima est ipsa puella sui*. I am well enough up in Keats, however, to be able to point out in "Endymion" a few of the deviations from ritualized literary English which with us merit the epithet "cockney," though in a slightly different sense from that in which it was used by Gifford.

* * *

About one hundred and fifty lines from the end of the first book of "Endymion" we read:

"—a hope beyond the shadow of a dream.
My sayings will the less obscure seem,
When I have told thee how my waking sight

Has made me scruple whether the same night
Was spent in dreaming."

In the second line *obscure* must obviously be read *ob-skew-ah*, a word of three syllables.

* * *

In the middle of the third book:—

"Groanings swelled
Poisonous about my ears, and louder grew,
The nearer I approached a flame's gaunt blue,
That glared before me through a thorny brake.
This *fire*, like the eye of gordian snake,
Bewitch'd me towards."

More than five hundred lines farther on in the same book:—

"Not flowers budding in an April rain,
Nor breath of sleeping dove, or river's flow,—
No, nor the Æolian twang of Love's own bow,
Can mingle music fit for the soft ear
Of goddess Cytherea."

And in the fourth book, four or five hundred lines from the opening:—

"These raven horses, though they foster'd are
Of earth's splenetic *fire*, dully drop
Their full-veined ears, nostrils blood wide, and stop;
Upon the spiritless mist have they outspread
Their ample feathers, are in slumber dead,—
And on those pinions, level in mid-air,
Endymion sleepeth and the lady fair."

In the first and third of these quotations I have italicized "*fire*," which in both verses is made *fire ah*. Elsewhere in the poem the word is generally of one syllable.

The second quotation contains, perhaps, the most unpardonable rhyme ever made by poet, which is saying a very great deal, indeed:—

"Music fit for the soft e-ah
Of goddess Cytheréa."

* * *

To colonials, at any rate, whose every-day intercourse lacks the gracious halo thrown around even the commonest words by "the English accent,"—the use of which, I am however given to understand, is among the most inestimable of the privileges enjoyed by those who attend Trinity College,—it is likely to be a matter of surprise that so supreme a poet and artist as Keats, with such a "mastery of his mystery," whose hand was so masterful and true in the finest, most evasive shades of subtlest suggestion, should allow such verses to stand in "Endymion." There are other slight metrical blemishes in the poem into which it is not needful to inquire too nicely.

* * *

One does not like to be thought guilty of bringing a charge or this kind against the *clarum ac venerabile nomen* of the Laureate. But the laurel rests over an ear which only once forgot its cunning and its delicate perception, and was betrayed—whisper it not in the streets of Askelon!—into a "cockney" rhyme. In the *Gem*, a literary annual for 1831, Tennyson printed two short poems which are not found in all the ordinary editions of the poet. My presumption has carried me to the length of underlining the objectionable rhyme in one of them.

ANACREONTICS.

"With roses musky-breathed,
And drooping daffodilly,
And silver-leaved lily,
And ivy darkly-wreathed,
I wove a crown *before her*.
For her I love so dearly,
A garland for *Lenora*.
With a silken cord I bound it.
Lenora, laughing clearly
A light and thrilling laughter,
About her forehead wound it,
And loved me ever after."

* * *

The ingenious man asked to be allowed to read an elegiac distich,—"*a small, slight thing, but his own*":

Man has known no rest or quiet since Adam, in Eden,
Startled from peaceful sleep, stared in surprise at his wife.

HH.

UNIVERSITY AND COLLEGE NEWS.

All reports from Societies must reach us by noon on Thursday to ensure insertion.

T. Marshall, B.A., '86, has been appointed on the pedagogic staff of Dundas.

G. D. Wilson, B.A., '86, is Classical Master in Uxbridge Collegiate Institute.

F. H. Sykes, M.A., '85, is Modern Language Master in Strathroy Collegiate Institute.

T. G. Campbell, B. A., of Whitby, has been appointed Inspector of Schools for South Gray.

Wm. Houston, M.A., now holds a place on the Board of Trustees of Toronto Collegiate Institute.

A. S. Johnson, M.A., '82, formerly Fellow in Mental and Moral Science, is now on the staff of Cornell University.

The VARSITY will be sent to all new subscribers from now until end of academic year (including Christmas and June special numbers) for \$1.

Mr. G. Mercer Adam will, it is expected, deliver a lecture to the Modern Language Club at no very distant date, on the subject of "Canadian Authors."

Mr. J. N. McKendrick, '87, went to Queen's to represent University College at the dinner of the graduating class, and at the Royal College conversazione.

The Rev. Jeffroy Hill, M.A., of Chatham, will deliver a lecture in Moss Hall on Saturday evening next, Jan. 22, at 8 p.m., on the subject "Marmion and Mark Twain," or "What I Saw in France and Italy."

The Literary and Scientific Society have failed to arrange for an intercollegiate debate with McGill this year. It is expected, however, that representatives will be sent to Kingston to take part in a debate with Queen's College Alma Mater Society some time in February.

Extract from a letter from Johns Hopkins University:—"At the January examinations, H. R. Fairclough took a scholarship in Greek, and A. MacMechan a scholarship in German. All the Toronto men here are either Fellows or Scholars. They never get left. Send on another contingent for '87-'88."

Rev. Jeffrey Hill, M.A., '65, will lecture under the auspices of the Literary and Scientific Society on Saturday evening, January 22nd, on the subject of "Marmion and Mark Twain." The lecturer will illustrate his subject by blackboard sketches of a comic nature. The Y. M. C. A. are expected to grant the use of their rooms for the occasion.

Copies of the Constitution, By-Laws, List of Members, Chronological List of Officers from time of inauguration, &c., of the Literary and Scientific Society of the College have been issued in neat and convenient pamphlet form, and may be had of various members of the Committee. Each member of the Society would do well to possess himself of a copy. The price is merely nominal.

RUGBY FOOTBALL.—The semi-annual meeting of this club was held in Moss Hall on Wednesday, January 19th. The committee was elected as follows:—President, G. Boyd; Secy.-Treasurer, G. C. Biggor; Committee—Fourth Year—H. McLaren, E. C. Senkler, W. McKay. Third year—J. H. Senkler, F. X. Mill, F. Suetsinger. Second year—E. A. Sullivan, G. B. McClean, A. T. Watt. C. Marani and G. Boyd were elected delegates to the Union.

At the Modern Language meeting on Monday last, a great many visitors were present, attracted, doubtless, by the very interesting programme which the committee had provided. Byron and his works were the subjects of three very interesting essays. Dr. Wilson, who presided as chairman of the meeting, gave an exceedingly entertaining discourse on Byron. Mr. T. M. Logie read an essay on Manfred. Mr. F. J. Steen read an essay on Childe Harold. The last paper, a very witty production, was read by Mr. Boulbee. After a short discussion of the essays, Dr. Wilson was heartily thanked for his kindness in presiding. The meeting then adjourned.

About a month ago there appeared in the cable news of the city papers a notice of the death of Professor H. Alleyne Nicholson, formerly Professor of Natural History in University College, and then occupying the same chair in Aberdeen University. This week, however, it is learned from the best authority, viz., himself, that he is not only alive, but in excellent health. The death of his father recently probably gave rise to the mistake. Our Canadian editors yield at times to the temptation of amplifying their meagre cable news. An item comes of the death of H. A. Nicholson. The "Men of the Times" is hunted up, and "our own correspondent" is credited with a full account of what turns out to have never occurred. Professor Nicholson succeeded Professor Hincks, and resigned to take the chair in the University of St. Andrews, from which he has since been promoted to that of Aberdeen.

The preliminary preparations for the publication of a University College Song Book are now completed. The Glee Club has decided that we must have a song book of our own, and has appointed the following committee to compile and issue the book: M. S. Mercer, B.A., W. Elliott Haslam, J. W. Garvin, R. M. Hamilton, R. L. Johnston, A. H. Young, W. J. Healy, F. B. Hodgins, J. E. Jones, N. Kent, J. D. Spence, and J. J. Ferguson. Negotiations are now in progress to get some publisher to take hold of the book, which it is hoped will be published about August. The price will probably be about one dollar. As it will be necessary to get a large subscription list, it is confidently expected that a large number of graduates and admirers of College songs will put their names down at once for a copy. The book is one that will commend itself to every College man, and will certainly raise the status of our chorus singing. Many a camp fire will no doubt be enlivened this summer by it, and subscribers, especially College students, will do well to send in their summer addresses, that the book may reach them as soon as it is published.

The fifth regular meeting of the NATURAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION was held in Dr. Pike's lecture room, S. P. S., on Thursday, the 13th inst., the president in the chair. Mr. Shutt read a communication from a botanical firm in Paris, offering to exchange plants, etc.—laid over for further discussion. There being no further business the programme was taken up, the first paper being by Mr. A. B. MacCallum, B.A., on the origin of haemoglobin. The speaker gave a resume of the recent literature on his subject, followed by an account of some experiments, at present being carried on by himself, tending to show that haemoglobin is a degeneration product of the nucleus. This paper, which was well received, was illustrated by black-board drawings and microscopical preparations. Mr. W. L. Miller then read a paper on the fractionation of yttria, being a digest of a series of investigations undertaken by Crookes, the vice-president of the Chemical Society; after which there was an informal discussion on the value of spectroscopic indication as a guide to chemical composition. The association then adjourned until January 27th.

While the rest of the undergraduates are talking about promoting sociability among the students, the Glee Club is trying to do something in a practical way. They have revived the old custom of making little trips about town and into the country to assist at different concerts. The songs they sang at a concert at the Church of the Redeemer, on Dec. 16th, were received and encored most enthusiastically. Four young men who had played brass instruments at the concert, led the march home, Wycliffe College and the Residence being serenaded en route. On Jan. 12th, between thirty and forty members went on a sleighing party to Weston, there to furnish some music for a concert given by the C. E. T. S. After a jolly drive, they arrived at Weston to find that their advent had been heralded by large posters, and that they were expected to supply the whole concert. However, the Club managed to make up a full programme with choruses, solos, recitations, band performances, etc., that delighted the audience of over three hundred that had gathered to hear them. After the concert, and during the supper which was supplied by the ladies of Weston, the students surpassed themselves in jollity and good-fellowship.

A SERIES OF LECTURES is to be delivered in the Convocation Hall of Trinity University, as was the case last winter. Friends of the College and the public generally are cordially invited. Following is the programme:—

Friday, January 21st.—"Shakespeare and his Influence on the English Language," by the REV. CANON NORMAN, M.A., D.C.L., Vice-Chancellor of the University of Bishop's College, Lennoxville.

Friday, January 28th.—"Social Life at Rome under the Early Empire," by the REV. PROF. BOYS.

Thursday, February 3rd, and Friday, February 4th.—"The Roman Catholic Church after the Council of Trent," and "The Anglican Reformation," by the RIGHT REV. A. CLEVELAND COXE, D.D., Bishop of Western New York.

Friday, February 11th.—"Carlyle," by the REV. PROF. CLARK.

Friday, February 18th.—"Latest Advices," by the VERY REV. PRESIDENT NELLES, President of Victoria University, Cobourg.

THE MATHEMATICAL AND PHYSICAL SOCIETY met on Tuesday afternoon, Dec. 14th, '86. The President, Mr. T. Mulvey, B. A., in the chair. Mr. Robertson read a biographical sketch of Leibnitz, and the members of the society discussed his works. Mr. L. H. Bowerman, B.A., read an excellent paper on the Mathematics of Insurance and Mortality, showing the calculations on which Insurance Companies base their business transactions. Messrs. Dixon and Duff gave experiments in Acoustics. On motion, the problems were held over until the next meeting, January 11th, 1887, when a paper on Galileo will be read. The General Committee has decided to make some slight changes in the programmes, which will come in force next term.

The severity of the weather on Tuesday, 11th inst., evidently kept a number of the Mathematical students away from the meeting of their Society, which opened the proceedings of the year on that day. Mr. J. B. Bowerman was nominated for membership. Mr. J. A. Duff offered an excellent paper on Friction, which evoked considerable discussion. This is the first paper read by an undergraduate during the academic year. It is hoped that the other undergraduates will take the exhortation of the President to heart, and follow the example set by Mr. Duff. Problems were solved by Messrs. Bowerman, Rosebrugh and McGowan.

A report from the General Committee, arranging some changes in the programmes, was read and adopted.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.—The first meeting for the term was held on Friday evening, the 14th inst. In the unavoidable absence of the President, Mr. T. C. Robinette was requested to take the chair. After routine business, Mr. J. A. Ferguson was nominated for the vacant office of Vice-President. It will be remembered that Mr. T. B. P. Stewart was elected to this office last March, but failing to put in an appearance in October, he was granted a lengthy leave of absence. A communication from Mr. Stewart was read to the society on Friday evening, in which Mr. Stewart expressed his regrets that his health compelled him to remain in Europe. He thanked the society for granting his leave of absence, and after wishing every success to the society in its good work of fitting men to influence their country's destiny, urged its members to be true to their fatherland, to have faith in its future, and to direct their talents and education to advance humanization and civilization. It is in the power of all to do something in this direction by earnest effort. The literary programme was of an interesting nature. Mr. L. B. Stephenson's reading from Nicholas Nickleby was well received. The debate was very lively, and we cannot help thinking that the committee would do well to have parliamentary debates more frequently. Mr. J. J. Hughes moved that "in the opinion of this society popular theatre going is a benefit to the community." Mr. J. S. Johnston seconded this motion in an able speech. Mr. A. H. O'Brien moved in amendment, seconded by Mr. Jeffrey, that the present low tone of the popular drama is deleterious rather than beneficial to the community. On a subsequent objection taken to its form the amendment was ruled out of order. Several other speakers followed, among whom were Messrs. A. T. Hunter, Macdonald, J. M. Talbot, J. A. Garvin, Ritchie and G. C. Biggar. After an able summing up, the chairman put the motion to the meeting and declared it carried.

The regular weekly meeting of the Historical and Political Science Association was held in McMillan's hall, Wednesday, Jan. 19th; President Houston in the chair. A paper was read by J. M. Clark, B. A. The object of representative institutions was pointed out, viz., that the wishes of those who have a rational will should be represented. The present system of electing representatives fails to do this; for all majorities are represented, but minorities have no representation, or are misrepresented. Elected bodies often fail to reflect the true public opinion, and may even be directly opposed to it. Sometimes the party supported by the largest number of voters has a minority of representatives. The system of representing merely local majorities develops party feeling, gives local interest too much influence in deciding elections, often gives the floating popularity control, and tends to lower the intellectual qualifications of representatives. The essayist mentioned a number of other methods. (1) The plan tried in South Australia—the whole country is the constituency, and each voter has as many votes as there are candidates; (2) cumulative voting, which is much the same as (1); (3) Lord John Russell's method of forming "three-cornered constituencies," each constituency elects three members, and a voter may vote for two candidates. This is the method followed in Toronto in electing representatives for the Ontario Legislature; (4) Mr. Hare's method—"proportional representation." The constituency is the whole country; a man may record his vote for any candidate; (5) a modified form of this suitable for Canada. Let a province be divided into districts each electing, say, twelve members; a man could vote for as many candidates as he pleases, indicating his preference by numbers opposite their names. A limit would be placed to the number of votes required for the election of a candidate, and candidates would be elected in the order of their preference by the public. This would secure the election of the men of the greatest calibre and avoid many evils of our present system. A discussion by

members of the association followed, in which objections and questions were stated and answered. The next meeting will be held at 4:15 p.m., Jan. 26. Papers will be read next Wednesday on "Natural Positive Law," by Messrs. J. A. McMillan and N. H. Russell. As Lorimer and Maine will be discussed, it is hoped a large number will be present.

CONVERSAZIONE.—The first meeting of the conversazione committee was held in Moss Hall on Wednesday, January 12th. The principal business consisted in striking off the sub-committees, which are as follows:—

Dressing-room.—J. S. MacLean (Convener), W. P. Thompson, F. F. Manley, M.A., J. G. Hume, R. L. Johnston, N. H. Russell, G. A. H. Fraser, J. F. Snetsinger, R. H. Johnston. H. E. T. Haultain.

Finance.—F. H. Suffel (Convener), J. H. Moss, W. A. Bradley, W. F. W. Creelman, W. H. Irving, T. C. Robinette, Andrew Elliott, D. J. MacMurchy, J. F. Brown, W. H. Smith, J. A. Ferguson, T. A. Gibson, W. H. Hodges, B. Aikins, Laflamme, H. Richardson, C. M. Canniff, J. E. Jones, P. Forin, W. Cross, H. E. T. Haultain, W. J. Burt, S. A. Ball, A. McNally, A. Watt, W. H. Graham, F. H. Moss, T. E. Smith.

Music.—R. M. Hamilton (Convener), J. O. Miller, J. A. Garvin, W. H. Blake, B.A., M. S. Mercer, B.A., W. A. Frost, B.A., A. J. McLeod, B.A., C. W. Gordon, B.A., A. H. Young, J. E. Jones, J. D. Spence, J. J. Ferguson, A. T. Thompson.

Reception.—A. H. O'Brien (Convener), G. C. Biggar, F. H. Moss, W. A. Bradley, A. J. Hamilton, B.A., A. D. Crooks, B.A., R. McArthur, W. L. Miller, H. B. Bruce, N. H. Russell, V. M. McKay, F. McLeay, G. Boyd, E. C. Senkler, G. A. H. Fraser, R. J. Gibson, A. A. Macdonald, L. Boyd, E. Sullivan, A. Watt.

Heating, Seating, Lighting.—McKendrick (Convener), J. H. Rodd, J. A. McMillan, J. B. McEvoy, W. A. Lampart, H. J. Cody, H. W. C. Shore, W. Taylor, L. Boyd, R. McIlwraith, A. T. Proctor.

Decoration.—E. C. Acheson, J. O. Miller, M. V. Kelly, C. Marani, J. H. Bowes, B.A., C. C. Owen, B.A., George Acheson, B. A., A. J. Armstrong, J. A. McMillan, E. F. Blake, W. E. Burrill, H. Maclaren, L. E. Skeay, D. Ferguson, C. M. Canniff, J. D. Spence, P. Forin, J. B. Pyke, A. D. Thompson, G. B. McClean, J. Douglas, W. I. Senkler, W. J. Burt, G. A. Ball, A. McNally, W. B. Smith.

Refreshments.—H. A. Aikins (Convener), G. Logie, W. P. Mustard, P. McKeown, G. Boyd, J. S. Johnston, A. T. Hunter, T. B. Smith, W. H. Graham.

Invitation.—F. Redden (Convener), J. A. Patterson, M.A., W. H. Hunter, J. H. Moss, A. A. Macdonald.

Printing.—F. B. Hodgins (Convener), F. A. C. Redden, H. A. Aikins, T. Nattress, W. McBrady, T. Rogers, W. J. Healy.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE VARSITY is conducted by undergraduates of the University of Toronto, and will appear every Saturday of the academic year. It aims at being the exponent of the views of the University public, and will always seek the highest interests of our University. The Literary Department will, as heretofore, be a main feature. The news columns are full and accurate containing reports of all meetings of interest to its readers.

CONTENTS OF THE PRESENT NUMBER.

Storm in the Night. W. J. H.

The Fight for Appearances. A. STEVENSON.

The New Literary Sensation. H. Jean Jacques. CHIC.

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DI-VARSITIES.

The wife of the Mikado of Japan is a graduate of Vassar.

A druggist received the following note:—"Dear Sir, please give bearer a sucking bottle for a baby with a long tube. Mrs. Smith."

Mr. Skinfint Vanastorbilt (handing the waiter a nickel).—"Here, my friend, is a slight compensation."

Waiter.—"Thanks, Gov'ner, keep it. I was poor once myself."

A doctor in Dayton, Ohio, who lives on a street through which many funerals pass on their way to the cemetery, has a sign-board not unlike a railroad semaphore. When a funeral is passing, it swings out and displays this legend: "Not My Patient. I can cure any man who will follow my directions."

"Now this piece is a very difficult one," said the orchestra leader, "and I shall try something distinctively new in it. All but the trombone player are to stop at a certain time when I nod my head instead of waving the baton."

"When shall I stop?" asked the trombonist.

"Just before I nod my head," replied the leader.

Young Man: I love your daughter, sir, and would make her my wife.

Father: What are your prospects?

Young man: I think they'll be pretty good, if you say yes.

In a late number of the *Notre Dame Scholastic*, it is stated that the institution from which this esteemed exchange of ours emanates keeps six teams busy hauling coal, and uses 28 tons per day in heating the "great institution." We would ask if these tons are guaranteed 2,000 pounds to the ton. Our printer's devil says "that ain't nothin' to blow about. He seen a steamer wot consumed 3,189 tons of coal a day, and then didn't think itself any perticler punkins."

Am. Sportsman: "What did I bring down, Pat?" Pat: "Yer own dog, sur; blew his head all off." Am. Sportsman: "Where's the bird?" Pat: "Picking at ther dog, sur!"

"Somehow or other I don't think I'd care to be the prettiest girl in the world," he remarked. She: "Why not?" He: "Because I'd rather be next to the prettiest."

"Is it correct to say, 'I put up at the X—Hotel?'" inquired one travelling man of another. "No," "What ought I to say?" "I put up with the X—Hotel would be about the thing."

Invalid wife (to husband): "The doctor tells me that I ought to have a change of climate." Husband (hopefully): "All right, my dear. I see by the 'probabilities' that we are going to have colder weather with snow, followed by warmer weather with rain."

Young Woman (at Central Park menagerie): "And what is the name of that odd looking bird, papa?" Papa: "That is a stork, my dear." Young Woman (surprised): "Are you sure? I have always supposed that storks have but one leg."

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The theological student was struggling to put on a new four-ply collar, as he was preparing to take the train to a neighbouring village where he was to preach. "Bless the collar," he ejaculated; "oh, yes, bless it. Bless the blessed collar!" "What's your text for to-morrow?" interrupted his chum. "T-twenty-f-first verse, f-fifth psalm," he replied in short gasps. "The words of his mouth were s-smoother than b-butter, but w-war was in his h-heart."

Austere-looking lady walked into a furrier's yesterday, and said to the yellow-headed clerk: "I would like to get a muff." "What fur?" inquired the dude. "To keep my hands warm," exclaimed the madame, crushing him like a thunder-storm.

A Hartford man has sued the *Chicago Tribune* for calling him a crank. The defendant files a demurrer setting forth that the word "crank" is described in the dictionary as machinery having a circular motion, and asks the plaintiff to give an acceptable definition of the word. Let him give the dictionary definition, and prove that he wasn't drunk, and he will have his case.

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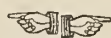
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THE VARSITY

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WORD MEMORIES.

Words that bring back the glad and peaceful hours
That watched our frolics in the sun and shade,
When ev'ry wind seemed whisp'ring to the flowers
Of lovelier worlds where happier children played.

Words that recall the feelings of our youth,
The garden where our names in emerald grew ;
The truth we loved when fairy tales were truth,
When god and goddess, fay and faun, were true.

The tiny words that grew from tiny acts ;
The low love-language of the childish heart ;
The stammer that interpreted strange facts,
Or strove some schoolboy legend to impart.

The names our playmates gave in mossy bower,
When Mab and Ariel for our sponsors stood ;
Names haply borrowed from some Greek-called flower,
Or given in praise by Love when we were good.

Nor less the words our statelier years record,
By Fancy coined, yet bearing Reason's stamp,
Words with which Wit has played, or Life adored,
Slaves of the king, or servants of the lamp.

The words of men who clothe our thoughts with speech,
Gay proverb, sparkling jest, or patriot song :
Words which, like sunbeams, through the darkness reach,
Show lowly worth, or brand imperial wrong.

The words of men that walked in war's red ways,
Or spake their fireside thoughts to child or wife ;
The simple words that giving blame or praise
Ring down the echoing avenues of life.

Glad words that breathe of sunshine and of morn ;
Sweet words that on the wings of evening fly ;
Kind words that greet the child when he is born,
And loving words that bless us when we die.

Berlin.

JOHN KING.

EARLY REMINISCENCES.

It seems of late to have become a weakness of great minds, or of minds possessed of an established conviction of their greatness, to let the public into the secret of long-past school days,—to trace for others' benefit, instruction, and interest, the early history of the development of individualities not of common mould ; as if to give the world to know how possible it is that great and brilliant futures should be the result of ignominious pasts, and how small causes, rightly directed, may lead to great results. Perhaps proneness to autobiographical reminiscence is a pardonable conceit. In some it is. It certainly is in those whose whole lives and life-work interest us. What would we not give to be able to build from lines of Shakspeare a history of his early life ! How we would rejoice in an authentic account of Socrates' boyhood, and trace him year by year from Phaenarete's nursing of him to his unhappy fall into the matrimonial clutches of Xantippe ! But the god-

dess of history seems to have cast a veil over the early life of great men ; even Paul of Tarsus is little known, and that little not altogether authenticated as worthy of credence. But if the goddess is unkind in this, she makes up for her ill-humor by telling us all that is worth knowing—and much that is not—about the babyhood and boyhood of hosts of others not of so great importance, except to themselves. These glimpses of knowledge are valuable only when they are valuable ; which, interpreted, means that they are worthy of attention only when they attach to themselves, apart from the passing and accidental individual who happens to be the medium of intelligence, an interest which is founded on an appeal to the remembered universal or frequent experience of others. There are very few people in the world at present whose personal history we are interested in, simply because they are who they are. If a man's history is interesting in itself, if the recital of it is instructive or even amusing, we welcome it, not, however, as a rule, because it is his, but because it is worth knowing. So it is with reminiscences of school-days, of which we have of late had an overflow. These are worth reading only if they are worth telling in themselves, if they appeal to our sympathies, and especially to those sympathies founded on our own experience. Abstractly, no one cares to know that John Smith received what little education has been furnished him, at Smith's Corners, and Smythville, and at Smythe's Academy in the county-town of his county. But if John Smith can tell us anything about these important periods in his career—important to him, I mean, of course—that is worth hearing, and can tell it in such a way as to make himself worth listening to, we are glad to listen. But only then. Those who tell us tales of simple things must make their tales good in the telling. It is in the telling of simple things that one most easily becomes a bore.

Any person who has read thus far in my statement of a harmless, but, I think, reasonable, impression on the subject of the recital of school day reminiscences, will naturally suspect that I am about to enter upon a detailed tabulation of my own. I'm not. But it is not modesty that prevents the perpetration. I believe my early experiences were not more monotonous than others that have been recalled and related with even painful particularity of detail. But the very recalling of them to myself in reverie,—a recalling caused by the waste of many valuable minutes in reading a magazine-writer's account of his early school days, entirely devoid as it was of any element interesting or even amusing,—brought to my mind the pleasing fact that there is in every memory a chord which the natural and feeling recital of school-day lore never fails to touch,—that there is to all of us a common ground whereon it is pleasant to wander, arm-in-arm, as if the passing acquaintanceship of the moment were a friendship extending backwards till memory becomes a shadow,—that there is a common influence which can draw us away from the present into a happy past. I say a happy past, because in memory of early days the mind dwells more on the bright features of the picture than on the dark, which but give them greater prominence. Few of us have had a youth as unhappy as that which Anthony Trollope would have us to believe was his ; and even in his there was a ray of sunshine, if it was only the thrashing of a boy who had to be taken home to be cured.

But even were I to justify the suspicion entertained of me, that I am desirous of telling my early history, I believe there could be found material there, monotonous as it generally was,

for a story with some little of interest in it. But I cannot tell it in a way to arouse that sympathy which I ought naturally to expect. This restrains me,—doubtless to the reader's great relief. I will retain my conviction that if I could write as I would wish, I could tell a story quite as interesting to others as those of others, who have tried to take the public into their confidence, have been to me.

I believe that if I knew anything of architectural description, I could, in picturing the school-houses I have attended in Canada, show those who have the government of our school affairs in their hands a group of structures whose barren hideousness would be a better lesson in school building than all the scientific treatises with which this important subject has been for many years exclusively honored. In this alone, my experience would be of inestimable value. It would, too, justify my own ignorance in a certain direction. It would be seen how impossible was the development of the artistic in my nature amid such surroundings.

There was one of my masters whom alone a power of expression would make for me a fit theme for an interesting picture. Shall I ever forget how, for two long and anxious months, I concealed my blotted and illegible copy-book from his gaze; thinking how kind was Fate that the rascal next me—my bosom friend—should have meted out to him with monotonous regularity his daily flogging, while I escaped; and how the wrath of the monster should be thus appeased, and the saying fulfilled, that one should be taken and the other left? Or shall I ever forget the joyous day, when it was announced that old D—, with all his household gods (a queer lot they must have been), had that morning decamped for parts unknown? He left many debts, but he had one debtor. I owe him still something he is not likely to receive in this world. He was a power in my life, which I am certain he has considerably shortened. If I could trust myself to speak of him rightly, and could do so, I could a tale unfold whose lightest word would make many an individual wish to stand upon his head with joy at remembrance of some far-distant timely pedagogic taking-off.

And how shall I speak of her whom I remember as characterized mainly by a tragic mien, iron-grey hair and a leather strap? This was years ago, but the last-mentioned characteristic lives ever green in my memory. Every morning was its quality tested on me as an opening exercise, after prayers. The latter were the cause of its application. If I came late for prayers, I was made an example of lateness. If I was in time for them, I was made an example of non-attention, and that whether attentive or not. Thus is irreverence for things religious early inculcated, and thus are the seeds of scepticism sown in the childish mind. I saw her a few days ago. She is still solemn, grim and unhappy; and I had my revenge. If I could rightly tell my experience of her, I could stir up in many a mind the deepest sympathy—for me.

But I must say no more. These are not my brightest remembrances. But even in them I see a possibility of weaving a story out of commonplace that would be read by some, and judged of kindly. I cannot weave a story, but could read with pleasure one woven of such humble material as even I could furnish. Many have attempted to tell of such things in a way to appeal to sympathy and appreciation. Few have succeeded. If I have shown that in many there are memories whose recall gives pleasure, as it does to me, I have also shown that one who by natural touches brings about that recall of the past, will not be without welcome hearers or readers.

But it must be done in a spirit founded, not on selfishness, conceit, or love of individual display—as too often is the case—but on that common human sympathy which can bind us by a common bond—the remembrance of our school-days—that period never to return except as a picture upon the tablets of memory.

W. F. W. C.

AGAMEMNON AT THE SACRIFICE OF IPHIGENIA.

O God! How patiently she stands, and waits
Her doom, enduring for her country's sake
Her own misfortune. For her country's sake?
Is it for Greece that I give up her life,
To sate the goddess' rage against our host,

And that fair winds may blow? Is Greece concerned
To hunt my brother's faithless wife in lands
Remote, and bring her to her husband's arms?
Helen is fair of form, but fairer far
In spotless beauty of the soul is she,
Who is to die to win this painted toy.
She shall not die! Tho' Dian still should rage,
And hold the army here in hated calm,
Yet shall the victim live! But then the host
Will soon disperse, while I, with small command,
Return unto my state, and go ere long,
Unfamed, unsung, to cross the gloomy Styx.
Perchance we are deceived; what we call gods,
May merely be carved blocks of wood and stone;
They who demand my daughter's sacrifice
May be some jealous rival's cursed tools!
If I could prove it so, I'd have revenge,
I'd work great evil to the priestly ranks.—
Who shall say what to do?—Ha! what is that?
A light cool breeze upon my throbbing brow!
And from the South! Then let the Priestess strike,
Ere restless resolution change again,
For Dian answers even now our vow.

J. M.

THE LETTER-BAG OF CHARON.

To Master Robert Burton, A. M., at Oxford. Deliver These.

I crave your indulgence, learned sir, for addressing you in the vulgar speech, for this our heedless age has lost the pleasant savour of Latinity wherewith your writings smack of the dainty grace of Flaccus and Tully's copious ease, holding, belike, such curious learning for impediment.

Peradventure, in this now second century since you took your walks abroad amongst men to discern their various humours, you would fain hear how fares it with a quaint and learned treatise entitled "The Anatomy of Melancholy," set forth and displayed by Democritus, Junior. Of a verity you fell among thieves, who, for a time, waxed fat on their plunder. To those lean-witted knaves who enrich their Lenten fare, the product of their own meagre understandings, by pilfering from another's garnered store, the wealth of your erudition proved a happy Golconda. But defeated in their apish simulation of graces not their own, they have put off their borrowed habit and by contrast look more hideous; while rehabilitated you have shone with fresh lustre. As for the rest, men do eat and drink as of old, marry, bury, buy, sell, plant, build, grow melancholy as gib-cats, and will do so to the end of time. For such is the temperature of our natures, received, according to sacred writ, from our first parents, that we are prone to fall into this distemper.

Yet have we seen young men of quick natural parts, whose lot had been cast in halcyon days, for no cause but to enjoy the luxury of woe, fill the pleasant places of the world with clamorous wailings, seemingly in Byronic anguish of soul. As the poet hath it—

Yet I remember when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Gnly for wantonness—

and persist therein despite scurrilous jests, flouts and sarcasms, wherefore I opine, that such were not the means to dispel the black vapours that encompassed their brainlets. Nor did they have recourse to learned leeches or poisonous quacksalvers, for no fomentations might avail, no clysters purge, nor philtres assuage this so great melancholy. But having a kind of imposthume in the head, and desirous to be unladen thereof, they eased themselves by scribbling, nor could imagine a fitter evacuation than this. Whence the whole tribe of Wertherian sorrows.

Injurious reports have reached us, learned sir, as to the suddenness of your taking off. Your calumniators and contemners hint, that having calculated your own nativity you took the best of care that your end should be timed thereby. But this,

perchance, is of a piece with the folly of the day. For hath it not been declared that—

Now (so much does madness prevail), all the world must be
Sent to Anticyra to graze on Hellebore.

Vale.

W. H. H.

A ROSE IDYL.

At sunset, Leolin, with his stringed guitar,
Crossed the smooth meadows, to where the sweep of wall
Around the park comes down to meet the road ;
Between the trees you saw the chimney-tops,
Antique, of the many-gabled Hall where dwelt
Sir Aylmer Aylmer. Leolin paused to muse.
O'erhead the noisy senate of the rooks
Shook the tall elms. He passed, in thoughtful mood,
The griffin-guarded gates, and strode along
An avenue of sounding sycamores.
The glory of a crimson sunset flush
Was waning, while he stood in the garden close,
'Neath an ivied casement, thrumming his guitar,
And sang in a mellow tenor.

Into the west the day has flown,
Low down in the west that yet deeply glows is
A bank of clouds on night's threshold strewn,
Flushed with a tint as of lake-blooming roses ;
While softly, gently, as rose-life closes,
The light dies out in the summer sky,
In thy rose-garden waiting, thy lover, Rose, is,—
Love's hour is nigh.

And in the pauses,
The fountain spray splashed faint ; all else was still.

Ah, what is youth till it hath known
How love comes, like spring, to the desolate closes ?
For love is the blossom of youth full blown,—
Who knows what the rose's hope ere it blows is ?
Like love-lorn maidens of Sorosis,
The flowery fragrant breezes sigh ;
Their voice to the ripe red Jaqueminots is,
'Love's hour is nigh.'

"Ah, would," he prayed, "that a soft, sweet, half-sad sigh
Might flutter down from her casement to my heart,
And nestle there !" And as his love soared up,
One star stood out in heaven,—'twas love's white star !

Out in the west one star alone,
One lonely star that the dusk discloses,—
Over the crimson-flushed cloud-bank throne
Of dove-eyed twilight, who softly dozes,—
Like a hovering butterfly that knows his
Love hidden deep 'mid the roses doth lie,
Seems fluttering over a meadow of roses.
Love's hour is nigh.

He paused before the envoy, and his hand,
Wandering idly over the strings at will,
Wove from their throbbing chorded murmurings
A prelude,—*mf, andante, molto legato*.

Love, look down to me 'mid thy roses,
Languidly swaying, that fain would vie
With—Great Scott ! Here's old Aylmer with the dog ! O, Moses
I fly !

A great noise smote the stillness, and all the air
Rang with a sudden shouting, and swift forms
Fled, shrieking wildly past the gardener's lodge,—
Its old-time casements bowered in roses, its walls

And chimneys muffled in the leafy vine,—
Through a green wicket in the privet hedge.
Then all was hushed again. And the silence grew
Deepening with the twilight ; in the west
Was one low streak of waning crimson gloom.

W. J. H.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.*

We have received from Mr. E. B. Houghton, of this city, a copy of his book on "Physical Culture." It is intended, as its title-page indicates, as a first book of exercises in drill, calisthenics and gymnastics ; and is intended for use in colleges and schools. It has, we believe, been examined and approved by competent judges, and is authorized by the Minister of Education for Ontario.

The author takes a broad view of his subject, and makes out a strong case for physical culture as a proper and natural concomitant of intellectual development. Referring to the lack of interest taken in physical culture by those engaged in intellectual pursuits, Mr. Houghton says :

"So long as those engaged in intellectual pursuits consider that gymnastic and calisthenic exercises consist of a few crude and monotonous movements invented for the production of strength, they will not care to give them the attention they deserve. When, however, it comes to be generally known that though gymnastic and calisthenic exercises will, desirably, for the time being, divert their attention from their usual pursuits, their intellectual faculties will not lie dormant, but only be directed to another channel ; they will then be induced through the acquisition of skill and grace to find the health and strength of body which it is the ultimate aim of physical culture to produce."

Within the compass of 277 pages, Mr. Houghton has compressed a vast amount of instruction, together with much useful and practical comment thereon. He has adapted the military Squad Drill to the capabilities and requirements of schools. The book comprises two parts. The first part is for boys. It includes : Squad Drill, three series of exercises in Calisthenics, Gymnastic exercises with dumb-bells and stationary ropes. The second part—for girls—includes : a modified system of drill, Calisthenic exercises, light dumb-bell exercises, and Indian club swinging. The text is illustrated with numerous woodcuts, and the instructions are full, concise and numerous, both for teacher and pupil.

It is indeed astonishing that so little attention—and that largely spasmodic—is given to the subject of physical culture in the schools of this Province. It should as certainly find a place in the *curricula* of our schools and colleges as any branch of popular education now taught there. Now that a reliable text-book on the subject has been provided by Mr. Houghton, and authorized by the Education Department, we hope to see the claims of physical culture recognized and its practice promoted by the school authorities of the Province. The good sense of the community will assuredly support them in so praiseworthy a movement.

F. B. H.

IN AN ALBUM.

I said when I saw the sere maple
That joy had fore'er taken wing ;
But I found in each branch the promise
Of all the sweet blossoms of spring.

And when the good-bye was spoken,
I had said that the past was all dead :
But there comes forever returning
The vision of all that was dead.

S.

* *Physical Culture*, by E. B. Houghton ; Toronto ; Warwick & Sons, price 50 cts. ; (authorized text-book).

THE VARSITY.

THE VARSITY is published in the University of Toronto every Saturday during the Academic Year, October to May inclusive.

The Annual Subscription, including postage, is \$2.00, payable before the end of January, and may be forwarded to THE TREASURER, T. A. GIBSON, University College. Applications respecting advertisements should be made to J. A. GARVIN, Business Manager.

Subscribers are requested to notify the Treasurer immediately, in writing, of any irregularity in delivery.

Copies of THE VARSITY may be obtained every Saturday at McAlinsh & Ellis's, corner of Adelaide and Toronto Streets; at J. P. McKenna's, 80 Yonge Street; and at Alex. Brown's, cor. Yonge and Carlton Sts.

All communications should be addressed to THE EDITORS, University College, Toronto, and must be in on Wednesday of each week.

Contributions when not accepted will be returned if accompanied with a stamp for that purpose.

In studying the curriculum of the University of Toronto, one cannot fail to be struck with the fact that there is laid down therein a great deal of purely elementary work in many branches. Especially is this the case in the work prescribed for first year. A large proportion of this work appears to us unnecessary, at least as far as the University is concerned. It should be done in the secondary schools. A certain portion of it is taught there. It is a question of some importance whether or not the regular University course could not be somewhat shortened with advantage. It is very often a serious matter with many young men to have to consent to give up four years of their early life to a University course, in addition to a more or less lengthy preliminary training. It appears to us that the usual order should be reversed. Make the preliminary training longer and more complete, and the University course somewhat shorter, and also more advanced. How this may best be accomplished without sacrificing thoroughness and breadth of culture to the pressing demands of time and circumstances is a matter of some difficulty of adjustment. We prefer to leave it for settlement to wiser and more experienced heads than our own. We are, however, satisfied that with the growth of our University will come the inevitable development of a more comprehensive University system, alike adapted to our needs and wishes. But that such a consummation may be aided by a judicious education and encouragement of public opinion upon the subject we are equally certain.

We may, perhaps, be permitted to point out, with all deference to existing sentiment on the subject, some details in our present system which might be changed with advantage, and without recourse being had to revolutionary or reactionary methods. As we have said, a proportionately large period of the present University course is devoted to 'ordinary instruction' in most elementary branches. Especially is this the case with subjects taken up in the First year. A few particulars will suffice to make good the truth of our assertion. In the department of Mathematics, the first six books of Euclid are laboriously taught to the Freshmen class. Also the elements of Algebra and Trigonometry are taught and examined upon. Now these branches should be, and indeed are, the proper work of the secondary schools. Their retention, therefore, on the curriculum of our University, is *prima facie* evidence that they are regarded by the University authorities as having been indifferently taught in the High Schools or Collegiate Institutes. But this we are not inclined to believe. Indeed we have most positive evidence that not only are these portions of the Mathematics taught, and well taught, in the secondary schools, but that the curricula of these schools go far beyond these elements. Again, in regard to Modern Languages: Much valuable time is employed in drilling students in the very rudiments of French and German. Indeed these subjects are taught from the very beginning, and to instruction in the grammar of these languages is devoted no inconsiderable portion of the time of students in our University. Other instances quite as apparent might be cited in support of our contention, but a glance at the University curriculum will fully corroborate our statements in every particular.

Is it unreasonable, then, to ask why the time both of Professors and students should be taken up with giving and receiving instruction in the very elements of subjects which are the proper function of the secondary schools to take charge of? We think not. Again, the privilege of matriculating at the end of the First year, by passing the first regular University examination, is, to our way of thinking, presumptive evidence that the University authorities are satisfied that students can acquire sufficient knowledge of those branches now taught in the First year, without attendance on the lectures given in them to regular students of that year, by the college Professors and Lecturers. The logical conclusion which may be drawn from these facts is irresistible in favour of amending the present curriculum by doing away with a large portion of the work now done in the First year, and insisting—as would practically follow—upon such work being more thoroughly done in the Secondary Schools.

It may not unfairly be asked by those who cannot entirely agree with us in our views on this subject: What advantages would result from the adoption of such a course as has been proposed, which would compensate for the removal of almost an entire year's work? Our answer is: (1) That the work is really not University work at all; and, also, that it would be done much more thoroughly and with better results in the High Schools and Collegiate Institutes, whose very existence pre-supposes the prosecution of such comparatively advanced studies. (2) That the University course might be shortened, if that were advisable, and the year gained by the relief given by the Secondary Schools could be devoted—if need be—to more advanced, and post-graduate, work, adequate provision or encouragement for which is not provided for with anything like that degree of completeness and thoroughness which we cannot but regard as most essential and necessary to the requirements of students or compatible with the dignity and standing of our Provincial University. For the lack of these, however, the University authorities must be acquitted. They have done and are doing their best to utilize the scanty means at their command for the interest of the students, and had they reasonably adequate means at their command, we are fully satisfied that they would be wisely and judiciously administered. The duty of providing this much-needed endowment rests with the Government, and the alumni and friends of the Provincial University. The duty of each is clear. That of the alumni is to press, and continue to press the claims of their *Alma Mater* upon the Government; and to arouse and educate public opinion and sympathy in its behalf. That of the Government is to acquiesce gracefully and generously in the demands of that influential and responsible body of their constituents which are represented by the authorities and graduates of the University of Toronto. Let each do their duty, and we have no fear of the result. We shall continue to do ours, and would urge upon our friends the supreme necessity of being true to the interests confided to their care.

The Editors of THE VARSITY are desirous of aiding the compilers of the forthcoming "Toronto University Song Book." With that object in view they would invite such of their readers as may feel an interest in the matter to send in lists of the best 50 standard songs which they would like to see incorporated in the Song Book, giving in each case (if possible) the names of the author and composer. Readers will please send in their lists on or before the 15th February. After that date a list of the most popular songs will be published in this paper, with the number of votes cast in favor of each. It is hoped that a large number of our readers will interest themselves in this matter, as their co-operation will greatly facilitate the work of the Compilation Committee, and also insure that all tastes are consulted in the selection of songs. Readers will please send in their lists, on or before the 15th of February, in a sealed envelope addressed to F. B. Hodgins, VARSITY Office, and endorsed, "List of Songs." Voters will also not neglect to send in their names, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

THE SANCTUM.

Showing the wholesome reverence the Freshman has for that place, opened to the few and closed to the many.

"Thou, bower of the muses bright,
How would I long to catch one sight
Of all thou canst to me reveal.
Prithie what is't thou dost conceal?"
Thus did I sigh and sigh in vain,
Until I chanced a friend to gain,
With whom one day I went to see,
What there so wonderful might be.
I found on passing through the door,
It was a room and nothing more.
The walls were dight with pictures bright,
In front, behind, on left and right;
The picture of Gladstone so wise
Right up before my eyes did rise.
Chairs there were also, and a table too,
A mantel-piece so strange to view
So carved with Greek and Latin signs,
Only "*tempus fugit*" me reminds
That I must wend my way homeward,
And ne'er attempt a theme so hard.

Q. E. D.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Editors are not responsible for the opinions of correspondents.
No notice will be taken of unsigned contributions.

A POST-GRADUATE COURSE.

To the Editors of THE VARSITY.

SIRS,—We are all well aware how necessary a post-graduate course is in connection with Toronto University. Many graduates feel that they have made only a beginning, and desire to pursue still farther their course of study, but Canada offers them no facilities for post-graduate work, and consequently they are compelled to go to German or American Universities. What is to be lamented, is not that they pursue their post-graduate course in foreign Universities, but rather that only a small percentage of those who would take up the work here if we had proper facilities, ever take it up anywhere. There are now eight graduates of Toronto University at Johns Hopkins University, hence we may safely predict that if a post-graduate course is established here, there will be a class of fifty or more. No one can deny that such a course would be of the greatest benefit to our higher education, and so the question is one of means only.

Why should not the Collegiate Institutes and High Schools do the work of the first year? Then the faculty could give to the post-graduate students the time now spent on the fresh-man class. We have many efficient Collegiate Institutes and High Schools which can easily do the work of the first year. Now that the work prescribed for the departmental examinations is identical, as far as it goes, with that for junior matriculation, it will be no harder for the schools to prepare pupils for the senior matriculation, than it was, some years ago, to prepare them for the junior.

Since the schools can easily do the work of the first year, and since the time now given to a fresh-man class of one hundred and fifty would be sufficient for the post-graduate class, I think the above plan feasible.

G. D. WILSON.

THE CONVERSAZIONE.

To the Editors of THE VARSITY.

SIRS,—In the past the Invitation Committee of the Conversazione General Committee have extended the courtesy of the President and members of the Literary and Scientific Society to their annual conversazione to a number of gentlemen who have very little connection with the institution. It seems to me that the officers of the University, benefactors of our College, and prominent public men, should alone be recognized in this way. I feel assured that in this matter I voice the sentiments of the majority of University men.

GRADUATE.

A RUSSIAN FABULIST.

Whether due entirely to enterprising literary caterers, or in some measure to that broad human sympathy that is ever responsive to the utterance of what is best in man, whatever the tongue which speaks it, of late there has certainly been deep interest taken in the literature of countries hitherto supposed to be outside the pale of culture. Turgenieff and Bjornson are almost as familiar names to us as Manzoni and Balsac. There are other writers, however, who are comparatively unknown, yet whose work has value for us both intrinsically and as indicative of national aspirations and feelings.

Among such unknown though deserving authors may be placed the Russian fabulist—Krilof, who was born into the troubled times that closed the last century. Fortunately we need not be skilled in the barbarous language of the Russian to gain his acquaintance; his work is readily accessible in a translation, which, though in prose, admirably reproduces the spirit and peculiar flavour of the original.*

Krilof, as indeed every fabulist must be, is on most excellent terms with all lower forms of life. To point his moral against social follies and extravagances he introduces animal's with all human modes of thought and human passions. The true fabulist has such a child-like sincerity that there seems to be nothing forced or unnatural in his make-believe. We follow with grave pleasure the conversation of Lion and Fox, or the musical discussions of the animal quartette composed of "The tricky Monkey, the Goat, the Ass and bandy-legged Mishka the Bear."

To the English reader the incidental pictures of peasant life and little sketches satirizing social nuisances or public grievances are of more interest than pieces that have a political purpose, for the former are as true of the America of to-day, as of the Russia which Krilof knew.

Here is one called "The Musicians" with an obvious moral.

A certain man invited a neighbour to dinner, not without an ulterior purpose. He was fond of music, and he entrapped his neighbour into his house to listen to his choir. The honest fellows began to sing, each on his own account, and each with all his might. The guest's ears began to split, and his head to turn.

"Have pity on me!" he exclaimed, in amazement, "What can any one like in all this? Why, your choristers bawl like madmen."

"It's quite true," replied the host, with feeling, "they do flay one's ears just a trifle. But, on the other hand, they are of irreproachable behaviour, and they never touch a drop of intoxicating liquor."

On the occasion of a literary reunion, a poet who got a hearing abused the forbearance of his audience by reading a very long poem. It seemed interminable. Judge of the relief when Krilof followed with his 'Demian's Fish Soup.'

"Neighbour light of my eyes, do eat a little more."

"Dear neighbour, I am full to the throat."

"No matter, just a little plateful. Believe me the soup is cooked gloriously."

"But I've had three platefuls already."

"Well, what does that matter? If you like it and it does you good, why not eat it all up? What a soup it is! How rich! It looks as if it had been sprinkled over with amber. Here is bream; there is a lump of sterlet. Take a little more, dear, kind friend. Just another spoonful! Wife, come and entreat him"

Thus does Demian feast his neighbour Phocas, not giving him a moment's breathing time. Phocas feels the moisture trickling down his forehead; still he takes one more plateful, attacks it with all the strength he has left, and somehow manages to swallow the whole of it.

"That's the sort of a friend I like!" cries Demian. "I can't bear people who require pressing. But now, dear friend, take just one little plateful more!"

But on hearing this, our poor Phocas, much as he liked fish soup, catching hold of his cap and sash, runs away home without looking behind him. Nor from that day to this has he crossed Demian's threshold.

As a specimen of the naturalness of Krilof when dealing purely with the animal kingdom, "The Wolf and the Fox" may be quoted.

A Fox which had feasted on fowls to satiety, and had set aside a good store of spare food, lay down under a haycock one evening to sleep. Suddenly it looks up, and sees a hungry Wolf dragging itself along to pay him a visit.

"This is terrible gossip!" says the Wolf. "I cannot anywhere even find the smallest of bones to pick. I am actually dying of hunger. The dogs are malicious, the shepherd won't sleep, and I have nothing left but to hang myself."

"Really?"

"Really and truly."

"My poor old gossip! But won't you take a little hay? There is a whole haycock. I am delighted to oblige my friend."

B.

*Krilof and his Fables, by W. R. S. Ralston, M. A., of the British Museum, London, 1869.

ROUND THE TABLE.

The feelings of paternity in men of letters are outraged by attacks on their writings. The sensibility that endows the poet with finer perceptions and emotions than fall to another's lot goes hand in hand with his higher creations. This greater susceptibility for emotion carries with it a recompense, a keener pain when wounded. Pope was seen to writhe under the malicious strictures of a Grub street reviewer. Gifford, by a savage critique in the *Quarterly*, had the credit of stinging Keats to death. Indeed, the fervent hatred excited by hostile criticism in the author is now as much a thing to be counted upon as the *odium theologicum*. It is a relief, then, to find a literary man who can keep a Jove-like serenity when harassed.

* * *

In this connection the following story is told of Diderot :—

On one occasion, a young man, in true Bohemian squalor, penetrated to his study. He had the usual roll of manuscript, and preferred the usual request that the renowned Monsieur Diderot would deign to cast his eye over the work and make any notes on the margin that might occur to him. On examination it proved to be a bitter attack on Diderot's person and writings. Diderot mildly asked the meaning of bringing it for his perusal. The Bohemian replied that he thought M. Diderot might consent to buy him off with a few crowns, and added that he was starving. Forgetting the attempt at blackmail in the disclosure, Diderot replied, "I will tell you a way of making more than that by it. The brother of the Duke of Orleans is one of the pious, and he hates me. Dedicate your satire to him, get it bound with his arms on the cover; take it to him some fine morning, and you will certainly get assistance from him." The Bohemian thought it a good plan, but acknowledged that he was unknown to the Prince, and the dedication bothered him. "Sit down," said Diderot, "and I will write one for you." It was written and presented, and the author was relieved. The story will be found in Morley's "Life of Diderot."

* * *

So completely do we live in the round of our own thought that it is difficult to tone down to due proportion the importance to the world of events near to ourselves. That an author, then, should think highly of his own creations is but natural, however ludicrous the display of such opinion may appear to the cold-blooded observer. Cowper aspired to the sweetest popularity—that of floating in song from the unformed lips of street singers. "If you hear any ballads sung in the streets against slavery, they are mine" he wrote a friend. It was somewhat of a shock to find that the fraternity of song were still true to the last dying words of noted criminals.

* * *

In Cockburn's "Life of Lord Jeffrey" there is an amusing instance of the "consciousness of genius," to quote a gifted correspondent to our columns. Francis Jeffrey, when quite young, had the honour of assisting to his lodgings Boswell when in his cups—only more so. The eminent biographer gratefully remembered to inquire after the friendly guardian of his wayward steps. Patting Francis on the head, he remarked that he was a very promising lad, and "that if you go on as you've begun, you may live to be a Bozzy yourself yet!"

* * *

"Meanwhile, of course," you may have read in Alfred de Musset's clever "Story of a White Blackbird," "I did not neglect to touch upon the great subject which now occupies so many minds—the future of the human race. This problem had struck me as interesting, and in a moment I dashed off a solution of it which was generally considered satisfactory."

* * *

When I copied out the foregoing paragraph in a fair hand it was with the idea that it would find a not inappropriate, though very small pendant in what a distinguished wearer of cap and gown said to me once within two weeks of the May examinations. We had

been talking of the subjects set for the prize compositions in prose and verse,—I choose to forget in what year. "I should like very much," he said, "to dash off something for the"—I'll name no names,—"but unfortunately I haven't yet read a line of the year's work."

"Lord, Lord," said honest Jack Falstaff, shaking his head sadly, "how this world is given to lying!" My gentleman's poem or essay, or whatever it was,—I'm sure I wouldn't for anything tell you what,—had been sent to the Registrar a week before, and had not been by any means dashed off on the spur of the moment. It was not said of him *oleum et operam perdidit*, for he won the prize; and, as a matter of fact, it had been under many a midnight gas-jet his manuscript was penned, with much travail of spirit. As for his year's work, however, as I said before, I'll name no names. But I am inclined to do a little preaching on this matter.

* * *

I suppose no college has been without its three or four dashing, gifted youths of the Augustan age, who were men about town first and gownsmen afterwards; insolent, self-indulgent young bloods, about whom their henchmen and toadies told so many stories which were,—well, we all know what; magnificent young princes who, with splendid generosity, wasted their substance in riotous living; who were never known to look into a book, and who voted it a bore to write on examinations, but who carried off incidentally what medals and scholarships were going. These admirable Crichtons leave after them a trail of traditions which has led many a youth into a marsh. If he is able to extricate himself he emerges sadder and, it is to be hoped, wiser.

They were men of talents, leaders, though unfortunately their influence was not thrown in with the good; their shallow souled imitators lack endurance, the stamina, the exuberant physicality intellect which made them what they were. The jackdaw in the fable attempted to fly away with a sheep, and met with no very gratifying success in his attempt to prove himself an eagle.

* * *

It is one thing, most of us learn, to spend such a wonderful day of uproarious jollification as that recorded in "Tom Brown at Oxford"; it is another and a very different thing to "come into college at two o'clock in the morning" after a day like this, and read Pindar, as Blake did, "by the help of wet towels and a knotted piece of whipcord, till the chapel bell began to ring."

The men who do this sort of thing are, of course, phenomenally able and brilliant, and they do not always crush out utterly whatever of the finer strain is in them. But one has difficulty in understanding how they can retain well their own self-respect.

In conclusion, dearly beloved brethren, this *blaze*, dissipated mental attitude, of which they set the fashion, which cynically affects to shrug its shoulders at so much that it sees, can have no part in the simple, manly Christianity we should all strive after. It has its roots in a pitiable vanity. And even the most foolish of us surely have it within our power to go through the world with a heart ever open to

"The beauty and the wonder and the power,
The shapes of things, their colours, lights and shades,
Changes, surprises,—and God made it all!"

Not with our miserable vanity holding before our faces a mirror in which we may admire only our own great consequence,—and at the same time see to it furtively with side glances of our eyes whether or not others are admiring us too, and what measure of well-merited attention we are attracting. After these few well-chosen remarks, I make my bow with *aplomb*, and retire from the pulpit in good order.

* * *

"Telling the truth," the ingenious man remarked, "is easier than lying, for one thing; and, besides, I have found that you are not so apt to get caught at it."

* * *

"I have noticed this, too," he continued. "Many a man with a first-class, nickel-plated college education, goes through life without knowing how to invest it."

HH.

UNIVERSITY AND COLLEGE NEWS.

All reports from Societies must reach us by noon on Thursday to ensure insertion.

The 25th of February has been fixed as the date of the Convezione.

Will the author of a short story signed "I Dunno" kindly send his name to the editors of this paper?

THE VARSITY from now till the end of the academic year, may be had for \$1. This includes the Christmas and June numbers.

Another of the faculty has forsaken bachelordom, and joined the noble army of benedicts. This time Mr. Squair has set the example to his fellow-lecturers and professors.

On Wednesday afternoon, at a general meeting of the students, Mr. R. M. Hamilton was appointed to represent the college at the Annual Dinner of the McGill College students, Montreal. The dinner is to be held on the 31st inst.

MODERN LANGUAGE NOTES :—The Club met on Monday as usual. A French essay was read by Miss Eastwood, and several scenes of "La Grammaire," by Mr. Waldron. An address on Canadian Literature will be delivered some time in March by Mr. G. Mercer Adam, author of the "Algonquin Maiden." Next meeting, Selville.

A general meeting of the Temperance League of the Students of Toronto School of Medicine will be held in the School to-morrow evening at 8.30. Addresses will be delivered by Hon. S. H. Blake, Q.C., J. W. Bengough, Esq., and F. S. Spence, Esq. A cordial invitation is extended to all University men.

VARSIY readers will be pleased to learn that in a late number of the Philadelphia *Medical World*, Mr. W. B. Nesbitt, the genial *Mufti* of Residence, makes some original suggestions and comparisons in the matter of the Metric and Volumetric Systems. In the editorial discussion which follows on Mr. Nesbitt's communication, his proposals are commended as of real value to the revisers of the *Pharmacopœia*.

TRINITY MEDICAL SCHOOL.—Main item—a sober realization of approaching examinations—this is not the funny term. Receptions and dinners are of the past. Dr. Teskey, in his new role, is pleasing the most fastidious. Messrs. Q. and W. are regularly on hand in the mornings. Last term the 'worthy Dean' was very anxious to see a vigilance committee appointed; it was not, but things nevertheless seem running smoothly.

A disagreement among doctors. In the matter of co ordinating English literature with the classics in the course of study at Oxford Mr. Gladstone expresses himself as "utterly deploring whatever tends to displace a classical education for those in any way capable of receiving it, and strongly disapproving all efforts in that direction." John Bright, on the other hand, declares that "the study of the ancient languages is not now essential to education, so far as the acquisition of knowledge is concerned."

The Mathematical and Physical Society met on Tuesday afternoon. The President, Mr. T. Mulvey, B.A., in the chair. It was announced that the chief essayist of the afternoon was unable to read his paper. An interesting programme, however, was presented. Mr. McTaggart read a paper on Galileo, and Messrs. Duff, Prendergast, Sparling and the President assisted in discussing his life. The speakers particularly impressed upon the audience the value of experiment in physical investigations. The President gave some experiments in electricity. Problems were solved by various gentlemen.

Hon. Will Cumback, in the Western Christian Advocate, advocating a chair of Political Economy as a permanent feature of every college, concludes: "The range of instruction in the department of political philosophy should be very wide, and it is a mortifying fact that, if every institution of learning in this country were to enter this field and add such a chair, with all our hosts of scholars, with all our boasted culture, the most of the department would re-

main unfilled by competent instructors. In this active age this deficiency may soon be supplied. Let us reach after the practical. The languages that are dead may remain dead; but the scholar of to-day must know how to grapple with the things that live, and that make so much, not only of his own life, but of the lives of those around him. Man must be the focal point for all this modern light."

The first meeting of the Modern Language Association of Ontario was held in University College Y.M.C.A. building, on Wednesday, Dec. 29th, 1886. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—Honorary President, Daniel Wilson, L.L.D.; President, W. H. VanderSmitten, M.A.; Vice-President, Geo. E. Shaw, B.A.; Secretary-Treasurer, J. Squair, B.A. Councillors—W. H. Fraser, B.A.; P. Toews, M.A.; J. Seath, B.A.; D. R. Keys, B.A.; F. H. Sykes, M.A.; J. M. Hunter, M.A.; R. Balmer, B.A., and E. J. McIntyre, B.A. Papers were read on the following subjects: "The Status of Modern Language Study in Ontario," "The Uses of Modern Language Study," "Methods of Teaching Moderns to Beginners," "Examinations in Modern Languages," "English Literature and Grammar." Addresses also were delivered and resolutions passed.

Princeton has made a new departure in her mode of conferring the degrees of Doctor of Philosophy and Doctor of Literature. The applicant for said degrees must be a Bachelor of Arts from some approved college or university, and must pursue a special course of study in his department for two years, one year of which period shall be in Princeton, or a course of three years with residence outside of Princeton. The course in either case shall be under the supervision of the faculty. At his application, the candidate will be subjected to a preliminary examination, and at the conclusion of his course, a rigid examination will be required of him on the chief subject and the two subsidiary subjects which he has studied. Before getting his degrees and prior to the final examination, a thesis of not less than 12,000 words will be required of him. He also shall pay the sum of \$40 on application; \$20 at each examination and \$50 on the conferring of the degrees, all of which sums shall be expended in the expenses incurred at examination. The whole plan is modelled after the system in vogue at the German Universities.

The annual meeting of Wycliffe College Students' Mission Society was held on the evening of the 24th inst. The Society congratulated itself on having for chairman the Rev. Canon Dumoulin. On the platform were his Lordship the Bishop of Huron and Dr. Daniel Wilson. Mr. F. J. Lynch read a short, pithy paper on "Mission Work in Japan." He showed the progress made during the successive years since 1859, when the first missionary was allowed to enter that country, until last year, there were 12,000 professing Christians. He believed that Japan was the keystone of China—the land of the rising sun—and thought that greater effort should be made to Christianize it. Rev. J. Gough Brick, a missionary labouring among the Indians of the Peace River District in the Northwest Territory, related some of his experiences. Mr. Arthur Wright followed with a thoughtful paper on the missionary outlook in the home field. Bishop Baldwin then addressed the students on their preparation for engaging in the Master's work.

Classes at McMaster Hall resumed on the 4th inst. with an increase in members of one new student.

Mr. A. J. Vinissy returned, hoping to continue his studies, which have been interrupted by outside work and a recent serious illness, but found it impossible to complete the year and has left. He will come back next session.

The University friends of Mr. R. R. McKay, B.A. '85, will regret to hear that the condition of his health, which prevented his entering upon the theological course last October, is not improved, and fears are entertained lest he should lose his voice.

The regular routine of Dr. MacVicar's lectures in Christian Ethics was departed from on Monday last in an interesting and helpful address by Pastor J. Denovan, on the subject of "Amusements."

The "*Cos Ingeniorum*" Literary Society expect to hold their annual open meeting on Friday evening, 4th prox. The subject for debate is "Classics vs. Metaphysics," in the College curriculum.

The regular weekly meeting of the Historical and Political Science Association was held in McMillan's Hall, Jan. 26th, at 4.15 p.m. Mr. Houston presided. The subject of "Natural and Positive Law," as presented by Lorimer and by Maine, was first discussed by N. H. Russell in a paper which set forth the methods of the triters, noted some of the differences in their views, and offered some criticisms on Lorimer's views. A very interesting discussion followed. The chairman mentioned the three schools of jurisprudence in England, and briefly indicated the position of each. Mr. Logie, B.A., spoke a few minutes in reference to

Lorimer, and the position of the Utilitarian school. The theory of Rent will be presented at the next meeting by Messrs. Hodges and Higgins. The President announced that Mr. Thos. Hodgins, Q.C., had kindly consented to read a paper to the Society on an "Unpublished History of the Surrender of Canadian Territory to the United States Government in 1873." As this has never before been made public, our society will be the first to have advantage of its contents. The date for the reading of this paper has not yet been fixed.

Y. M. C. A.—One of the most interesting and profitable features of Christian work in connection with the University is the increasing interest taken in Foreign Mission work. Last Tuesday afternoon at the regular monthly missionary concert, "Work among the French" was the topic. The chairman, Mr. J. L. Gilmour, B. A., very happily introduced the subject. Mr. C. C. Owen, B.A., dealt with the state of the work among the French in Quebec. It is startling and decidedly depressing to our admiration for things Canadian, said the speaker, to know of the ignorance and spiritual poverty of the French people in Quebec. And certainly not less interesting is the work now going on in different parts of France under the direction of the McAll Mission Committee. Mr. G. S. Gale, who spent a summer in the work in the district of Belleville in Paris, gave a very interesting account of what he saw there. Mr. Nattress gave some statistics of the work done by this mission since its inauguration in 1871. As a practical outlet of their interest in this work in France, the members of the Y. M. C. A., through their Missionary committee, have already collected \$50, which is to be sent to aid in this work. Two letters to the Association from gentlemen engaged in Christian work in France were read and were much appreciated.

The usual weekly meeting of the College Y. M. C. A. was held on Thursday afternoon. The Rev. G. M. Milligan was present and delivered an address on the subject of "Christian Culture," dealing with it in such a way as to show its nature and responsibilities. Professor Maurice Hutton occupied the chair. The president commenced the service, after a hymn, by reading Psalm 23.

Mr. Milligan, in opening his address, spoke of the growth of character, also defining what he meant by culture. True culture is a true sphericity of character, and, in its widest application, of physical powers as well. The faculty of decision and manliness is an outcome of this development. No general, hard and fast rule can be laid down to guide a man in all that he should do or not do. Each individual must develop his own individuality. Many men have a marked individuality of character, but at the same time they have no finish, as it were. Let men have earnestness, enthusiasm, and above all naturalness in their actions and in their dealings with their fellows. A man, too, must have special ends in view if he would accomplish anything, and spend his time in the vain pursuit of generalities. Qualification of the various powers and functions so as to render them harmonious with one another is the great object of human education. What is your ideal in life? A high moral ideal means a humble life. A loose and undefined ideal is the surest indication of a superficiality of character. Perfection, truly, is the end and aim of life—the moral standard. But let each one bear in mind that he at no time reaches that state in this life we are living. We do not know what perfection is from our own experience, but as each becomes better he goes on realizing there is a still higher development of which he is capable. There's that in prayer you cannot find anywhere else. No good thought is without Christ. Christlikeness, the spirit of the living God, is the finish of the highest culture—its crown and glory. These are some of the thoughts Mr. Milligan gave expression to in his able address full of good advice and careful study.

Professor Hutton, in commenting on the speaker's remarks, referred to the lack of humility—a proud beginning—among the Greeks which lead naturally to the accomplishment of nothing high in a moral sense; and by a few like remarks appropriate to the subject of the evening and in further illustration of what had been said, brought to a close one of the pleasantest meetings the Association has held during the Academic year.

A large number of students were in attendance.

A business meeting is called for Friday afternoon, at 3.30 o'clock. Among other business is the appointment of delegates for the Ringston Convention.

The following books have been placed in the library since December 1st, 1886:—

Minto—Characters of English Poets.
Gummere—Hand-book of Poetics.
Morris, L.—Gycia, a Tragedy.
Gruist—The English Parliament.
Newcomb—Principles of Political Economy.
Stubbs—Lectures on Mediæval and Modern History.
Baldwin, J. D.—Ancient America.
Short—North Americans of Antiquity.

Lloyd—Papers on Physical Science.
Geological Survey of Canada, Vol. I., '85, with maps.
Mitchell—Hebrew Lessons.
Gill—Systems of Education.
Edwards—Differential Calculus.
Tennyson—Locksly Hall, 60 years after.
Lawrie—Rise and Early Constitution of Universities.
Fortescue—Governance of England.
Stephen—Dictionary of National Biography.
Taylor—Etruscan Researches.
Friedlander—Bibliotheca Historiæ. Naturalis et Mathematica.
Charles—Physiological and Pathological Chemistry.
Muir—Theory of Determinants.
Benjamin—Age of Electricity.
Encyclopædia Britannica, Vol. 21.
Cooke—Chemical Physics.
Bird—Higher Education in Germany and England.
Conrad—Universities of Germany.
Cambridge University Examination Papers, 183-6.
Brockley & Friedlander—German and English Dictionary.
Tilly—Literature of French Renaissance.
Craw—Italian Popular Tales.
Guerst—History of English Constitution.
Pope, Alex., Works.
Woodsworth's Poems, edited by M. Arnold.
Herrick's Complete Poems.
Barnes—Poems in Dorset Dialect.
Wilkins—Growth of Homeric Poems.
Also Greek and Latin Authors.
The number of volumes in the library at the close of the year, was 28,179, 1,017 having been introduced during the year.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE VARSITY is conducted by undergraduates of the University of Toronto, and will appear every Saturday of the academic year. It aims at being the exponent of the views of the University public, and will always seek the highest interests of our University. The Literary Department will, as heretofore, be a main feature. The news columns are full and accurate, containing reports of all meetings of interest to its readers.

CONTENTS OF THE PRESENT NUMBER.

Word Memories. JOHN KING.

Early Reminiscences. W. F. W. CREELMAN.

Agamemnon at the Sacrifice of Iphigenia. J. H. MOSS.

The Letter Bag of Charon. W. H. H. A Rose Idyl. W. J. H.

Physical Culture. F. B. H. In an Album. S.

Topics of the Hour.

The Sanctum. Q. E. D.

Communications.

A Post-Graduate Course. G. D. WILSON.

The Conversazione. GRADUATE.

A Russian Fabulist. B.

Round the Table.

University and College News.

Di-Varsities, &c., &c.



Owing to the persistent attempt of numerous cigarette manufacturers to cope in part the Brand Name of the "Richmond Straight Cut." Now in the eleventh year of their popularity, we think it alike due to the protection of the consumer and ourselves, to warn the public against base imitations and call their attention to the fact that the original Sraight Cut Brand is the Richmond Straight Cut No. 1, introduced by us in 1875, and to caution the students to observe that our signature appears on every package of the Genuine Straight Cut Cigarettes.

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DI-VARSITIES.

Prompt to come to the scratch—cats—*Ex*.
Rats !

Chicago boasts of a citizen of fine discrimination and delicacy, who, riding in the suburbs with his best girl, passed a stable in the door of which stood a couple of calves. "See," said the young lady, "those two cute little cowlets." "Those are not Cowlets, Araminta; they are bullets." And the procession moved rapidly on.—*Ex*.

CALLING.

He called on a king in his young days,
And wondered at sights that he *saw* ;
He called on two kings somewhat later,
To see what a crowd they would *draw* ;
He called on three kings in his old age,
And promised with me to go snacks,
But now there is mourning in Gotham,
For the other man called on *four jacks*.
—*Yale Courant*

"Pants for two dollars," is the inscription on a sign in front of the Court street clothing stores. "So do I," remarked a hungry-looking tramp printer, rummaging through his pockets for a nickel.—*Ex*.

THE DEATH OF THE YEAR.

No longer blooms in field or meadow sere
Bright golden rod, nor in sweet rhythm swells
From full-leaved woods, and hidden fairy dells,
The song of birds which lately filled the ear.
But drest in all their heavenly hue, appear
The gentian's blue, and, like sad funeral bells,
The falling leaves I hear, in awful knells,
Toll out the death of one more lovely year.
Break, break, sad heart, for with this year's decease
Is linked the death of my sweet love, and how,
Can I, in all this stillness, find the peace
Which Nature grants to those who humbly bow
Before her throne. Sweet love, I ne'er shall cease
To mourn the death of this fond year, I trow.
—*Williams Lit.*

Convalescent (to doctor): "Now that I am on the road to recovery, doctor, I think you may as well send in your bill." Physician: "Not yet, sir, I want to avoid any risk of a relapse."—*Puck*.

At the Rosebud ball.—Denny (trying to be agreeable): "Don't you think the *debutante* is charming, Miss Laker?" Miss Laker (from Omaha): "I don't know. I ain't sat on it yet. I generally like 'em better with arms on 'em."—*Tid-Bits*.

"My dear," he whispered softly, as they seated themselves on the toboggan, "If, on the way down, I should ask you to be my wife, what would you say?" "What would you do if I should refuse?" she whispered back. "I should have to let you slide," he simply said.—*Harper's Bazar*.

Ironfounder: "This strike will cost me a good many thousand dollars." Reporter: "All your men out, eh?" Ironfounder: "Yes, and there's a big lot of iron solid in the blast furnace." Reporter: "Now, when did the men strike?" Ironfounder: "While the iron was hot, of course."

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
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THE VARSITY

A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.

Vol. VII.

University of Toronto, Feb. 5, 1887.

No. 12.

AU REVOIR.

Ah Sweet ! the light of life seems all to fade,
Since far away from thee I now must go ;
The happy days late past are whelmed with woe
That rises like a tide, and storms have made
A ruin of past hopes ; yet undismayed
I face all grief, no wave can overflow
One steadfast hope whence others grow :
We meet again—on this my heart is stayed.

The might of faith doth make the weakest strong,
And faith of mine doth join me to that strength ;
All things are possible, to me belong
All hope and trust and joy, until at length
Faith hath reward, I know not how or when—
This one thing only, we shall meet again.

W. P. M.

THE PLEASURES OF PROOF-READING.

Among all the printed matter that comes through the mail per book post, is there anything that approaches in importance the earliest proof sheets of your first book? What a strange yet familiar look they have ! Your first observation made with regret, is that words and sentences, when congealed in cold type, produce a less favorable impression on your mind than when viewed in the heat of composition. This is unfortunate, but you resolutely conquer the chill that creeps over you, and diligently apply yourself to the work of correction, with the determination to let no error escape. There are a good many errors—typographical, topographical, historical, rhetorical, and (shall I say?) grammatical. It is in the power of every tiny piece of type to outrage your feelings in some way ; either by appearing where it ought not to be, failing to appear where it ought to be, taking up a position above or below its fellows, or standing on its head. When you sternly discountenance all these vagaries, it has other resources. It loves to appear in a partially mutilated condition, or imperfectly covered with ink. Driven from this stronghold, it will go hard with it if it can't belong to another font of type. When you encounter an italic letter among its Roman brethren, there is no difficulty in detecting the offender. Guilt is written on every abject curve of its body. But sometimes in the middle of a word you encounter a letter a shade shorter or darker than its fellows ; it looks like an interloper, but you are not quite sure. You touch it with your pen, and make an interrogation point opposite it on the margin. Then the printer takes out that dubious letter, and puts an interrogation mark in its place, giving the word an extremely novel and picturesque appearance, but making it somewhat difficult to pronounce.

But if you are troubled with a literary conscience, the process of proof-reading is continually beset with interrogation points, invisible to the outward eye, but none the less imperative in their nature. Is this sentence obscure and affected? Is that one childishly simple? Doesn't that other one seem to be straining after effect? Does it reach what it's straining after? Wouldn't it be possible to cut out the strain and leave the effect? Where is the delicate line between lightness and

flippancy, between carefulness and stiffness, between wholesome sentiment and nauseous sentimentality? The paragraph which seemed almost poetic, when you wrote it, now seems almost meaningless ; how can you know what it actually is? If your hero has no faults how can he escape being a prig. If he has faults how can he be a hero? If your paragraphs are long, will not the average reader think you dull? If they are short, will not the reader who is above the average relegate you to the rank of a writer upon a weekly story paper?

With these problems pressing upon your brain, it occurs to you that the rest of the family may offer you solutions to some of them. Upon the announcement that your first proofs have arrived they say, "Oh!" an exclamation which, upon consulting the dictionary, you find is susceptible of a variety of meanings. They bid you keep a firm hand on your adjectives, and be careful how you spell. "Don't go to correcting a sentence by ear," say they, "but consult your grammar, and make sure you're correct." You are naturally of a patient disposition, but when one of them, inspecting the sheets with an air of settled gloom, says, "I fear this is going to be a flimsy sensational novel; tell me does it teach a lesson?" You cannot forbear to reply, "Yes, a history lesson;" and as there is really a good deal of historical information in your book, you make good your escape for that time.

If you are fortunate enough to have as chief critic one who is as interested in the work as you yourself are, the pleasures and puzzles of proof-reading are largely increased. The advantage of a better judgment and finer taste is incalculable, but, on the other hand, you don't know what to think when you find some of your phrases denounced as Americanisms. Of course if you had said—if it were possible for you to have said—that your heroine's mother had, on account of some misdeed, given that young lady "Hail, Columbia," or if you could have allowed your hero to exclaim approvingly and slangily to his intimate friend, "Good Henry Clay head on you!" or, in its abbreviated form, "Good clay head!" then you could readily understand that these objectionable expressions were Americanisms. But there are others of which you are not sure. A friend of mine once decided that to get the start of, as in the phrase "they'll not get the start of him," was an Americanism. Afterwards we discovered it in Shakespeare. Was she disconcerted? Not in the least. She merely said, "Well, if Shakespeare can bring himself to use Americanisms I'm sure I wouldn't be so particular."

After the first chapter has been returned to the printers the glow of novelty fades, and the importance of the work, in your own estimation, unconsciously dwindles. You look gratefully, but with some misgiving, at your kindly neighbor, whose faith in the value of your performance is so great that she assures you she is going to save the proceeds of her next churning of butter to buy it with. You bid her beware how she recklessly exchanges butter that she knows to be good for a book whose quality is unknown, but the good soul is not to be turned from her intention.

Musing idly upon the ease with which we can "tell" good butter, and the difficulty of giving a perfectly just decision upon a book, your last proof-sheets, persued absent-mindedly, drop from your hand. They seem all right, but 'twill be safer to read them again. Suddenly, with a thrill of horror, you stop short, your hair perceptibly changes color, and your rigid lead pencil points to a paragraph in praise of the mirror-like qualities of a certain Canadian sheet of water, which you had written

thus : "The bay that at sunset had seemed a sea of melted gold now held the young moon trembling in its liquid embrace."

The printer had substituted "man" for "moon."

This unreasonable planet seems determined to turn the light of its countenance away from you, for in the Christmas number of the periodical to which you most delight to contribute, there is a quotation which reads,

"The sun, which bares its bosom to the moon."

This line was written by Wordsworth, in his beautiful—is it not his most beautiful?—sonnet,

"The sea, which bares its bosom to the moon."

And it seemed to give a greater value to the next quotation—from Walt Whitman,

"The white arms in the breakers tirelessly tossing."

But of the fact that penmanship is, as a rule, far more imperfect than printing and proof-reading, this writer has no need to be reminded.

A. E. W.

REVENGE OF THE FLOWERS.

(Under a Picture.)

Slowly the soft strokes of the echoing bell
Fall, like faint voices, each one sent to tell
An hour is gone, time passes, all is well.

The sun, slow marching through the western skies,
Seems on his way to linger ; nature lies
In languor 'neath his gaze, and faintly sighs.

In chamber fair, half shaded from the sun,
What happy dreams pass smiling, one by one,
Though evening's hours of rest have not begun.

Soft lights, with shadows blent, steal softly through,
Half-radiant sunbeams for admission sue,
And gentle breezes uncoiled tresses woo.

All through the morning hours, upon the hill,
Hither and thither, straying at her will,
Seeking with fairest flowers her lap to fill.

With treasure more than ample vase can hold,
The rover's pleasure and success are told.
Now see how art hath nature fair controlled !

Each flower its beauty shows in careless grace,
Distinct from all, yet all gives each its place,
And harmony all difference doth embrace.

The weariness of triumph o'er her came,
Who conquers nature, nature yet can tame.
In soft repose now lies that lovely frame.

With curving lines of beauty, half concealed
By drapery soft flowing, half revealed,
She lies in grace unconscious, eyelids sealed.

Her face, half turned aside, in shadow lies ;
Her breathing, gentle as the south wind's sighs,
Comes slowly forth, and e'en in coming dies.

A fragrance, rising, fills the little room ;
The flowers seem to faint in their perfume ;
The light is slowly fading into gloom.

The odours strengthen, while the senses, dulled
By heavy sweetness, heavily are lulled.
Alas ! what flowers hath that fair hand culled ?

Their vengeance hidden coiled within their breast
Who owns them, but of evil fate possest.
Alas ! that it is she who lies at rest.

Now, from amid the flowers, with evil stare,
A lurking adder lifts his head in air.
What help is nigh ? Asleep she lieth there !

Uncoiled, it crawlth o'er that form divine,
Invades the bosom that had all been mine,
With sharp assault drives life from that fair shrine.

The flowers have faded ; sadly, wearily,
The day dies into night, and silently
The tired world slumbers, while in death lies she.

The sorrows of my heart can ne'er be known,
My body walks this earth, my soul hath flown.
I wait till by her side they'll lay me down

Asleep.

HENRY A. DWYER.

"SHE." *

The author of *King Solomon's Mines*, in his latest book carries us still farther out of the region of probability, and takes us this time to the east coast of Africa and the land of the marvelously supernatural. The immense sales of the book, and the favour with which the works of such writers as R. L. Stevenson and H. Rider Haggard have lately been received, go to prove that a change has come over the public taste, and that stories of the supernatural are, to a considerable extent, usurping the place of the intensely realistic novel. The reaction is a natural one, in view of the dead level of sameness and mediocrity which has of late years enveloped novels of the latter class, and it will be somewhat interesting to watch the development of the new movement. A great imagination is a rare happening in the realm of letters, and it is perhaps safe to predict that if novels of the imagination are to be the rule, they must be fewer in number if they are to rank in the first class. And not only will there be fewer novelists in the front rank, but they will write fewer books. It is hardly possible that a writer, who depends entirely upon his inventive faculty, should produce books with the facility of a Howells or a Black ; though, indeed, if one result of the new movement should be more careful elaboration of plot and detail, the result to literature of this kind will be a distinct gain.

Thus we come to Mr. Rider Haggard's new book. The story is fascinating. To commence it is to read it through at a sitting. That is immensely in its favour. The main character is boldly conceived and successfully drawn throughout. It is the work of a powerful imagination. The shrivelling of "She," who would twice bathe in the life-giving ether, is a triumph of inventive skill. In fact the whole history of the journey of Ayesha and her companions to the Cave of the Spirit of Life, is the best piece of work Mr. Rider Haggard has done.

Of the other characters there is not much to be said. Leo Vincey is a handsome young Englishman, possessing many of the traits of character of his race. There is nothing very special about him except his good looks. The only remaining character worthy of particular mention is Horatio Holly, the guardian of the hero, for the servant Joe is a very ordinary mortal. Mr. Holly is remarkable—remarkable for his ugliness. He is a good scholar too ; a necessary qualification, as he is obliged to talk, through many pages, in classical Greek. But beyond these two things, and the Baboon's Greek is given to us in the freest English translations, there is nothing in the character of Horatio Holly, which would suggest any great labor on the part of the author. Not that this is absolutely necessary, as "She" is a history of adventure. The character of She, is really the only original creation in the book ; there is a distinct resemblance between the others and similar characters in *King Solomon's Mines*. And She herself may well have been suggested by the wonderfully learned witch in *King Solomon's Mines*, who had lived beyond the memory of the oldest inhabitant.

The account of the manners and customs of the savage people among whom the travellers fell is carefully elaborated and full of interest. It is probably here that Mr. Rider Haggard has put most labour. One great charm of a book of this kind is the unconscious blending of the natural with the supernatural. That is one of the strong points about Stevenson's "*Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*." The great art with which the improbable is

* She : A History of Adventure. By H. Rider Haggard.

kept out of sight, and the hope that some natural explanation of events will turn up, to the very end of the story, constitute the real genius of that book. In *King Solomon's Mines*, too, the first intruder into the unknown country went there in search of gold, a report of vast treasures, improbable it is true, but not impossible, having reached his ears. But in "She" we start with the impossible. That two Englishmen, educated gentlemen and members of a university, should start out in all seriousness to search for what could not conceivably exist, is almost ludicrous from an artistic standpoint. It is a radical defect in Mr. Rider Haggard's book.

Judging the novel on purely artistic grounds, which is the only way possible of treating a creation of this kind, the book may be said to be badly balanced, and to lack unity of design and evenness of execution. There is too much anxiety on the part of the author to bring us into the country and presence of She-who-would-be-obeyed. We arrive in the domains of "She" almost before we are fairly started on the "high emprise." And, after the shrivelling of Ayesha, the culmination of the adventure, the travellers are transported back to England more quickly than they came. It may sound somewhat strange, but there is really not enough adventure in the book. It falls short of our expectation as a history of adventure; there ought to be a great deal of adventure before attaining to the presence of so marvellous a person as "She," and a great deal more adventure in getting away from the country of so wonderful a queen, who yet reigned far enough away from the ken of mortals, to be unknown and unheard of in the civilized world.

One is forced to the conclusion that "She" has been somewhat hastily conceived and written. The workmanship of the book bears evidence of this. It is unevenly written, and the average merit of literary composition is not so good as in *King Solomon's Mines*. There are defects of detail, too, which would hardly be expected from a writer of Mr. Rider Haggard's powers of imagination. A single instance will suffice. Leo Vincey's beautiful curls are represented as turning white after the terrifying scene in the cave. Surely that was unnecessary! The young man's life was yet before him. Why handicap his beauty by bleaching his hair? Besides, there was fright enough without that. The artistic effect of the scene is spoiled by the mention of a phenomenon, the use of which has now been relegated to the novels of "the Duchess." By-the-way though, Grant Allen has made use of the same thing, in a prettily told story in the January *Harper's*, in order to bring about a reconciliation between an aesthetic young man who, when blind, had fallen in love with a beautiful girl with brick-red hair, and his beloved. The only way in which Grant Allen can bring the affair to a happy climax, is by making the girl fall sick of a fever, and rise from her couch with snow-white hair. There are cases on record of hair being turned white by sickness; but these are rare, except in second and third-rate novels, where they are altogether too plentiful. A much more natural way, and one we have never seen recorded in novels, would have been perhaps after this sort: It is a well known fact that, in cases of fever, when the head is shaved, the new growth of hair comes in a darker shade; so that Grant Allen's young lady, instead of being doomed to premature gray hairs, might have delighted the aesthetic taste of her lover with a glimpse of "lovely locks of truest auburn." The unsightly baldness which would intervene, could have been overcome by a trip to the sea side for the lady's health. But this is a digression.

Mr. Rider Haggard's book bears, as has been said, the marks of haste and immaturity of design and execution. It is to be hoped that so original and powerful a writer will not be led by the intoxication of popularity to over-production. The power of his writing will suffer otherwise. He cannot do better than take for his guidance the example of one of our best novelists—one who has produced comparatively little, without losing thereby either popularity or power—Mr. R. D. Blackmore.

J. O. MILLER.

CARLYLE AND GIGADIBS.

(A DIALOGUE WHICH MIGHT HAVE BEEN.)

GIGADIBS.—As you were saying—

CARLYLE.—This is a mad world that soberly busies itself in pursuing bubbles—Mr. Sham bending his hurdies to Mr.

Fraud, with a "I'd be loth to disturb you." A world that shrieks of sacrilege if a stout arm ruthlessly strip from pretentious hollowiness its rags and tawdry habiliments—which seeing, an honest man turns himself away in disgust from the blind, dusty, sweating, toiling mass, and longs for a Mirabeau or Cromwell to force order upon the chaos, cutting off the false which veils from men the immutable truth of God's universe.

GIGADIBS.—Yet are there cheering signs of the coming dawn—

CARLYLE (*breaking in*).—Very poetical if not true; where do you see such? Long have I trusted that beneath the dead ashes of the past there may lurk a Phoenix to start up instinct with life—that there may issue forth from the roaring loom of time, a new fabric, woven of all the strength and truth and beauty in man; but mine eyes have I strained in vain, for even now I see it not.

GIGADIBS.—But the progress of Science—

CARLYLE.—Call you rattling among the dry bones of the universe Science? All the probings and dissectings and measurings of which science boasts are futile to wrest from inscrutable Nature her mystery,

GIGADIBS.—The rising tide of Democracy—

CARLYLE.—Better it is for the weak to be governed by the strong; Radicalism is the rock upon which we must shipwreck, if no leader appears to point the way and force the weaklings to accept a safety whereof they are unworthy.

GIGADIBS (*with confidence*).—The advance of Freedom of Thought certainly is—

CARLYLE.—Ay! Religion is a great Truth groaning its last—

GIGADIBS (*venturing for once an interruption*).—I am glad to hear from Mr. Carlyle's own lips that he is in sympathy with us; and I dare hope that he will find himself able to assist in the work of dispelling the mist of clericism. (He presents the prospectus of the Gigadibs' Society for the Diffusion of Benthamite Literature.)

CARLYLE (*to himself*).—He is a wee bit Utilitarian body after all. (*Then aloud*) I am no' a Bedlamite yet. Put it away! What has man to do with always thinking of his happiness. To each man, according to his strength, is it appointed to do his part in hewing out the destiny of his kind—towards truth and light. Happiness may never be his lot, yet, like a star, never hasting, never resting, must man fulfil his God-created mission.

GIGADIBS (*with spirit*).—Utilitarianism finds its warrant in the latest scientific theories. For it is evident that if the fit alone survive in the struggle for existence, that the customs and institutions of that surviving class are consonant with what is for the best interests of the whole. Now, the moral consciousness in man is a result of hereditary obedience of tribal custom. Therefore his indefinite moral ideal finds its content in obeying the tribal customs, which customs, from the nature of the case, are expressed by the Utilitarian standard of the greatest happiness of the greatest number.

Gigadibs hereupon pauses and waits a reply before pursuing the argument. The silence is at last broken by the Chelsea Sage saying in a meditative tone, with a sorrowful shake of the head that is resting on his hand—

"Eh! but you're a puir cratur, a puir, wratched, meeserable cratur!"

(Exit GIGADIBS.)

W. H. H.

AN ADEQUATE CAUSE.

A breath of sweetness over a fence,
And a scarlet geranium leaf rain-wet,
Swims in level light from a westering sun,
In a tossed green sheaf of mignonette.

And—there you stand on the wooden quay,
In your lily loveliness, my Queen;
Dim troubled eyes o'er the waters look,
From "the sweetest face I have ever seen."

BOHEMIEN.

THE VARSITY.

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Now that the Provincial Government has been returned to power, and its hands greatly strengthened, it is to be hoped that it will do something definite, and something generous, in aid of the Provincial University. There is one department of the University which should receive, as it most certainly deserves, special attention. We refer to the department of Practical Science. Since its re-organization on a singularly narrow basis, little or nothing has been done to enable it to maintain its proper place as one of the recognized departments of the University. That it has succeeded as well as it has is a matter for congratulation.

As far as we are able to judge, the position of the present School of Practical Science is this: It has afforded lecture and laboratory room for the Natural Science Department, and has eased the pressure on the space of University College. Most, if not all, the lectures to students taking the Natural Sciences course are delivered in the school. So far, so good. But the Engineering Department, what of it? Beyond the establishment of a Professorship and a Fellowship in Engineering, no progress has been made towards the development of the institution. The principal work which the Engineering branch is doing is to turn out surveyors and draughtsmen. No provision is made for practical work in the Mechanical Department. And this is not the fault of the school authorities. The Engineering Department is practically called on to make bricks without straw. In such a course, the very essential to good and thorough work—an intimate acquaintance with all the practical details of engineering, which are only to be acquired by constant practice in the use of machines and tools—is entirely left out. Surely this is not logical. At the present time, when so much attention is being given to the subject of Technical Schools, the one which should be the cap-stone of the system is left without proper means and appliances for the adequate and even necessary performance of its work!

The duty of the Government in this matter is plain. Workshops, supplied with the latest models, patterns of machines and tools necessary for all the purposes required, should be provided. A competent instructor should be engaged to superintend the machine shop. The Professorship of Engineering should, moreover, be placed upon exactly the same footing as the other chairs in University College. In saying that the School turns out practically nothing more than good surveyors and draughtsmen, we are by no means disparaging its work. The School does as good work as many other institutions which are more thoroughly equipped. But what we do say is this: That the object of such a School should be to afford every facility for instruction in a complete course of technical and scientific education. This is what might reasonably be expected of it by the public, and by those who desire to attend its sessions. As it stands now, it only fulfils a part of its proper work. Is it too much to expect that justice will be done to this long-suffering and most excellent School? We hope not.

If we take a look at similar institutions abroad, we shall soon see how much more comprehensive they are in the scope of their operations. Take, for instance, the Massachusetts Institute of

Technology. There are nine regular courses pursued therein, each of four years' duration; for proficiency in any one of which the degree of B. Sc. in the course pursued, is conferred. The courses are as follows: Civil and Topographical Engineering; Mechanical Engineering; Mining Engineering; Architecture; Chemistry; Electrical Engineering; Natural History; Preparatory to the Professional Study of Medicine; Physics; and General Course. There are, in addition to the President, 13 Professors and 14 Assistant Professors, who are still further supplemented in their labors by thirty instructors and assistants. There are in connection with this School, Draughting-rooms, Laboratories of Chemistry, Physics, Applied Mechanics, Mechanical Engineering, Mining and Metallurgy, and Biology; besides Museums and Libraries. This School has over 660 students in attendance, and her graduates amount to about the same number. The Institute is a thoroughly independent School. The Worcester Free Institute, though not on such an extensive scale, is still a very complete Industrial School. It offers a good education—based on the Mathematics, Living Languages, Physical Sciences and Drawing, and affords sufficient practical familiarity with some branch of Applied Science, to secure its graduates a livelihood. It has a large staff of Professors and Lecturers, and grants the degree of B.Sc. It has a large Machine-shop, fully equipped, and presided over by experienced practical workmen. The Sheffield Scientific School, at New Haven, is, perhaps, one of the most complete and extensive of the kind in America. It used to be in close connection with Yale College, but has been re-organized upon a new basis, and is now, practically, an independent Institution, presided over by a Director, assisted by about thirty Professors and Instructors. The complete course occupies three years. The first year's work is the same for all, and the last two years are devoted chiefly to instruction—practical and theoretical—in seven special departments. These are: Chemistry, Civil Engineering, Dynamical (or Mechanical) Engineering, Agriculture, Natural History, Biology (preparatory to Medical studies), Mining and Metallurgy, and Preparatory work for other higher studies. Those taking the course in Mining and Metallurgy, take the regular three years in Engineering, and at its close spend a fourth year in the study of Metallurgical Chemistry and Mineralogy. The course preparatory to other higher studies includes general instruction in Arts and Science, and also in Meteorology, Sanitary Science, Political Economy, Constitutional Law, and so forth. The degrees conferred by this School are: Bachelor of Philosophy, on those who have completed any of the regular three year courses, and have passed the examination at its close; Civil Engineer and Dynamic Engineer, on Bachelors of Philosophy who have taken the first degree in Engineering study, and who pursue a higher course for at least two years, sustaining a final examination, and giving evidence of ability to design important constructions and make the requisite drawings and calculations therefor; also the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, given for high attainment and original research.

We have selected these three American Science Schools as typical examples. They are all different from one another, are managed differently, and appeal to separate and distinct constituencies. The Worcester Free Institute is largely devoted to the industrial training of young boys, who serve their apprenticeship, as it were, at this school. The Massachusetts Institute of Technology is recruited chiefly from the artisan class, who receive thorough training as handicraftsmen. The Sheffield school affords instruction in the higher branches of engineering and advanced scientific research. Speaking generally, the Worcester Institute represents the elementary, the Massachusetts Institute the intermediate, and the Sheffield School the advanced departments respectively, in the system of technical and scientific education as pursued in the United States. The number of Technical and Industrial Schools of all kinds supported out of national funds in the different States is 45, attended by over 500 students. The tendency everywhere is to multiply such institutions, and to represent every branch of industrial art and science. The three we have referred to, are selected as being fairly representative institutions of their respective classes. The experience in these schools is that they flourish better as independent institutions than as appendages to

literary academies or colleges. While this is a question about which there may reasonably be a difference of opinion, still it is worth considering. Our own school of science should take a similar position to that occupied by the Sheffield School.

We have referred in detail to these American schools with the purpose of showing the extent to which such institutions can be developed, their enlarged scope, the enlightened views respecting technical education which they evidence, the thorough character of their work, and the influence for good which they exert upon the industrial and commercial interests of the community. But in comparing such institutions with our own School of Science the conclusion is inevitable. While in one State of the Union our neighbours support two or three splendidly endowed and equipped schools, we see the premier province of Canada supplied with a school having but three really independent instructors, and making no provision for practical work in one of its chief sub-departments. Now we appeal to our readers and the public generally, if this is in keeping with the industrial requirements of this province? The answer must be overwhelmingly in the negative. And the next question is: What is the Government going to do about it? Is it going to allow these essential needs of the Province to suffer for the lack of sufficient capital to carry on the work of instruction? The Government and its friends are very much given to boasting about their six millions of a surplus. Leaving one of these millions for the new Parliament Buildings, there still will remain enough to endow ten such institutions as the School of Science. It is a disgrace that the Province of Ontario pays so little attention to this institution, which embodies the very spirit of the times, and which, in this practical and progressive age, should be in a position to compete successfully with any similar institution on this continent. Let the Government consider this question well.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Editors are not responsible for the opinions of correspondents. No notice will be taken of unsigned contributions.

"THE DR. WILSON MEDAL."

To the Editors of THE VARSITY.

SIRS:—I do not purpose to prolong the discussion of a question which for a long time has held the foremost place in University politics, by appearing as an advocate either for or against the general principle of awarding scholarships and medals, but to refer to a specific case, which, in addition to being an injustice, has reached the *ne plus ultra* of absurdity. I refer to the "Dr. Wilson Medal" for Modern Languages.

It has been held by some that, as this is a private donation, the undergraduates have no right to discuss the system on which it is given. I am not one who thinks so. There is no substantial difference between a private donation and a public one. The one is given by an individual; the other by a collection of individuals. If there is injustice in the one, it deserves condemnation no less severe than if it were in the other. We do not owe more respect to the individual than to the community.

As was announced some months ago, the medal will be given on the result of a competition in English essay writing; the subject for the present year being: "The development of the historical drama in England, France and Germany, with particular reference to the works of Shakespeare, Hugo, Schiller and Goethe." In addition to this, some degree of proficiency in French and German prose composition will be required.

The winner of the medal given on this plan will be passed off to the public as the most proficient in the Modern Languages taught in University College, for this is the only meaning "Medalist in Modern Languages" can have to those who judge the winner's acquirements by the title which the medal bears. But will he be so in reality, and by necessity? Let us enquire. Let us place side by side the curriculum for the fourth year, and the standard of culture necessary to become a medalist.

First, with regard to Italian. This is without the pale of the knowledge required of the gentleman who has his eye on the medal; he will, therefore not trouble himself with this language, except in so far as to obtain the fifty per cent. requisite for Third Class Honors. Or he might even venture to neglect it so much as to fall below this standard, and trust that the Senate would dispense its charity by granting him a Pass Degree. For he might accept the charity of the Senate in taking a Pass Degree, and still be the Medalist in Modern Languages. He would pursue the same course with regard to Ethnology, for that is likewise outside of his sphere.

In French, German and English he would devote his whole energy to prose composition; he would trace the development of the historical drama from some history of literature, and read the historical dramas of the foreign authors in English translations; for it would be a waste of time, as far as his object is concerned, to read them in the original text.

All the imposing mass of philology, old and modern texts mentioned in the curriculum, with a very superficial amount of study, would yield him his requisite fifty per cent.

Such is the course I should pursue if I started out with the intention of competing for this medal. This is undoubtedly the shortest and surest road to winning it. But is it honest. Is it not scandalous, to call the successful candidate who pursues such a course as this, more proficient in Modern Languages than he who should win First Class Honors on the work prescribed in this department on the University curriculum?

A medal given on such conditions defeats the very aim of liberal education; it sets a premium on ignorance; it deceives the public, and wrongs the honest student. He who would compete for, he who would accept a medal given in this way, has no fine sense of honor.

But what appears most wonderful of all, is that this scheme should have been proposed by gentlemen who are supposed to have the deepest interest in raising the standard of linguistic education. Were they serious in proposing this scheme? I respect them too much to believe so. The charity of a generous posterity has been extended even to Macchiavelli. Let us be charitable also to them. Let us believe that their aim was to hasten the downfall of a custom in which they did not believe, by reducing the *absurdum ad absurdum*.

T. LOGIE.

THE GYMNASIUM.

To the Editors of THE VARSITY.

SIR,—Anyone visiting our college gymnasium cannot but be struck with sorrow that such an institution as our Alma Mater cannot boast of better apparatus for physical culture than that which we now possess. Cannot the students take this matter in hand and by co-operating with one another, form some fixed system for furthering college athletics? I noticed with pleasure Mr. Hodgins' review of "Physical Culture," a book written by Mr. E. B. Houghton, of this city. I would make some suggestions as to the method of furthering such a scheme. The first essential is a competent, energetic instructor, who, by taking this branch of education (for such it is now considered) under his control, would consolidate the individual and, in many cases, ill-directed efforts of the students, and by pressing its claims would bring more strongly before the eyes of both faculty and students the necessity of having a permanent and well-equipped gymnasium. In the hands of a trained and skilled instructor, our present gymnasium might be made one of the finest in the province. By tearing down the partitions which disfigure the ground floor, the now cramped quarters could be converted into a commodious and well-ventilated hall. Such a hall would be a focus for instruction in gymnastics both in theory and practice, and would during the winter months, nourish that feeling of sociability and *esprit de corps* which is so much to be desired among the students of our college, and which at present seems to die out as soon as the football season ends.

Hoping these suggestions will call forth some discussion on this much-needed reform, I remain

F. H. SUFFEL.

THE FIGHT FOR APPEARANCES.

To the Editors of THE VARSITY.

SIRS,—In your issue of the 22nd ult. appeared an article by Mr. A. Stevenson entitled "The Fight for Appearances." To it I wish to take exception. I am not a writer; I am not a scholar. If I have so failed to perceive Mr. Stevenson's idea that my criticism is without force, no harm will be done. If I am in error he will perhaps be good enough to enlighten me. I imagine that the article in question originated in some such manner as this: Strolling through the park while the old King's College building was in course of demolition, Mr. Stevenson has found that the structure was not what he thought it to be, and another proof, almost unnecessary, has been assimilated by his conviction that "things are not what they seem." I sympathise with him in his denunciations of shams, but I cannot help thinking that he has been most unfortunate in his choice of illustrations. Sham buildings come in for the greatest share of his wrath. There must, however, be a line drawn between shams which are detrimental to our well-being, and shams that are advantageous. Of hypocrisy in men's lives nothing too harsh can be said, of deceitful hearts the home is perdition, but extreme strictness in some other matters would surely detract from the happiness of mankind.

Mr. Stevenson would abolish chromos, because they are imitations of oil paintings. He forgets that they satisfy the poor man's hunger and thirst after the beautiful, much more the poor woman's. I believe there is in every human creature a certain finer nature which must be sustained by suitable food, or perish. I have no doubt that Mr. Stevenson believes it also. But while he seems to attribute the ornamentation of buildings to chronic dishonesty, I would be inclined to consider it an effort on the part of man to satisfy that aesthetic element in his nature, the possession of which is certainly matter of congratulation. It would require too much space to review Mr. Stevenson's letter in detail. His remarks about moral nature, social life, literature, politics and religious profession are just, perhaps not sufficiently severe, but unfortunately they form only the introduction of his article.

He has showered the greater part of his condemnation on that which I think is not an evil at all, and if an evil certainly the most trivial phase of dishonesty.

J. J. FERGUSON.

ROUND THE TABLE.

George Eliot, in "Silas Marner," has painted the growth of a miser's mania with psychological fidelity. The weaver, whose fortunes are followed in that narrative, finds himself in the peculiar situation of having no longer a purpose in life. Circumstances have combined to ostracize him from the only community in which he had scot or lot. Then, losing all faith in God or man, he retires to a little village, where he lives alone, his history unknown to the incurious villagers, his sorrows and his seared heart finding no balm in friendship, with no object on which to spend the guerdon of his toiling servitude to his clattering loom. Formerly he had welcomed money as the symbol of earthly goods, now the symbol alone remains. The habit of acquiring still goes on. A transference speedily takes place; the gold is eagerly sought for itself and no longer for any ulterior purchasable pleasures.

Thus far the development is admirable, but more is yet to come. The delight of the miser feeding upon itself with growing fervour is glutted for the time by fondling the growing store. The reward of a toilsome day comes when night warns the villagers to bar their doors; then Silas, secure from interruption, by the scanty blaze on the lonely hearth unearths his treasure and intoxicates his senses with the golden glitter.

No doubt this is true to nature, but a further truth resting on psychological conditions is unrecognized by George Eliot. For it we have, as usual, to resort to the great interpreter of human nature—Shakspeare. By one swift touch he lets us into the very heart of the all-possible grasping the complete pleasure that can result to the miser:

"So am I as the rich, whose blessed key
Can bring him to his sweet, up-locked treasure,
The which he will not every hour survey,
For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure."

Herein, it seems to me, Shakspeare is the greater artist. If Shakspeare had written in the jargon of philosophers, he would have styled it an example of the Law of Relativity. But that has been reserved for the nice dissectors of emotion in an emotionless age.

This extract from the Sonnets naturally leads me to refer briefly to the mystery that a cloud of commentators have managed to cast over these outpourings of a mighty yet human nature.

Mr. Lewes, in his "Life of Goethe," conveys a useful moral by means of a pleasant little fable. An Englishman, a Frenchman and a German were once set the task of giving an accurate account of the sacred domesticities of camel-life. The three explorers proceeded in three characteristic ways.

The Frenchman took a bus to the *Jardin des Plantes*, looked at the camel, went to his *café*, and there wrote a sparkling *feuilleton* on the camel, brilliant, abounding in piquant description and anecdote, but conveying little real knowledge of a camel.

The Englishman gathered together an outfit, not neglecting creature comforts, and went to the arid home of the camel; there he camped and observed diligently its habits and customs. Two assiduous years did he devote to the task, and published the results in a many-volumed work, without method or arrangement, yet giving much valuable information.

The German, however, retired to his study, put on his deepest thinking cap, and endeavoured to evolve the idea of the camel from his inner consciousness—in which amusement, Mr. Lewes tells us, he is still engaged.

Might not this apply very aptly to the attempts of many polysyllabic commentators to read Shakspeare's mystery?

It is stated, perhaps originally by the wise Solomon, that the greatest mystery is the no-mystery. For this reason probably it is that the efforts of the Donnellys, and critics of their ilk, have failed to extract from Shakspeare's work, however meaning and diction be tortured, its motive and purpose. Why adopt the view that the sonnets are profound enigmas, the clue to which can only be

found by wild guessing? Or, do they not breathe the ardour of Shakspeare's love and friendship; are they not records of moments of fervour, of weakness, of joyous confidence in his strength, and of heart-sinking despair of his fortunes—that link Shakspeare to us in a common humanity, and which gave him his deep-seated power over the master passions of men?

Nowadays, in the papers all over the country, such phrases as the following are darting beyond number through and across the pelting storms of words which are raging everywhere. "While of course it is utterly impossible to predicate the result of the elections with any certainty, the events which are transpiring seem to point," &c. "This would seem to militate against the contention that the issues involved are," &c. "There can be no doubt that Sir John has thoroughly antagonized the," &c. "It is vain, therefore, on the part of, &c., to seek to minimize the, &c.; for the fact that, &c., gives added significance to," &c. The standing-galley seems to be becoming more and more of an institution; and yet the capabilities of a printing establishment using English type are surely not so narrow and limited as those of like establishments in Japan, for instance, where an editor who invents a new word or combination of words is under the necessity of whittling it out on a block of wood. "Good heavens, young man," said the editor of a paper in a small Western town to his new "local," "the next thing you'll be doing will be to say that some one 'has gone to Chicago,' instead of 'has departed for the East.'"

"Don't you want to make half a dollar, young feller?" asked the attendant at the Wayfarer's Lodge, in the ninth chapter of "Lemuel Barker."

"Yes, I do," said Lemuel, eagerly.

"Know how to wash dishes?"

"Yes," answered the boy, not ashamed of his knowledge, as the boy of another civilization might have been. Nothing more distinctively marks the rustic New England civilization than the training of its men to the performance of certain domestic offices elsewhere held dishonourably womanish. The boy learns not only to milk and to keep the milk-cans clean, but to churn, to wash dishes, and to cook."

I will set by the side of this quotation from Howells' last novel these words written by Hawthorne at a time when his wife was away, and he had no servant to look after his house:—

"The washing of dishes does seem to me the most absurd and unsatisfactory business that I ever undertook. If, when once washed, they would remain clean for ever and ever (which they ought in all reason to do, considering how much trouble it is) there would be less occasion to grumble. But no sooner is it done than it requires to be done again. On the whole, I have come to the resolution not to use more than one dish at each meal. . . . I am at this moment superintending the corned beef, which has been on the fire, as it seems to me, ever since the beginning of time, and shows no symptoms of being done before the crack of doom. . . . The corned beef is exquisitely done, and as tender as a young lady's heart, all owing to my skilful cookery. . . . To say the truth, I look upon it as such a masterpiece in its way that it seems irreverential to eat it. Things on which so much thought and labor are bestowed should surely be immortal."

I take pleasure in reprinting from a New York paper, where it is simply credited to an exchange, the following poem, which is not all unworthy to have come from the pen of Browning:

A WOMAN'S BARGAIN.

You will love me? Ah, I know,
As men love—no better, dear.
Worship? Yes, a month or so.
Tenderness? Perhaps a year.

After that, the quiet sense
Of possession; careless care,
And the calm indifference
That all married lovers wear.

Blame you, dearest? Not at all.
As Fate made you, so you stand;
As Fate made you, so you fall
Far below Love's high demand.

Yet how strange is Love's deep law.
I can look you through and through,
Tracing plainly Nature's flaw
In the heart she gave to you;

Knowing all *my* heart must stake,
All the danger, all the fear,
And yet glad, even so, to make
This, my losing bargain, dear!

The ingenious man is of opinion this week that the Librarian should reside in Poughkeepsie.

UNIVERSITY AND COLLEGE NEWS.

All reports from Societies must reach us by noon on Thursday to ensure insertion.

The Temperance League will have an open meeting on Monday, 7th, 4 p.m., in the Y. M. C. A. building. Mr. Lou Beauchamp, from Ohio, and Dr. E. H. Dewart, Editor of the *Christian Guardian*, are expected to address the meeting.

J. A. Ferguson and E. C. Acheson have been appointed to represent the Literary and Scientific Society in the forthcoming debate with Queen's College Alma Mater Society, to take place on Friday, February 11th. The subject is to be Imperial Federation, our representatives upholding the negative.

Students and graduates of Toronto University will be interested in hearing that the Rev. John Gibson, M.A., of our University and B.D. of Knox (brother of Mr. T. A. Gibson, now in attendance at the College), is married. The ceremony took place at Belle Villa, Georgetown, Demerara, on the 8th December ult. Mr. Gibson is engaged in mission work in Demerara.

Mr. Thomas B. Bunting died at his father's residence, Pickering, yesterday. He was a graduate of Toronto University and passed as a barrister in 1884. He completed his studies in the office of Messrs. Blake & Co. He opened an office at Dresden, where he was highly esteemed. A severe cold obliged him to return home, where he died. Deceased was a member of Stevenson Masonic Lodge, Toronto, and was buried at Pickering on Saturday with Masonic honors.

MODERN LANGUAGE CLUB.—There was a very fair attendance last Monday, when a German meeting on Schiller was given. Essays were read by Messrs. J. P. Hubbard and S. King, and an essay written by Mr. S. J. Redcliffe, by Mr. J. W. Henderson. The next meeting will be an English one on Lowell's Works. All students are cordially invited. The Modern Language class of the Fourth Year has arranged with Signor Ramponi for instruction in French conversation and meets him on Friday at 3 o'clock.

The General Conversazione Committee met on Wednesday afternoon in Moss Hall, to hear reports from sub-committees, and to reconsider the grants made to these various committees. A reduction was made in some, the Musical and Literary Committee grant being reduced to \$300, so that now the total expenditure is estimated at something over \$800. The majority of the members of the General Committee persist in absenting themselves from the meetings. Due notice is given on the bulletin board. Next meeting on Wednesday afternoon of next week.

Friday afternoon of last week a business meeting of the College Y.M.C.A. was held in the Association's building. The most important business transacted was the appointment of delegates to the convention at Kingston, which commences on the 3rd prox. The following gentlemen were appointed from the different years:—Messrs. J. McP. Scott, A. H. Young, H. F. Laflamme, E. S. Hogarth, T. C. DesBarres, W. G. W. Fortune, G. B. McLean, T. A. Logie and the General Secretary, Mr. A. J. McLeod, B.A., Mr. A. A. McDonald and Mr. J. M. Baldwin, B.A. A missionary box has been placed in the hall of the building in the interests of the China Inland Mission.

THE VARSITY noted in a late issue the appointment of Mr. A. S. Johnston, B.A.—late Fellow in the Department of Metaphysics in University College—to the Lectureship in Logic in Cornell University. All who enjoyed the benefit of his instruction here will learn with pleasure, but with no surprise, that already his ability and culture are being thoroughly appreciated, as will be seen by the following paragraph, which is copied from the *Cornell Daily Sun*:—

The interest in the lectures and recitations on Psychology has not decreased. They are, if any, the popular lectures of this term. Instructor Johnson can indeed feel well pleased with the success of his first efforts at Cornell.

The annual reports of the President and Treasurer of Harvard University have just been issued. President Eliot refers thus to the recent changes in the University Statutes by which all religious services are placed upon a voluntary footing: "The success of the new method during the first three months of the current year has surprised those even who advocated it most strongly. The officers and students of the College, and a large part of the thoughtful public, have maintained great interest in the experiment, because they see men of eminence belonging to four different communions meeting on broad, common ground, and sinking their differences as to non-essentials that they may try and do good work for morality and religion in a field of peculiar difficulty and importance."

A meeting of the White Cross Army was held at University College on Tuesday afternoon, at which Dr. Wilson presided. The speakers were Mr. N. W. Hoyles, Mr. C. W. Biggar and Dr. Wilson. Fifty-six signed the White Cross pledge, the object of which is to promote purity of thought and action among its members. The Faculty was well represented by President Wilson, Professors Hutton and Ramsay Wright, Messrs. Baker, Squair, and Cameron, and Dr. Ellis. Rev. G. M. Wrong, of Wycliffe College, was also present. Mr. Hoyles dealt with the historical and personal sides of the subject, giving an account of the movement in the English Universities. Mr. Biggar confined his attention mainly to the national aspect, urging that we as Canadians should take up the fight before the sin of impurity becomes as prevalent here as it is in the United States and Europe. He closed with an appeal to the men of University College to take up the work, which in Toronto is carried on mainly by working men.

On Thursday evening last the University College Glee Club gave a concert at the Carlton Street Methodist Church in this city. The occasion was a social by the Ladies' Aid Society of the Church. Readings, instrumental and vocal solos, choruses and glees were given by members of the Club, and a very pleasant evening was spent.

A quartette from the Glee Club will sing at a parlour concert at Mr. W. H. C. Kerr's, on Monday evening, in aid of the Newsboys' Home. President Wilson will give an address.

At the last business meeting of the Glee Club Committee the different members of the Committee were given the names of a number of members of the Club who have not yet paid their fees. Gentlemen concerned will please take notice and be prepared to produce their modicum of the wherewithal to meet expenses.

All members will please remember to be present at the weekly practises on Fridays at 4 o'clock. The "Four Jolly Smiths" is well under way. "The Coopers' Chorus" will be the next new music taken in hand.

The corporation of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in a memorial to the Legislature state that the Society of Arts is in a flourishing condition, that 3,119 persons have thus far been regularly registered as students of the School of Industrial Science, that the Lowell School of Design has thus far had enrolled 663 students, that the School of Mechanic Arts has been patronized by 415 students, that the number of students has increased from 188 in 1878 to 637 in 1886, and that the financial condition of the school was one of painful stringency, the financial aid received from the grant of public money or lands not sufficing to enable the school to attain its utmost usefulness, and the annual avails of all the invested funds being but between \$21,000 and \$22,000, two-fifths of the sum being absorbed by payments of interest on outstanding indebtedness. The memorialists ask the legislature to appropriate \$200,000 for the further endowment of the school.

The question of industrial education is receiving more and more attention. In New York City there is an Industrial Education Association whose object is to create a public interest in industrial education. To this end, the association distributes documents explaining its plans and theories, employs lecturers and trained teachers to go wherever needed, to introduce manual training in schools or establish independent schools, and furnishes teachers for schools throughout the country. The Association has a building at No. 9 University Place, where it has a library, a museum of articles illustrative of methods and results of manual training, gives a course of lectures, and has normal classes for the training of lecturers and teachers. The Association holds: (1) That the complete development of all the faculties can be reached only through a system of education which combines the training found in the usual course of study with the elements of manual training. (2) That the current system trains the memory too largely, the reasoning power less, the eye and the hand too little. (3) That industrial training, to have its fullest value, must be an integral part of general education.

Y. M. C. A.—The following large delegation left the city this morning to attend the Convention at present in session in Kingston:—Messrs. A. J. McLeod, B.A., J. M. Baldwin, B.A., J. McP. Scott, S. M. Talbot, H. F. Laflamme, E. S. Hogarth, H. B. Fraser, G. A. Wilson, G. Logie and G. B. McClean. The interest taken in the Annual Convention by our Association is one of the propitious omens.

In the absence of Mr. Gale the regular meeting was led by Mr. Talling, whose subject was "Knowledge of the Truth." There was a fair attendance. N. H. Russell takes the place of J. H. Hunter as Convener of the Committee on Religious work. J. Drummond teaches in the Boys' Home on Monday evening.

The second of the list of popular lectures (of which the programme appeared in these columns in the first issue of this year) was delivered in Convocation Hall of Trinity College, on Friday afternoon, 29th inst. The subject of the lecture was "Social Life in Rome Under the Early Empire," the lecturer, Professor Boys. In discoursing on his subject the lecturer reviewed both the social and political life of the Romans, showing how the former was eclipsed in importance to such an extent by the latter as to be quite overlooked by historians. If we wish to understand Roman social life, then, we must go, not to the historians of the times, but to the literature. In it is embodied the thought and philosophy of the age, and on it is stamped the impress of the licentiousness, envy and cruelty which characterized that highly civilized but indulgent people. The lecturer also referred to the low state of morality generally prevalent in the time of the Early Empire, and to the very noticeable lack of knowledge of high moral principles. The relation existing between religion and statecraft was discussed, and the influence of the Stoic and Epicurean philosophy pointed out. The lecture was both interesting and instructive and was listened to by a large audience.

The regular weekly meeting of the Literary and Scientific Society was held in Moss Hall on Friday evening. Owing to the unfavorableness of the night but a small number were present. Those who were in attendance, however, enjoyed a pleasant programme and a lively debate. Vice-President Ferguson occupied the chair. Routine business was of little importance. The reading and essay were voluntary. The debate was on the subject of "Educational Qualification for Exercise of the Franchise."

Mr. T. Rogers, for the affirmative, maintained that every voter ought to be intelligent and honest, and that his intelligence and honesty ought to be made the test of his qualification. As against property qualification he argued that property holding is no assurance of either honesty or intelligence, and, therefore, not a suitable qualification for the exercise of the franchise. He claimed also that to view a State from a financial standpoint is to measure it by the lowest standpoint possible. Property qualification prohibits many from voting who are eminently qualified to cast a vote. There are many throughout the country now to whom the franchise is extended who vote, not because they understand what they do in exercising this privilege, but because, it may be, they pay a certain amount of rent for some petty holding. For example, who are better qualified to vote at the coming general election than University students? They have made a study of political and civil questions and know how these are dealt with, and understand the principles involved in their solution. Why, then, are they not enfranchised for this educational qualification?

Mr. J. S. McLean said Mr. Rogers' claim for intellectual qualification was an indefinite one and not sustained. Is a man to pass some specified examination in order to be allowed to vote? If such were necessary many who possess sufficient property to qualify them as voters under the present system and who do vote without any manifest inefficiency would be denied their present privilege. Students certainly have the theory of political matters, but there is a broad difference between theory and practice. Did such men possess the liberty of the franchise, they would also be eligible for election to parliamentary office, and, in putting into operation their theories, would get beyond the requirements of the day, would, in all likelihood, push their theories too far, and would fail to comprehend existing circumstances. Again, nearly every student who is of age has a vote, for if he is supported by his father, that father must surely have property enough for himself and son to qualify on before he is able to educate the son. On the other hand, if the young man is supporting himself at college he will have money enough of his own to qualify him for the exercise of the franchise. Practically, then, every man of the proper age has already the privilege of the franchise within his reach. The exercise of the franchise is a sufficient education in itself.

Mr. Smith followed in support of Mr. Rogers, and was in turn followed by Mr. Harkness. Both these gentlemen spoke for the first time before the Society.

Discussion was then thrown open to the meeting, the debate having

been hitherto conducted in parliamentary form. Mr. J. Johnson said that a man's interests lie in his property and that, therefore, property should be the qualification. Mr. A. T. Hunter and other gentlemen followed in the discussion of the question. Mr. Talbot maintained that every man who is governed and is not a criminal or lunatic should have a voice in saying by whom he shall be governed. Such also was the bearing of Mr. Acheson's remarks. Mr. Harrison showed that there are many men of such improvident character as to require to be governed, and not governing. Hence a universal suffrage is impracticable. Arguments were brought forward also by Mr. N. H. Russell in favor of an educational qualification in preference to one of property.

Mr. J. Ferguson, who occupied the chair, performed the functions of critic, and gave practical advice to the various speakers relative to the etiquette of public speaking, phraseology, etc., before proceeding to sum up the arguments urged pro and con in the course of the debate. The question was then submitted to the audience, and decision was given in favor of a property qualification, as against a qualification founded on an educational basis. Notice was given from the chair of the address to be delivered before the Modern Language Club by Mr. G. Mercer Adam some time in March. On motion of Mr. Fred. Redden, the Society returned to order of business. Mr. Acheson was appointed, in Mr. Hume's place, to represent the Society in the intercollegiate debate with Queen's. The motion to place *Arcturus* on the files was carried. The rule of order requiring notice of motion to place a paper on file, was dispensed with by a two-thirds vote of the meeting, and it was determined to place on file the *Ottawa Free Press*, and the *Standard*, the new Conservative organ.

The fisheries question will be debated next Friday evening.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE VARSITY is conducted by undergraduates of the University of Toronto, and will appear every Saturday of the academic year. It aims at being the exponent of the views of the University public and will always seek the highest interests of our University. The Literary Department will, as heretofore, be a main feature. The news columns are full and accurate, containing reports of all meetings of interest to its readers.

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University and College News.

Di-Varsities, &c , &c.



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DI-VARSITIES.

When a man falls down his temper generally gets up before he does.

The only thing a man ever loses by politeness is his seat in a street car.

A bank cashier seldom goes off until he is loaded; and then he makes no report.

When the young writer reads the reviews of his first work he often finds it a guyed book instead of a novel.

Gertrude: "How cruel! Why did you snub that poor little man?" Maud: "Why, it's the latest fashion. Only a 'boy cut.'"

"Who," said a member of the Canadian House of Commons to the members who were trying to choke him off, "who brayed there?" "It was an echo," retorted a member, amid a yell of delight.

Physician (with his ear to patient's chest) "There is a curious swelling over the region of the heart, sir, which must be reduced at once." Patient (anxiously): "That 'swelling' is my pocket-book, doctor; please don't reduce it too much."

At the Criminal Court—Judge: "How is this, prisoner? I find you here again at the end of your five years, not changed a particle." Prisoner (sadly): "alas, very little, your honor." (Then, with politeness): "Neither has your honor changed much, for that matter."

It is reported on "perfectly reliable authority," (the New York Sun) that the latest conundrum at the London clubs concerns Miss Fortescue, to whom Lord Garmoyle paid £10,000 for not marrying her. This is it: What is the most expensive kind of oil? Garmoyle. Because it costs £10,000 per gal.

A wealthy New Yorker had engaged a splendid cottage at Newport, and also a new driver for his horses. The driver was advised to be very polite if he intended to keep his place. Accordingly, when the master visited the Queen Anne stable, the following dialogue ensued: Master: "Well, John, how are the horses?" Coachman: "They are quite well, sir, thank you; and how are you?"

A mother gave her little boy two bright new pennies and asked him what he was going to do with them. After a moment's thought the child replied: "I am going to give one to the missionaries and with the other I am going to buy a stick of candy." After a while he returned from his play and told his mother that he had lost one of the pennies. "Which did you lose?" she asked. "I lost the missionary penny," he promptly replied.

Richard Cœur de Lion was one of the most stylish men in Europe in his day. When he donned his suit of shining armor, put on a tin helmet, pulled on a pair of laminated steel boots threw a sheet-iron ulster gracefully over one arm, and picked up a club with a spike in the end of it, society dudes said he was "dressed to kill."

A Chinese gentleman, bearing the simple name of Azurizawa Ryochi Nichome Sanjukanboz Kiebash-Ku, has discovered the secret of photographing in natural colours. It is hoped he will not, in imitation of Da-

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guerre, christen the new process with his own name. Think of going to a photographer and telling him you want a dozen Azurizawaryochinichomesanjukan bozkiobashikukotypes taken!

Coach (to college athlete): "Your muscles seem soft, and your whole system needs toning up. Are you drinking anything?" College Athlete: "Not a drop." Coach: "Smoking to excess?" College Athlete: "No." Coach: "Studying?" College Athlete: "Er-yes, a little." Coach (indignantly): "Goodness, man! Do you want to lose the race?"

"A friend of mine," said Bones, "went up to the photographer's the other day, and asked the operator if he charged as much to photograph inanimate objects as he did to photograph animates. The operator said he didn't, that he came down fully one-half. 'Now,' said the photographer, 'can I do anything for you?' 'Well, yes,' said my friend, 'I want my picture taken; but you'll have to give me about twenty-five per cent. off, for I've got a wooden leg.'"

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
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
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THE VARSITY

A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.

Vol. VII.

University of Toronto, Feb. 12, 1887.

No. 13.

FROM HEINE.

I.

"Du Lilje meiner Liebe."

Thou lily of my love that stands
And dreameth in the brook,
What dost thou, sighing "V'oe is me"?
Why, Sweet, so troubled look?

"Let be thy kiss and caressing,
Thou light o' love, let be!
I know full well that Cousin Rose
Has won thy heart from me."

II.

"Wie kannst du ruhig schlafen?"

How canst thou sleep so calmly,
And know I live in pain?
The old rage comes and masters me
And then I break my chain.

Dost know the wild old ballad
How once at midnight deep
A lover dead his maiden fetched
With him in grave to sleep?

Be sure of this, sweet maiden,
So winsome and fair to see,
That I am living and stronger far
Than all the Dead may be.

BOHEMIEN.

A CANADIAN LITERATURE.

The recent publication in Canada of two books which may be said to come within the category of pure literature; the blare of trumpets which heralded in *Tecumseh*, the echoes of which are still in the air; and the praise lately bestowed by Lord Tennyson upon an older Canadian novel, *Le Chien D'Or*, are sufficient to draw the attention of the thoughtful to a consideration of the development of literary taste and literary production in this country. The signs of activity in the Canadian field of letters are perhaps greater than ever before, and are at least of sufficient importance to attract the notice of the ordinary reading public. Mr. Adam and Miss Wetherald promise us another book; several new weeklies have lately appeared, and a monthly magazine has been talked of for some time. It is not within the province of this article to discuss the merits of any of the books or periodicals mentioned, nor yet to investigate the probable amount of favour with which any of them have been received. The important fact is, that the literary spirit is abroad, and is seeking to make its voice heard. Let us hope that the voice is not crying in the wilderness.

It is worthy of note that almost all favourable press notices and reviews of late books lay stress on the fact that they are Canadian—the work of Canadian writers, published in Canada. Further, it is the fashion at present to insist on the encouragement of home productions because they are Canadian. We are told to "foster the old and to encourage the

new." This is excellent advice if it has the single object in view of securing a fair and sufficiently wide consideration for the works of Canadian authors. There can be no possible objection to pushing, in every legitimate way, the sale of Canadian books in the field of pure literature. But it is to be feared that this is not all that is meant when we are adjured to foster home productions. Of late years much has been said in our small world of letters about the absence of the literary spirit, and the total lack of a Canadian Literature. That there is no such thing as a Canadian Literature is most true, whatever possibilities there are for the future to deal with. So that when this *status quo* is brought prominently before our notice, and we are, at the same time, urged to patronize every attempt at literary production that is made, to judge it as Canadian work, from a Canadian standpoint, that is, not by an absolute, but by a relative standard of criticism, and to preserve it as the amateurish works of Canadian painters are preserved in our picture galleries—all these things mean something more than a strong recommendation to buy the books and read them. They mean the setting up of a standard—a standard for the reading public, and, what is more important, a standard for the Canadian writer. This would lead him to keep before his mind, as a matter of the first importance, the necessity of writing for Canadian readers and of making his work distinctively Canadian in purpose and tone. Anyone wishing to become known in the world of letters, and yet to send forth his productions from his native place, would seek to become known as a Canadian author, and would make his work bear evidence of his claim to that title. The result would be a localization of all productions in the realm of pure literature. Writers would strive after this, and the criticism of the day would judge their works, to a very great extent, by that standard.

Under existing circumstances of Canadian life, in view of the paucity of our population and its comparatively slow growth, and in view, still further, that, with the majority, it is, and will be for long, a struggle for pecuniary competence, it is almost impossible that within a measurable distance of time a distinctively Canadian Literature should arise. There is no *stuff*, no *ύλη*, whence the genius might issue forth. True there is the French-Canadian stock of historical and legendary lore; but that is not enough on which to build hopes of a national literature. Besides, it will probably find expression in its own language, which is foreign in spirit to ours. But, grant the circumstances changed in some respects; suppose our population increased thirty fold, with a corresponding increase of wealth. If that were the case, literary life would soon display vast enterprise, as we may judge from what has happened in the neighboring Republic. Supposing that were so, how would this literary activity display itself in Canada, if those who guided it had in view the highest interests of literature and served it with a single eye? May we not venture to think that under these most favourable circumstances this literary activity would not devote itself to the creation of a purely Canadian Literature, but would aim at something higher and greater?

It is to be remembered that literature depends upon language; not altogether, it is true; but to such an extent as to render other factors, when compared with it, of somewhat small importance. Now, any literature of ours, to be permanently good and great, must express the genius and power of the English language. And to do this it must be comprehensive; it must embrace the universal in art; it must make use of the best that has been thought and done by the English-speaking race in all ages. It must express the deepest philosophy, the

loftiest imagination, the noblest appreciation of nature, the grandest portrayal of the human and the divinest conception of the infinite. This is the universal in art, and a literature will be great in proportion as it is imbued with this spirit of the universal. Of this, local colouring will form but a small part, and it will be properly subordinated. If a really great writer were to arise among us he would make use, perhaps a magnificent use, of materials found ready to hand; but the greatness of his work would be but little enhanced by their presence; his work would be great primarily to the English-speaking race, and then to us as Canadians. It is in this way that Shakespeare is great—perhaps unapproachable. It may be objected that we cannot hope to produce a Shakespeare. Probably not; but that does not alter the fact that we must aim at the very best; we must try all things—and that by the one standard of the universal in art—and keep that which is good. In this way only will real progress towards the highest be made.

It may be asked: How are we to know that progress is being made, and that our literature, or, rather, our contributions to English literature, are attaining to a measure of greatness? The answer may perhaps be found in a pithy sentence of one who has claims to eminence as a writer, and who is a keen judge of the great and beautiful in literature: "The thing to do with the book of Isaiah is to *enjoy* it." Enjoyment, then, is the final test by which a work is to be judged. Not individual enjoyment. The apothegm cannot mean that each enjoy Isaiah after his own fashion, because his own fashion is almost sure to be wrong. The individual nature is not fully developed; many faculties in it are undeveloped; one or two, perhaps, are of abnormal growth. The sentence might be paraphrased thus: "Isaiah is great, great for all time, great for the universal mind of man. Let it be your study to attain to enjoyment of him; not because he was great to little Israel; not because he was the high priest of a national literature; but because he was inspired with the power and beauty of the universal in art, and can thus appeal to what is universally good and fine in human nature."

The conclusion seems to be that if we are to strive after the highest, by which means alone our attainment can be progressively good, we must give up the cry for a purely Canadian Literature. We are a small and scattered portion of the great English-speaking race, who find ourselves in a somewhat anomalous position in this corner of the world. If we are to become illustrious, it must result from communion with the illustrious. If we are to produce a Shakespeare or an Isaiah, we must first learn to enjoy him, and there is much to be done in this respect. "The thing to do with the book of Isaiah is to enjoy it." When we have become imbued with the spirit of the universal, our Isaiah will appear.

J. O. MILLER.

"H TAN H EHI TAS."

O Sparta mater, quæ sobolis memor
Sedes sub umbra Taygeti sacra,
Servasque demisso ruinas
Vertice, compositamque vallem!

Mater virorum! si Niobe velut
Natis superstes, tu lacrymis adhuc
Sedes Lacænarum sepultas,
Si pueros taciturna quæris:

Paullum relicto munere lugubri,
Dic, cur sacrantis nec citharæ melos,
Nec marmor insculptum prioris
Urbis amat celebrare laudes.

Atqui tuorum non aliter nitet
Virtute nomen, (sic placuit Deis,
Nam nulla Musarum severos
Ausit inire lares Lycurgi.)

Quam si superbe sub statuis nimis
Fulgeret auro, et Phidiaca manu;
Raptimve per ripas sonantes
Pindarico trepidaret amne.

Fertur refixum mascula filio
Dedisse scutum, dum juvenis rosas
Sororis e suavi labello
Corripit, et memorans duella,

"I quo locorum Gloria te vocat!
Hoc ferto victor"—non muliebribus
Dixisse lamentis Lacæna—
"Vel mihi te, puer, hoc reducat!"

His, his juvenus docta parentibus
Dejecit hostes plus vice simplici,
Domosque Persarum catervis
Eripuit, patriamque letho.

Hac arte vicit semianimus truci
Campo superstes, qui sibi, luridæ
Par nubis, e cœsis resurgens,
Scripsit ovans sanie tropæum.

Testis Plateæ, quid Lacedæmonis
Possent phalanges, Bactria cum minax
Versæque Medorum cohortes
Præcipites petiere campos!

En! surgit (Eta, et sorte superbiens
Spargit sepulcrum rore Leonidæ;
Matresque testantur beatas
Thermopylæ tumulis trecentis.

Quæ vallis aut qui mons Scythicæ nivis
Ignarus urbis, quæ sine mœnibus
Defendit et sedes et aras
Æbalicæ, veteremque famam?

Quod si Lycurgo conticuit lyra,
Dudum tacentes nec retinet modos
Beatus Eurotas sub antio
Quos coluit, meditante Phœbo;

Saltem volenti des mihi, Pieri,
Flores Lacænis nectere, te, precor,
Ducente lustratas per oras
Montis oliviferi sequentem.

W. H. C. KERR.

OUR VISITOR.

Now, in the first place, we would have all men know that we, THE VARSITY, conceit ourselves that we are rather apt at turning off a sonnet to our mistress' eyebrow, when we are feeling pretty well. And certainly if at any time we should, with any deference to what is the proper thing, feel in a mood to take down the rhyming dictionary from behind the pile of exchanges, it ought to have been that same night—for it was nigh the day consecrated to the good Bishop Valentine.

In fact some one was reaching for the rhyming dictionary when our visitor entered. He was clad in black, and his eyes gleamed wildly, to the manifest perturbation of the VARSITY owl.

It is needless to recount what happened after his entrance. Everybody knows what these mysterious men in black do when they come into sanctums, sighing and groaning. They generally leave manuscripts of great interest and value. Their coming into the sanctum is an old stage trick in college journalism. It is sometimes a merry device. These are some of the scraps our visitor left with us:—

TO PR-S-D-NT D-N-L W-LS-N.

May all that you hold dear on earth unite
To cheer the chastened twilight of thy life with light.

TO PR-F-SS-R Y--NG.

Thy white-haired age, revered and loved by youth,
Thy voice the voice of Wisdom and of Truth!

TO PR-F-SS-R CH PM-N.

You need not worry o'er a speech
When College boys do you invite
To Dinners ; you can always spout
So a *propos*, on *Apatite* !

TO PR-F-SS-R H-TT-N.

[Preadmonish th the shade of Flaccus, of his pleasant, dainty poems, that they be not made grievous and distressing, an offence to Freshmen and a cause of stumbling to their feet.]

Integer vitae scelerisque purus
Non eget, Maurice, jaculis neque arcu.

TO PR-F-SS-R J-M-S L-D-N.

Now that you're across the sea,
We hope you'll get your Ph. D.

TO PR-F-SS-R R. R-MS-Y WR-G.T.

Your "frog's leg" hath its duty done
In Methodist Conventions,
To make the tongues of Christians wag
'Gainst Science's pretensions.

TO P-R-F-SS-R W. H. P-KE.

The Yankees they are after fish
That should belong to us ;
Whate'er may hap, we'll keep our P-ke,
Or else there'll be a fuss.

TO A C-RT-N CL-SS-CL L-CT-R-R.

(Roun-dale.)

Pr-f-ss-r D-le, thou sittest in thy chair,
As sits the county judge, and hears the tale
Of wordy litigants and judgment fair,

Pr-f-ss-r D-le
Pronounces upon all. Beneath thy care
The classics flourish ; ever of avail
Is all thy scholarship and culture rare.

Thou never art a critic flat and stale,
Thou never hast a learned ponderous air,
But none the less art learned. To thee all hail,
Pr-f-ss-r D-le !

TO DR. W. H. ELL-S.

You surely have, if signs are true,
An excellent digestion ;
So many "insides" you turn out,
At the Coroner's suggestion.

TO PR-F-SS-R J-HN G-LB TH.

The "breaking strain" of girders, and
Of bridges' other parts
You tell with ease ; but can you tell
The "breaking strain" of hearts !

TO MR. B-K-R.

Let Observation, with extensive view,
Survey mankind from China to Peru,
And then let Observation, if she can,
Kindly point out to us a better man
Than meets her gaze when with respectful mien
She looks upon his reverence, the Dean.

TO THE L-CT-R-R IN ENGL SH.

I hold it truth with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That he who hears you lecture owns
You lecture on all sorts of things.

But then I hold it petty spite
In him who sings to one clear harp,
That he should pause, and merely carp,
"You find no favour in his sight."

Since you yourself, the more to please
The ears of all the years that come
And seat them at your feet, do strum
Your good guitar in many keys.

TO THE L-RD H-GH EX-C-T-N-R.

Now what's the matter, O my festive Muse,
With granting sterling worth its tuneful dues ?
Honours avail man naught when life is done ;
But worth invariably takes the bun.
Arouse thee, then, and set thyself to hymn
The glories and the praises of MCK-M !

TO MR. J-HN SQ-A-R.

Est ce que vrai, ce que j'entend, mon ami,
Que vous êtes marié, Monsieur Jean ?
Vous avez fait beaucoup de bon,
En ce cas, vous avez fait très bien !

TO MR. W. J. L. -D-N.

Down in the vaults, where no beam
Lightens the gloom,
Through a long pipe comes the steam
From a small room.
Into the quad the steam gets,
(Skilful the plumber,)
Where they rig lawn tennis nets,
When June's a new-comer.
In the small room all can see,—
That's all who care to—
The new "School of Technology,"
Quite an affair, too.
The faculty's you, they say,
You do the schoolin'
Down where no sunbeams play ;
The students are B-ll-n.

TO THE OR-NT-L L-CT-R R.

"You read the book, my pretty Vivien !
O ay, it is but twenty pages long,
But every page having an ample marge,
And every marge enclosing in the midst
A square of text that looks a little blot,
The text no larger than the limbs of fleas ;
And every square of text an awful charm,
Writ in a language that has long gone by.
So long that mountains have arisen since,
With cities on their flanks—you read the book !
And every margin scribbled, crost and crammed
With comment, densest condensation."

Merlin spoke in the far, lone land—
In the wild woods of Broceliande ;

With her slim, lithe grace, gentle and sweet,
The wily Vivien lay at his feet ;

Hiding her purposes by her smiles,
Pleasing his mood with her playful wiles—

The maiden and the mighty mage,
Golden youth and bearded age !

"Dotard !" she thought in her own false heart,
"Read it, indeed—," still playing her part.

"Ay," she thought, "how the old fool is wordy !
Read it ? I'll carry it to MCC-RDY !"

FOR THE L-DY UND-RGR-D -T-S.

When the wintry day has fled,
With one sudden gleam of red,
And the cold grey night is nigher,
Elsie, sitting by the fire,
How the firelight ripples in
And out the dimples of your chin ;
How your pale, sweet face now seems
To snare the flickering ruddy gleams !
Your smiling lips—all careless they
Where little shadows stir and play—
What answers are they fancying,
To all the busy chattering
Of the small voices in the fire ?
With what shy, half-told desire,
Elsie, in the pleasant gloom
Of the shadows in the room,
Do you weave your twilight dreams,
Snaring all the flickering gleams,
Till upon your cheek, my sweet,
Blush and happy firelight meet ?

NOS MORITURI.

When gold-lined crocus-cups are brimmed with dew,
When tulips blow, and when the sky is blue
Over the fields where wild flowers mark the way,
Trodden by Spring's sweet feet, in the month of May ;
When eke the lark's glad heart bursts out in song—
When all the world, not knowing any wrong,
Bares its broad breast to heaven : then we hear
Sad undertones of woe, grieving the ear,
Borne to us through the sunshine, on the breeze,
Yearning through all the whisperings of the trees,
"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which sweeps us all into the Hall again."

THE VARSITY.

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All communications should be addressed to THE EDITORS, University College, Toronto, and must be in on Wednesday of each week.

Contributions when not accepted will be returned if accompanied with a stamp for that purpose.

We are fond of congratulating ourselves on the fact that Toronto is the centre of cultivation in Ontario. A University character is imparted to the city by the presence of the chief seats of learning; the leading newspapers and periodicals attract the ablest of the literary profession who care to make Canada their home, and the Bar absorbs the legal strength of the Province. Toronto can boast of a community selected for acquirements in special departments and possessed of a general culture that is only found in this newer world in large centres. It is curious, therefore, that the average of candidates put forward by political parties, should be so poor. There are two conceivable explanations and the actual cause is perhaps given in the two combined. It is no doubt true that an educated man is extremely averse to stepping into the somewhat dirty arena of Canadian politics, to be obsequious to this element, to adopt the views of that section against his own convictions, to have his utterance gagged, to find his freedom checked—for he must be guided by the party men, in whose hands he has placed himself. The machine is by no means congenial to the educated man. But, on the other hand, neither is such acceptable to the machine. There is to-day a remarkable jealousy and distrust of educated men by the regular rank and file of political organizations. They are regarded as too nice in their notions and too independent in their criticisms to be used as counters in the political game. It is observed that he is not enthusiastic at the word of command, that he will not destroy the future for proximate benefit, that he is deliberate in pronouncing questions which are of such magnitude and difficulty that it is preferable to trust largely to time and experience for their solution. That such attitude is taken against University men, we need not mention the plank in the Labor Platform asking for the disendowment of our University and that the funds be used to strengthen the secondary schools—how?—by providing the working man's children with free books. In other words, it is proposed to destroy all vigour of thought and all intellectual progress in Ontario, to make paupers of the industrial class. Such schemes find their explanation in a dangerous socialistic spirit that is perverting the minds of certain classes—finding vent in plans to reduce the community to one dead level, not merely in respect to property but likewise with respect to education and intelligence.

In this and the preceding number some very practical letters have touched upon a question of real interest and importance to University students. The subject of Athletics has occupied the attention of students and others during the current academic year in no small degree. During the season just closed, the various sporting organizations made a most creditable showing, and developed an athletic spirit which it is to be hoped will have a practical result in some permanent form. But in the meantime, our correspondents call attention to existing and very pressing needs. One of them refers to the lack of proper apparatus for use by those who patronize the gymnasium, and offers some practical suggestions for the improvement of the present building and apparatus. There can be no doubt that a proper gymnasium, with systematic instruction in athletic exercises, in theory and practice, would nourish and increase that feeling of sociability and college spirit which are so essential to the success of amateur athletic or-

ganizations, especially during that period of the year in which the active pursuit of outdoor exercises is not possible. Our correspondent this week points out a fact which is certainly a very strange one in connection with College athletics. While there are regularly organized clubs for the pursuit of all sorts of athletic games, such as football, cricket and the like, there is no club which devotes itself solely to the pursuit of general gymnastic exercises. This is surely a most illogical and anomalous state of affairs. Whilst the members of the various clubs get exercise through the practice of their favorite sports, throughout the regular season, during the winter months, even the most ardent sports, as well as those who cannot take an active part in athletic games, have no organization by means of which they can keep in practice and develop themselves physically as well as intellectually. The great need is a Gymnasium Club, which shall afford regular instruction in general athletics for sports and non-sports alike, and shall take hold of the athletic element amongst the students, furnishing them with appropriate means for physical culture, which is just as necessary to complete development as any amount of intellectual exertion.

Of late attention has been drawn to a fact which is undoubtedly becoming more true each day. It is this—that the ranks of journalism are being recruited from a better class than they were formerly. This class, we take it, is the one made up of college men. That a large number of college graduates enter upon a journalistic career each year is undeniably true. This is the case in the United States, more so than in Canada. The large constituency in the neighboring Republic, and the large staff now necessary to the proper carrying on of a successful journal there, renders it profitable to enter upon the profession of journalistic literature. Most literary men begin their careers as writers upon the daily and periodical press of the country, and serve a useful and necessary, if a severe and, sometimes, ill-rewarded apprenticeship. That the profession of a journalist is now recognized as an honorable and worthy one is admitted without question. That it is so regarded, is, to some extent, due to the superior character of those who now are engaged in it, and those who are preparing to enter its ranks. The idea that anybody can run a paper who has brass and push as his only credentials is fast being relegated to the limbo of forgotten things. Nowadays, the conductor of a journal and his assistants have to be men of culture and education. The demands of the profession are exacting, and are increasing daily. The different departments have to be presided over by men specially trained for the work. The day is long past, never to return, when one man can combine in himself the qualities necessary to a successful manager, leader-writer, city editor, reviewer, proof-reader and "devil." There can be no *Pooh Bah's* in the journalistic world. *Quæ cum ita sint, o judices*, it is necessary that the special class from which the future journalists of this country are to be drawn, should receive some general and special training for their work. Such work would be pleasant and useful to those who intend to enter upon the active practice of journalism as a profession, whilst its pursuance would not interfere with, but would rather facilitate, general college work. The gain to the profession as a result of having trained and cultured men drawn to its ranks would be incalculable, and could not fail to elevate the tone of the public press of to-day.

Some of our American College Exchanges are calling attention to the necessity that exists for some systematic instruction in the elements and preliminaries of the profession, and suggest a course of lectures in, or the establishment of a regular chair of, journalism. Whilst the latter scheme might be impracticable, there appears to be no good reason why lectures upon the Ethics of Journalism, and upon the general conduct of practical journalistic work, could not be delivered by those who have actively followed that profession. Some of our contemporaries also allude to the fact that College authorities do not recognize the work done by the editors of College papers as a part equivalent for regular scholastic studies. There is some ground for the complaint. The work done by College journals and those who manage them, is, as one of our most valued exchanges, the O. S. U. *Lantern*, points

out, "not outside work which the editors are taking upon themselves to satisfy some personal desires ; but that it is work done in the interest of the University ; that it has its educational value." The *Lantern* then goes on to say that it does not mean that College newspaper work should "have a place in the curriculum, but that it should receive some recognition." As our contemporary points out, students go to a College "primarily to get the value of the College work as it is laid out by the Professors ;" but that they also come "to get whatever else there is of educational value, such as no amount of regular College work can afford." We are not desirous of having any peculiar privileges as editors, but we think that some arrangement might be made whereby the work done on this paper might, without serious detriment to College work or discipline, be acknowledged in some practical way by the Faculty. Our position is the same as that of our contemporary. The College Faculties do not wish to stop the College papers, and the papers do not want College work to stop. But surely there is some *modus vivendi* possible, by means of which both may go on without detriment to either.

A WOULD-BE GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

In reading the life of Malone, the Shakespearian critic, recently, we were amused by stumbling on the following notice of a would-be Governor-General of Canada. Wilkes, the famous Demagogue, while carrying on the *North Briton*, when dining one day with Mr. Rigby, told him he was a ruined man. "His principal object in writing was, he said, to procure himself a place, and that he should be particularly pleased with one that should remove him from the clamour and importunity of his creditors. He mentioned the office of Governor-General of Canada, and requested Mr. Rigby's good offices with the Duke of Bedford, so as to prevail on that nobleman to apply to Lord Bute for the place." The story goes on to state that, to make sure that the hostile attacks on the Government should thereby be brought summarily to an end, he would make Churchill his chaplain, and Lloyd his secretary, and so carry off the whole hostile force with him to Canada ! It is paralleled, in the narrative, to the purposed departure of Hampden and Cromwell to America in Charles I.'s reign. The appearance of the trio at Government House, in the old days, when Lower Canada was still occupied by the generation of the Conquest ; and Western Canada was being taken possession of by the U.E. Loyalists might have wrought some curious changes on Canadian History. That such an appointment was aimed at as a solution of the famous troubles at home in the early days of George III. and of Lord Bute, is worth recalling to our students of British and Canadian History now.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Editors are not responsible for the opinions of correspondents. No notice will be taken of unsigned contributions.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

To the Editors of THE VARSITY.

SIRS :—Permit me to lay before your numerous readers a few remarks in favour of the University gymnastics.

Education has, very properly, been defined to be that which comprehends all the means which contribute to the development and cultivation of the various physical, intellectual and moral faculties. I would here desire to deal specially with the physical element of University education.

While the out-door sports carried on under the auspices of the Football, Cricket, and Lawn Tennis Clubs, etc., are deservedly popular and flourishing, such does not seem to be the case with those sports more immediately appertaining to the gymnasium. The exercises that should be included in the University gymnastic course consist of fencing, boxing, single-stick, horizontal and paral-

lel bars, flying rings, trapeze, fives, etc. ; therefore it cannot be said that collectively they lack the charm of variety.

For the out-door sports there are several clubs ; for the gymnasium, not one. Included in the former are two football clubs, the Rugby and the Association. The members belonging to them find in their practice the necessary associated mental and physical stimulus that makes them so intensely attractive to the participant. In the gymnasium, fencing and boxing will be found to have the same attractive qualities.

The noble game of cricket has its different features of bowling, batting, wicket-keeping, fielding, etc.—combinations that require the use of the physical and mental faculties and thereby make it attractive to those engaged in it.

In the various exercises on the different kinds of fixed apparatus in the gymnasium, feats of intelligent daring requiring judgment, accurate measurement by the eye, and immediate execution by the muscles under the direction of the mind ; other feats of skilful intricacy, agility, and grace ; and those of wonderful strength or prolonged endurance, evidently have the necessary stimulus above mentioned.

In the out-door sports, lawn-tennis has its coterie, and in the gymnasium Fives has its devotees, both having the same attractive stimulus. So that, considered separately, the sports of the gymnasium have at least as much to recommend them as the out-door sports. They have also this advantage, that they are adapted to every season of the year and all states of the weather, but more especially to those days and seasons when the out-door sports cannot be practised, or only carried on at great inconvenience.

Then if, collectively and separately, the sports practised inside the gymnasium are at least equal to those carried on outside in the qualities that make the latter so successful, why is it that the former are almost entirely ignored ? There are several reasons, some of which I shall enumerate :—

1. Many of the exercises are more complicated and intricate, several of them requiring to be commenced at quite an early age.

2. The pupils have not been graded in the exercises in the schools and colleges, nor have examinations been held, consequently students on commencing their University career are not up to the standard that should be required at that stage.

3. The exercises demand teachers, yet none have been employed, or if they have they are probably unskilled persons (that is, they are not all-round gymnasts), and hence it has come to pass that gymnastic exercises receive comparatively so little attention.

4. The want of a sufficiently commodious gymnasium.

5. This last that I shall mention is one of great present importance to the physical culture department of the University ; the one that, outside of those before mentioned, enables each of the out-door sports to exist in a flourishing condition and without which they would almost cease. It is this : There is no gymnastic club, and therefore the gymnastic sports are deficient in the necessary *esprit de corps*. I would therefore suggest that such a club be formed.

There are some who prefer the exercise of the gymnasium ; others, no doubt, who, though preferring the out-door sports, cannot, from one cause or another, take part in them and have to decide between the gymnasium sports or none. Both of these classes should unite in forming a gymnastic club in connection with the General Athletic Association, which is, I believe, about to be formed, and on the same basis as the other clubs composing it. I am sure this arrangement would be not only of incalculable value to its own members but also of great service to the other clubs forming the General Athletic Association.

At present the tendency of the outside clubs is to estimate the gymnasium and gymnastic exercises, not for their own intrinsic merits, but for the value they have in aiding their own peculiar sport. Now, by forming the club that I have suggested, while the value they would be to the other clubs would be increased, their own intrinsic value as a means of physical exercise would at once become apparent in a way that could not fail to add fresh lustre to the Physical Culture department of the University.

E. B. HOUGHTON.

DR. WALLACE'S LECTURES.

To the Editors of THE VARSITY.

SIRS :—It is to be hoped that Mr. Wallace will have no reason to complain of his reception by the students' body. Mr. Wallace is so eminent in his special department that it is a privilege to hear him. But unless the lectures are brought prominently under the notice of undergraduates, they are apt to neglect them in the general hurry of the term. I would suggest that the officers of the Canadian Institute make arrangements to have the various classes thoroughly canvassed in order to distribute as many tickets as possible.

SCIENCE.

ROUND THE TABLE.

The attention of our impecunious rhymsters has no doubt been drawn to the prizes offered by the *Week* for verse and prose on the jubilee. Ostensibly to foster and encourage a home product in literature, the main design, no doubt, is to advertise the esteemed periodical which is so lavish of its bounty. For surely the journal founded by Prof. Goldwin Smith, the seer who predicts our extinction in the giant embrace of the Southern Republic, has not so lost all its traditions as to hunt the chimera of Imperial Federation! Loyalty to a sovereign implies a personal sentiment to a reigning house. It is extremely doubtful if the native-born Canadian has enough of that superfluity to "go round," as the term is used at church festivals, all the scions of the line of Guelph that were, are, and ever will be born in the imperial purple. The personal bond is too slight to bridge the wide Atlantic and unite Canada and England in a harmonic whole. And, speaking modestly but firmly, I for one am content to plod along without the governing tackle of a full-blown Imperial Federationist.

* * *

But I have got away from the point. What is the actual result of this bonusing system of producing poetry? If it is true that poetry is the highest expression of all that is beautiful and hopeful and earnest in man, the interpreter of his strongest emotion, why dignify the cold-blooded rhetoric on a set theme with its sacred name? Prize poems are, as a rule, very unsatisfactory reading, however good as an exercise in form. The advocates of this plan point out that Tennyson, when a pensive undergraduate at Trinity College, Cambridge, tried his young powers on a forbidding theme—"Timbuctoo"—the subject for the Chancellor's prize in 1829. They forget to add that the poem, though deemed worthy of reward by a grave and learned university, has not found a place as yet in Tennyson's collected works.

* * *

It is interesting to learn that Thackeray appeared for the first time in a small literary way on the same occasion. A college paper, with the prophetic title of *The Snob*, then circulated the soulful effusions of the undergraduates of Cambridge. Therein Thackeray published some burlesque lines on the subject of the prize competition. There has come down to us the first four and last four lines, which I'll quote as an early sample of Thackeray's humour:—

"In Africa—a quarter of the world—
Men's skins are black; their hair is crisped and curled;
And somewhere there, unknown to public view,
A mighty city lies, called Timbuctoo.

I see her tribes the hill of glory mount,
And sell their sugars on their own account;
While round her throne the prostrate nations come,
Sue for her rice, and barter for her rum."

* * *

A drive at one's hobby is not soon forgotten. The *Table*, in quite a paternal way, stirred up our enthusiastic friends, the spelling reformers. They protested vigorously at the time, and then there succeeded a profound calm. Thereby was the offending member of the *Table* lulled into a false security, for an active and vigilant foe was in ambush lurking for his scalp. Reinforced by an article in the "Popular Science Monthly," he came on confident of victory.

It is noteworthy that scientists, except in rare instances, are regular Maoris in matters of taste; so their testimony goes for nought. Again, many schemes can be urged on strictly scientific grounds, and yet not be remotely practicable to the community. A Spartan ordinance for removing weak and deformed children would tend to improve the physique of the race, and therefore may be advocated, with what chance of success it is unnecessary to say. It has been discussed whether it is not better to permit all predisposed to drunkenness to kill themselves that way as soon as possible, than to throw hindrances in the way. That there are scientific reasons for a change is not conclusive. None but a visionary would devote himself to the herculean task of persuading society to such reforms.

UNIVERSITY AND COLLEGE NEWS.

All reports from Societies must reach us by noon on Thursday to ensure insertion.

The Literary and Scientific Society met in Moss Hall, Friday evening. Owing to a custom more honored in the breach than in the observance, the large majority of the members were not present at 7.30 p.m., and the chair could not advisedly be taken till some time later, about 8 p.m. Vice-President Ferguson occupied the chair,

Corresponding Secretary Redden read a communication from Knox College, proposing an Intercollegiate Debate. Messrs. J. A. Garvin, H. A. Aikens and F. A. C. Redden were appointed to make arrangements to meet the representatives of Knox College as soon as possible.

Mr. Des Barres read an essay on the Prohibition movement. Being distinctly read, and containing well-selected facts and clear arguments put in a forcible style, everyone appreciated it. He confessed the Scott Act was a failure, Halton reports notwithstanding. Government did not enforce it. Mr. Blake was styled the "leading Prohibitionist" of Canada. The "leading daily," the *Mail*, had been lately converted to Prohibition views. The essayist gave the ballots polled in the United States by the four Prohibition Candidates for Presidency, showing an increase of from 5,000 to over 100,000. Mr. Gustafson, an American journalist, in order to fit himself to write a standard work on the Liquor Traffic, had read upwards of 3,000 volumes and become thereby an unhesitating and enthusiastic prohibitionist. Despite Mr. Blake's opinion to the contrary. Mr. Des Barres believes the time is fully ripe for the enactment of a Prohibitory Law.

The debate was on the question "Resolved that the present Fisheries dispute will tend towards the severance of British connection."

Mr. H. Stone, for the affirmative, said that the present dispute would show that the British Parliament had too much work on their hands, and were, besides, too little interested and informed in Canadian affairs to give Canadian questions and difficulties due consideration. Independent Canada would get fairer treaties. British Ambassadors assented too readily to sacrifices of her territory. All past treaties with the United States had been unjust to Canada. It was a libel on a civilized nation like the States, to say they would force us to take terms which their agents or arbitrators could not show the justice of.

Mr. King said, "I beg to second the motion."

The Vice-President ruled that, if the seconder of a motion limited his words to the utterance of this formal phrase, he should have the privilege of reserving his speech till a later period of the debate. He gave Parliamentary precedent for the basis of his so ruling.

Mr. J. W. Garvin then opened the debate for the negative. Like Mr. Stone, he gave a historical review of the Fisheries trouble. American vessels could avail themselves of our coast, (1) to obtain shelter, (2) to effect repairs, (3) to get supply of water, (4) to purchase wood. They were to use our coast for no other purpose whatsoever, according to the treaty of 1818. He gave six of the offences against this act which had led to the seizure of American vessels. He said "Canada, without Britain at her back, could not resist United States aggression." The Ashburton treaty did Canada justice.

Mr. King followed. Every new privilege Canada obtained from the Imperial Government was a step towards autonomy and the severance of British connection. We should make our own commercial treaties. If we had had an Ambassador at Washington, the present wretched dispute would have been anticipated, and prevented by arbitration before the expiration of the treaty. The Lord High "Emigration Agent" in England was less of a plenipotentiary than a drummer for Canada.

Mr. Prendergast moved that the original motion should be amended by the addition of the words "and to a union with the United States." He said that Nova Scotia was commercially connected with the North Eastern States, Ontario with New York and British Columbia with the Pacific States. We were identical in language, race and institutions with the Americans. There were no physical barriers between the two nations.

Mr. Harkness seconded the amendment.

Mr. MacNab said that when England, occupied with Home Rule agitation and Eastern diplomacy, had already shown her interest in the present dispute, she could not be charged with neglect of her colonies. Great Britain had settled the treaty with United States so favorably for Canadian interests, that Americans were complaining of its injustice. Mr. Macnab's first speech gave promise of many an interesting talk from him before graduation.

Mr. T. M. Harrison said that the assistance the National Policy gave to the farmers of the North West would be lost by annexation. The commercial men of Canada were opposed to union with the United States.

Mr. Maclean was decidedly of opinion that a union with the United States must be Canada's destiny. England gave no at-

tention to Colonial affairs. The Anti-Jingo party in England, with such men as Churchill and Chamberlain in its ranks, would refuse to go into an enormous American War for Canadian grievances. A customs line between Ontario and Quebec is as justifiable as one between Canada and the United States.

Mr. Ralph Ross criticised arguments for the negative, and said that, as he favored Independence, he regretted the present dispute, which seemed to threaten a closer and burdensome connection with the United Kingdom. Space will not permit a review of the able arguments of either Mr. Ross or Mr. Colin Fraser, who spoke clearly and coolly for the negative, concluding the debate at a late hour.

The Vice-President put the amendment and the original motion to the vote of the meeting. The majority of the members were of a contrary opinion to both.

After a few words of commendation to the essayists and the announcement that whenever a quorum was present at 7.30 p.m., the meeting would be called to order at that hour, the Chairman declared the Society adjourned.

As considerable time is wasted through unpunctuality, members are requested to be in their seats at 7.25 p.m. at future meetings.

It is to be regretted that the Society, having hired an instrument, should through any cause be without some music at each meeting.

Monday afternoon an "open meeting" of the Temperance League was held, Dr. Wilson presiding. The Hon. Lou. Beauchamp, of Ohio, well known to all interested in the temperance cause, spoke eloquently on that question with which his sympathies are so thoroughly enlisted. Launching at once into the realities of a life of intemperance and vice, he related a little of his own very varied experience—his strongest appeal, perhaps, to thinking men in favour of a temperate life. "This is the age of the young man"; an age characterized by the spirit of "Git thar, Eli!" as the Americans say. The privileges of education the youth of the day possesses are wonderfully in advance of those of but a comparatively few years ago. The temptations attending the young man of education are accordingly greater. Hence the need of increased vigilance on the part of the man himself, and on the part of society over the individual. "Young man, do not touch the glass!" "But I only drink now and then." Ah, yes; but the trouble is, "you drink so much more *now* than *then*." Mr. Beauchamp repeatedly remarks of the social glass, or of the first glass, "There's danger in it; there *is* danger in it," and as he relates the story of the lives of many promising young fellows, of many whose names are illustrious, one cannot but realize the force of what he says. The story of his own life as he relates it himself, and as it is known to many hitherto, is strikingly illustrative of the degrading effects of vice in all its forms on even the most gifted. At the same time he is in himself a noble illustration of a reformed life. The licensing system was put in such a light as to show its imperfections. Suppose you shut up half the saloons in the city, unless you stop half the appetites for strong drink what advantage is gained? None whatever. A man can get drunk in *one* saloon as well as in a dozen. Let not society palliate its conscience by thinking that the saloon-keeper is alone responsible for the misery occasioned by the liquor he sells over the bar. He is licensed to sell that liquor by the united vote of the community. For a paltry tax a government becomes responsible for all the iniquitous influence of strong drink, making the saloon-keeper its instrument.

After thanking the speaker for the favour he had conferred on the League by addressing them on the occasion, Dr. Wilson followed up Mr. Beauchamp's closing remarks of exhortation to the students to have a high and ambitious aim in life by an earnest appeal to all present to preserve a personal purity of thought and act, and to support the principles of the White Cross Army.

Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace, F.R.S., the eminent English naturalist and traveller, will deliver two lectures in Convocation Hall, under the joint auspices of University College and the Canadian Institute, as follows:—*Thursday, March 10th*—The Darwinian Theory; and *Friday, March 11th*—Origin and Uses of Colour in Nature. Tickets are 75 cents for single lecture, or \$1 for the two, and may be had from Professor Wright, University College; Mr. James Bain, jr., Public Library, and from the Assistant Secretary at the Canadian Institute.

The Kingston *Daily Whig*, of Saturday evening, Feb. 5th, has the following item:—"The inter-collegiate debate is fixed for Friday next, at Kingston. The debate is: 'Resolved that it is desirable to secure the unity of the British Empire, and in order to do that, some form of federation or alliance to defend common rights, secure common interests, and discharge common duties is requisite sooner or later.' Queen's takes the affirmative, being represented by Messrs. A. Gardier and Rattray. Toronto sends Messrs. Ferguson and Atcheson, one of whom is spoken of as the 'Nestor' of Wycliffe College; but no matter what these men may be, Queen's will not be put to shame. The *Mail* says exception is taken to a graduate being placed on what was to be an undergraduate's de-

bate. *This is a mistake.* Toronto's challenge was sent to the Alma Mater Society of Queen's, and if they think strange of graduates being in attendance, they must remember that our best men do not leave Canada to complete their education, as was so often hinted during confederation discussions."

The Mathematical and Physical Society met on Tuesday afternoon, Feb. 8th, the President in the chair. Mr. T. R. Rosebrugh read a very carefully prepared paper on Forms of Energy in Electric Circuits. He explained the chemical action of the Grove cell, and the manner in which the current is developed, and, after finding an expression for the amount of energy, he showed that the energy in the electric current from a dynamo is of the same form as that from a chemical cell. Messrs. Stafford and McKendrick then exhibited some very interesting forms of vacuum tubes, after which problems were solved by several members of the Society.

At McMaster Hall, Friday evening last, the *Cos Ingeniorum* literary society, whose members are all University men, held their second public meeting. After the opening prayer, Miss Kerr played a piano solo with great taste and expression, and was heartily applauded. A vocal solo, "The Old Organist," was well rendered by Mr. Sims Richards. An essay by Mr. E. O. Sliter, on "Socrates" then followed. The theme was very gracefully and comprehensively handled. Socrates' place in the realm of philosophy was lucidly shown; and his character and life were interestingly traced. The essay closed with an able description of the Socratic system. Miss Ethel Woods and Mr. Sims Richards delighted the audience with a vocal duet. Then came the debate on the value of Metaphysics and Classics in the College course. Messrs. G. Cross and J. H. Hunter successfully supported the study of Metaphysics, and Messrs. S. J. Farmer and Weisbrod that of Classics. The interest throughout the debate was intense. After a rousing chorus, Mr. Sliter, the President of the Society, expressed thanks to the kind musical friends, and to Pastor Denovan for his able presence in the chair. The meeting then dispersed. Mrs. Macvicar has returned from a visit to her daughter in Brooklyn.—President Castle highly pleased the students this week by an announcement to the effect that a visit to the College was shortly expected from the celebrated Biblical scholar and editor, Dr. Schaff.

The regular weekly meeting of the Historical and Political Science Association was held in McMillan's Hall, Feb. 10, at 4.15 p.m.; President Houston in the chair. After the usual business meeting Mr. Garvin read a paper on The Wages Theory, with special reference to what determines the rate of wages. Two theories were explained and discussed. First: The Wages Fund theory held by Mill, Fawcett, Cairns and others; of the aggregate capital invested, a certain portion not within the discretion of capitalists must be devoted to the wages of labourers—"the wages fund"; the rate of wages is, then, determined by the ratio of the number of labourers to the amount of the wages fund; hence, by a natural inflexible law, with the increase of population the rate of wages must constantly tend to a minimum; the only remedy is a restraint on the increase of population beyond a corresponding increase in capital. Second: The theory held by Walker, George, and others, that it is not the amount of capital previously saved, but the prospect of profit in production which leads an employer to hire labourers. Labour is mostly sustained by contemporaneous production. The real wages of the labourer is not the amount paid to him by the employer, but the amount of commodities which the labourer can obtain as his share in the quantity produced; hence, an increase in population tends to better the labourer's condition. The causes which regulate wages, according to Adam Smith, were mentioned, and the influence of trade monopolies indicated. The discussion which followed favoured the first theory. The subject for the next meeting is "Federation," to be discussed by Wm. Houston, M.A., and Mr. Stratton.

The Knox College Metaphysical and Literary Society held its sixtieth public meeting in Convocation Hall, on Friday, the 4th, at 7.30 p.m. Rev. J. F. McCurdy, Ph. D., was chairman. The Glee Club sang three pieces, the first one not being so well rendered as the other two. The essay on William Pitt, one of England's greatest statesmen, was admirably written and well received. Messrs. Gordon and Conning in their duet, "O Wer't Thou in the Cauld Blast," quite came up to expectations, and Mr. James Argo read "The Life-boat" in good style. The question at issue in the debate was whether art has had a beneficial effect upon moral and religious life. Messrs. W. P. McKenzie, B.A., and J. J. Elliott, B.A., argued for the affirmative, and J. McD. Duncan, B.A., of Moss Hall fame, for the negative, his colleague, Mr. A. Manson, not feeling able for the fray. Though Mr. Duncan's speech was unusually good both as to matter and style, the chairman decided in favour of the affirmative, which decision would probably have been the other way if Mr. Duncan had had a good supporter.

There was a larger number present than there was accommodation for, and it is to be hoped that the College authorities will see fit either to extend the old or build a new Convocation Hall.

MODERN LANGUAGE CLUB.—The usual weekly meeting, one day late, was held on Tuesday afternoon; attendance small; Mr. Stein in the chair in absence of Mr. A. H. Young, president. A communication was received from the Historical and Political Science Club, asking if a debate could not be arranged between that society and the M. L. C. Mr. Boulton and Mr. Stein were appointed a committee to confer with the H. P. S. A., relative to the arrangement of a debate. Mr. J. Ferguson moved, Mr. King seconded, that Mr. Waldron and Mr. Hodges be appointed debaters in case a debate be arranged. A communication was also received from the Temperance League, expressing thanks to the M. L. C. for their kindness in postponing the weekly meeting of the club from Monday to Tuesday in order not to interfere with the League's "open meeting." The programme: Mr. W. C. Ferguson read an essay on the "Holy Grail," of J. Russell Lowell, whose works were the subject of the evening. Mr. Stein gave a selection from the Bigelow Papers. Miss M. Robertson followed with an essay on the Bigelow Papers, written in her usual terse and interesting style, and read with éclat. Mr. Hardy then read an essay on the life of Lowell, also dealing generally with the author's works.

"K" COMPANY.—The enthusiastic meeting of the Company was held at the University on Monday afternoon, with about twenty-five members present. The Concert Committee reported a balance of \$57.90, from the proceeds of the Concert held last fall. This amount is to go towards decorating the Company armoury. Mr. Gunther reported that the amount to the Company's credit after all expenses had been paid was \$206.

Privates McLaren and Elliott were appointed auditors of the Company's accounts. After some discussion it was decided to have a photograph taken of the Company this year instead of having a dinner; the expense to be met out of the Company fund. It was moved by Sergt. Levesconte, seconded by Sergt. Hamilton, and carried unanimously, "That the thanks of the Company be tendered to those professors and others connected with the University who so kindly contributed to the Prize Fund for last Fall's rifle match, and that the Secretary be instructed to convey them through the columns of THE VARSITY."

A "White Cross Army," consisting of eighteen members, has been organized at the University of the city of New York. The objects of the society are, the promotion of personal purity among young men, the elevation of public opinion regarding the question of personal purity, and the maintenance of the same standard among men and women. A committee is entrusted with the management of the Association. All young men over sixteen are eligible to membership.

The General Conversazione Committee met on Wednesday afternoon in Moss Hall. Attendance was very small. No business of any account was done, owing mainly to the fact that sub-committees failed to report. Each committee should be able to present a report of *work done* next week.

GENERAL COLLEGE NEWS.

The young ladies at Cornell are said to surpass in scholarship the male students.—*Yale News*.

Justin McCarthy lectured to a large audience last week at Ann Arbor on the "Cause of Ireland."

The California State University pay their President a salary of eight thousand dollars per annum.

After a lapse of over twelve years, women have again been admitted to the Medical College of Edinburgh.

The fourth annual convention of the Modern Language Association of America was held at Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Dec. 29-31.

The seventeen universities of Italy have been declared open to women, and Switzerland, Norway, Sweden and Denmark have joined the procession.

Yale makes the attendance of the Freshman at the gymnasium compulsory. Vanderbilt compels all Literary students to attend the gymnasium three hours of every week.

It is given on good authority that in the United States every 200th man takes a college course; in Germany, every 213; in England, every 500th; and in Scotland, every 615.

Oxford University has an attendance of 3,000 students. The Library contains 375,000 volumes, among which are some of the most celebrated books and manuscripts in the world.

Johns Hopkins University bestows twenty fellowships per annum on graduates of that University who propose to devote their lives to special branches of science or literature. The holder of such a fellowship is exempt from tuition and receives \$500 yearly.

At a recent meeting of the Sheff. Freshmen the class cane was finally decided upon. The head is of sterling silver embossed with oxidized raised flowers. At one end will be engraved "Yale, '89, S.," and on the top the name of the owner. The stick is of light colored English hazel.—*Daily Crimson*.

THE COLLEGE Y. M. C. A. AT DALHOUSIE.—This Association, started in the session of 1884-85, still maintains its position of no small importance among the students. Although we are unable to show a membership list composed of the majority of the students of the University, still the number is very respectable and by no means discouraging. Mr. Sutherland announced his success in obtaining a sufficient number of members for carrying on a *Bible Training Class* Sabbath afternoons.

The *Yale News* says of Cornell co-education: "There have lately been some remarkably fierce feuds raised between the sophomore and freshman classes of the Northwestern university, which is a co-educational institution. It was begun by the sophomores locking the freshmen up and keeping them away from their class sleigh-ride and banquet. Several rushes of the male members of the classes took place after this, and among the female portion a lively hair-pulling contest was inaugurated. Last Thursday afternoon the freshmen retaliated by capturing several sophomores just as the entire class was about to start on a sleigh-ride. The police interfered and rescued the sophomores. The class then drove to the place where they were to hold their banquet, but found it surrounded by such a crowd of freshmen that they were afraid to alight. The result of the whole affair is that several men are to be expelled by the Faculty."

ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE VARSITY is conducted by undergraduates of the University of Toronto, and will appear every Saturday of the academic year. It aims at being the exponent of the views of the University public and will always seek the highest interests of our University. The Literary Department will, as heretofore, be a main feature. The news columns are full and accurate, containing reports of all meetings of interest to its readers.

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General College News

Di-Varsities, &c., &c.



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DI-VARSITIES.

FATE.

When I was Fresh, I thought it neat
To steal the highway signs;
To unhinge gates was quite a feat,
And as for railroad lines,
I always tried my way to beat.

One awful night
Policemen came—
The *Parcae* have no means of flight,
But they get there all the same.

As Sophomore I loved one maid,
And flirted with another;
Towsrds Madge the lover's part I played,
To Molly was a "brother,"—
Until some fiend the fact betrayed.

And now Madge clings
To another manly frame—
The *Parcae* surely have no wings,
But they get there all the same.

As Junior I took Chemistry,
And took it with a will,
Upon a 'roller-crib,' you see
And knew I'd fill the bill
When the Exam. was sprung on me.
At the examination
The Prof. quite near me came
The *Parcae* seem to have no means of
aerial navigation,
But they get there all the same.

My fortunes, in my Senior year.
I thought I would retrieve;
And once I slipped—'twas rather queer—
Four aces up my sleeve,
And forged ahead without a fear.
I really had no notion
Till t'other fellow came
With a straight
Flush—

Now, however, I have concluded that the
Parcae, though they have no flapperses;
nor bellowses, nor parachutes, nor propellers,
nor balloons, nor any visible paraphernalia of atmospheric locomotion,
They get there all the same,
With a great
Rush!

—Tuftonian.

Puck's Aldermanic Mother Goose:

Sing a song of bribery, a pocket full of ball,
Sixteen crooked Aldermen will have to go to
jail;
Every one is guilty, as plain as plain can be.
Isn't it a shameful sight for honest men to
see?

Needles and pins, needles and pins;
When an Alderman's crooked his trouble
begins.

Ding dong bell, Jachne's in the well,
Who put him in? Mister Martine.

Hey diddle doodle, the Aldermen's boodle;
Their trials are coming quick;
The lawyers laugh to see the fun,
But it makes the Aldermen sick.

Jake and Jim went up the hill
To bribe the city fathers.
Jim fell down and broke his crown,
And Jake will soon come after.

Old Jake Sharpe was a crooked old soul,
And a crooked old soul was he,
And he built a railroad up Broadway,
And he did it by briber-ee.

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Till stern the editor in his chair turns round
And in the basket all her singing flings.

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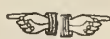
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
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
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
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THE VARSITY

A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.

Vol. VII.

University of Toronto, Feb. 19, 1887.

No. 14.

"MARIE."

—
SONNET.
—

Translated from Alfred de Musset.

As the woodland flower of spring
First breath receives,
Smiling mysterious
As it opes its leaves.

As the chalice of the stalk
Unfolds to sight
Quivers to earth
A new delight.

So Marie with blue eyes upraised,
As thy lips part
Singing thy heart,
Amid the light and sound,
Thy soul is given
Trembling to heaven.

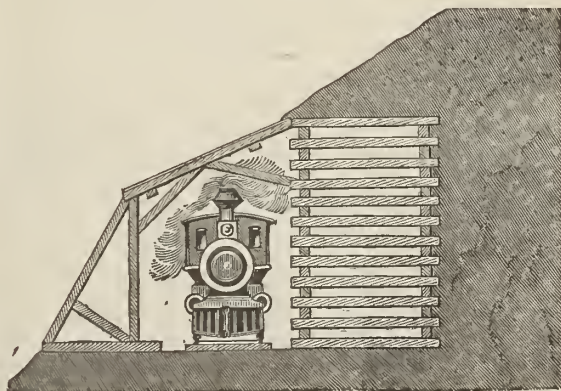
G. F. BURTON.

SNOW SHEDS IN THE SELKIRKS.

Any traveller in Eastern Canada who is familiar with the light structure of the snow sheds on the Intercolonial Railway can form little or no idea of the snow sheds in the Selkirk range of mountains on the Canadian Pacific Railway, or understand the part they have to play in keeping the road open in the winter time. The snow sheds on the Intercolonial Railway are made of a framework, like that of a barn, covered with planks nailed on, with small spaces between, very much like the boards on a fence. The primary object of these sheds is to prevent snow drifts from accumulating on the road. On railways which pass through a mountainous country the snow sheds assume a much more durable and permanent character, as the service that is expected of them is much more important. It is, in fact, to keep the line open and clear from the accumulation of snow and ice brought down by avalanches, or, as they are more frequently called, "snow slides."

A writer in a recent number of *Chambers' Journal* divides avalanches into four kinds, viz., the powdery, the creeping, the glacier, and the true avalanche, or avalanche proper. The first he describes as being composed of finely divided snow and ice, which is broken up into the form of powder in the descent. This kind of avalanche is the most likely to disturb the air, and so produce a hurricane, the vast power of which it is impossible to estimate. The creeping avalanche, as its name implies, is produced when vast masses of snow and ice move slowly down a gradual slope. The glacier avalanche is brought about by the mass of ice at the lower extremity of a glacier becoming detached and sliding down into the moraine below. Lastly, the avalanche proper is the rapid descent of a mass of snow, which, beginning high up the mountain slope, and increasing in volume and speed as it descends, rushes headlong into the valley below. It is to resist the effects of snow slides of this kind that the snow sheds in the Selkirks have been constructed.

The sheds themselves are composed of a crib-work similar to that used in the construction of wharves. It is made of heavy cedar timbers, twelve inches square, with ends dovetailed into one another, and spiked. The crib is securely tied, and is thoroughly filled with boulders and loose masses of rock. It stands in a space cut out of the mountain slope beside the railway track, and between it and the mountain. On the outer side of the track a series of triangular frames, placed at short intervals, made of the same material and same sized timbers as the crib, are used to support the lower end of the roof, which extends downwards from the crib in a slanting direction. The crib is carried up much higher than the outer wall, so that the slope of the roof is, where practicable, as nearly in the same angle as the slope of the mountain as possible. The roof is strongly braced, and together with the outer wall and crib forms a structure sufficiently strong to bear the force of the descending snow, ice, boulders, and other *débris*, which is carried down in the snow slide. The roof and outer wall is planked, so that the interior of the shed is quite dark, but in summer time the outer wall plank immediately under the eave can be removed, in order to give light and better ventilation. The use of the crib-work on the inside is to prevent the whole shed from being carried away by the down-rush of the snow from above. The shed is of such a form that it offers very little resistance to the descending mass of snow, but allows the avalanche to pass over the roof and pile itself up in the valley below.



The track of a snow slide is very easily discernible even in summer time, from the fact that the uprooted trees, earth, boulders, and *débris* carried down, are piled up at the bottom of the valley, spreading out in a fan-shaped mass, and making a smoother and less acute slope than the rest of the mountain surface. The snow slide cuts a path for itself through trees, removing boulders, earth, roots, &c.; and the following summer only bushes and shrubs grow in the path made by the avalanche. The sides or margins of these slides show trees and rocks in a disturbed condition, though not carried away completely, as in the centre of the slide. Each year that a snow slide takes place in any particular locality, renders the probable recurrence of a slide in the same place more and more certain, as each year the slope becomes smoother and more free from obstructions of all kinds.

As the traveller proceeds west from Donald, or the first crossing of the Columbia River on the C.P.R., he finds himself passing down the canon of that river on the left bank.

After a few miles have been traversed, an abrupt turn to the left brings him into the narrow and rugged canon of the Beaver, a small stream which here empties into the Columbia. The ascent through this gorge is at first made on the right bank, but as the valley opens out, the stream is crossed, and the ascent of the eastern slope of the Selkirks is begun in earnest. As the summit of the grade is approached, several snow sheds are passed through. Rogers' Pass station, the summit of the Selkirks, near Mounts Carroll and Hermit, has an elevation of about 4,306 feet above the level of the Pacific Ocean. Leaving this station, the descent of the western slope is begun, down the valley and canon of the Illecillewaet River. One shed on the western slope is about three-quarters of a mile long, and is passed through shortly before the "Loop" is reached. The others vary in length according to their position.

There are more snow sheds on the western slope of the mountains than on the eastern, on account of the snow-fall being heavier and the slides more frequent on that side than on the other. The effect of "weathering" on the Pacific side of all the ranges of mountains is very clearly marked. The ascent of nearly all the mountain slopes of British Columbia is, as a rule, easier when made from the eastern side. This probably arises from the fact that the warm waters of the great "Japan Current," striking the coast of America in the neighbourhood of Vancouver Island, and which renders the climate of Victoria so mild, causes a greater degree of severity farther inland. The warm water at the coast of necessity produces a great deal of moisture, which, as it moves inland, is successively caught by each of the mountain chains and is condensed and deposited in the form of snow or rain, according to the altitude, on the western slope of each range. This process, going on for ages upon ages, has produced a powerful modifying effect on the physical aspect of the country, and it is not improbable that it is to the influence of the Japan Current, analogous to the gulf stream in the Atlantic Ocean, that the skill of the engineer has been taxed to a somewhat greater extent in the Kicking Horse Pass and the valley of the Illecillewaet than in the valleys of either the Bow or the Beaver Rivers.

A. O. BROOKSIDE.

Yale, B.C.

A CANADIAN LITERATURE: ANOTHER VIEW OF THE SUBJECT.

The excellent article in last week's VARSITY on Canadian literature contains many observations with which all thoughtful persons must agree. The objection of the writer to much of the current criticism on recent Canadian literature is especially well taken. The praise bestowed upon these books has been too indefinite and indiscriminate in its nature. Too much stress has been laid on the fact that they are the work of Canadian authors and that they treat of Canadian subjects.

What we need most now is deep and philosophical criticism, thorough and sincere, but at the same time sympathetic and encouraging. Such criticism will be of course creative no less than destructive. While condemning the bad, it will point out the good specifically and encourage it. We have had enough and too much of the superficial comment, the promiscuous eulogy, and the trivial commonplaces which are made to do duty for criticism in even our best journals.

The growth of a national literature can be fostered, but it cannot be forced. The people of the United States tried the latter plan after their assertion of political independence, and the result was a ridiculous failure. Their authors flattered each other without stint on every occasion, and their critics found a Shakespeare or a Milton in every hamlet. But the waters of oblivion are flowing over the most famous names of that period, and the lights which were intended to illumine the world have gone out forever.

A national literature is the expression of a national spirit and life. We in Canada cannot of course have a national literature until we are a nation. This does not imply simply political independence of the mother country. There must be also the unification of the multifarious elements which enter into our political existence. At present we are not a unity but an aggregation—a heterogeneous collection of national types

from all the states of Europe, with a well-marked tinge here and there of the aboriginal race. Not until many generations shall have passed will this unification be completed, and then, if ever, we may look for what might reasonably be called a distinctive Canadian literature.

Yet it is doubtful if we will ever have a typical literature in Canada. As time goes on it is probable that the forms of thought and expression prevailing in Britain, the United States and Canada will become so thoroughly assimilated to one another, that any line drawn between them will be purely arbitrary and fictitious. The facilities for personal communication and for the interchange of thought between these kindred peoples have been so enormously increased of late years that any distinctions that yet exist will doubtless soon be obliterated.

But to return to the VARSITY article referred to: Some of the positions taken by Mr. Miller are, I think, untenable. He speaks rather slightly of the cultivation and expression of individual tastes and judgments in literature. I must join issue with him here. Literature is but the expression in language of life and experience. This expression to have power and weight must bear upon it the fervent impress of sincerity. Thus the author must draw his facts and ideas from the crucible of his own experience. It will not do to take them ready made from the workshop of another. If his work is to live he must breathe into it the breath of his own life; he must inform it with his own very soul.

Imitation is the death of art in literature as well as in everything else. Let us be ourselves. Within that limit we are greater than Shakespeare. I am not sure that the great writers of the past are altogether a blessing to us. Perhaps they are only so many Old Men of the Sea on our shoulders. It is an open question whether we should not be grateful to the Turk that burned the library at Alexandria. There are other libraries which might be burned with advantage to-day.

Canadian authors have no need to imitate. The true, the noble, and the beautiful are all about them if they will but look. There are as good men and women here as in England. They also are moved by fine enthusiasms, and great heroisms are wrought out here. Our sky is blue, our waters clear, birds sing here also, —our own birds, the grass is green and our wild flowers are fair.

Yet a young Canadian writer in his prize essay on "Morning" introduces the English lark, though he probably never saw one, and certain recent Canadian poems and works of fiction have the trail of old country prejudices over them all.

And what else at bottom does Mr. Miller mean by the universal in literature but the European English in general, or in particular, the Shakesperian or the Tennysonian or the Matthew Arnoldesque? For the universal exists only in the particular, and there is a fear that we confuse the two sometimes, and elevate to the rank of universal what is after all only a particular. But the possibilities of our literature are not concluded within England or in the works of even her best authors, past or present, and a servile service to them is by no means the highest literary virtue which a Canadian writer can possess.

A. STEVENSON.

A MODERN INSTANCE.

In July, 1885, I made one of four, camping on Preacher's Point, Muskoka. We were a happy party, congenial in tastes just so far as our common object went, which if the truth be known, consisted in the catching of innumerable black-bass and the total exclusion of all cares incident to town life.

In a state of self-satisfied laziness,—a state by the way, not particularly peculiar to the evening about which I write,—I reclined full length on a buffalo-robe and with head raised on one hand, complacently watched Sholto's progress in the interesting preparations for the evening meal. The ruffled waters of Lake Joseph, shimmering and glistening in the moon-light, rolled up on the rocky beach below me. Mingled sounds reached the ear. The humming of mosquitoes and the croaking of a hundred odd frogs filled in the short intervals between the screechings of a particularly non-consumptive owl, who, with mistaken zeal, made the air painfully resonant, from an opposite peninsula.

In one of the few periods of momentary quiet, the regular repetition of an unusual sound, the splash of a paddle, claimed

my attention. A moment after, a dark shadow out on the lake, was seen, gradually resolving itself into a bark canoe, in which was seated a man and a dog.

It required Sholto's reply to some interrogation, to thoroughly waken me to the fact of my having a host's duties to perform. "Yes, you're right, a nice night it is. You can land easier over yonder." I jumped up then and hastened to greet our unexpected visitor. He was a good-enough-looking man, dressed in durable corduroy of a pronounced English make. A big straw hat and top-boots, strong, though not very well-fitting, covered his extremities and completed his protection against the weather. He shook hands cordially all round, seemingly assured of a hearty welcome. He got it too, you may be sure, for after permitting him to see to his dog's comfort, we made him join us at the table, and tell his story, over Sholto's glorious meal of pork and beans, to be presently finished with rice and syrup.

"I saw your light four or five miles away," he said. "I got confused among the islands directly after leaving the last portage, and coming in sight of your light, decided to run in for directions, and here I am, though dear knows, I've been paddling like a galley slave, nearly an hour. Light is always deceptive," he added, "I've noticed it often on my farm up on the Bay. The steamer's light shows so plainly on a clear night, I could take it to be a hundred yards off shore, did I not know the route from Owen Sound was a good six miles out in the open water," and so he ran on in his intelligent, interesting way.

We learned his had been an unhappy life. A young Englishman, strong and willing to work, had left his father's home in sunny Devon, and arriving in Canada, had taken up a farm on the Georgian Bay about fifty miles south of the French river. The first difficulties overcome, a rich harvest had been his reward, and while on a trip south to purchase implements necessary to his calling, he had taken back, to cheer his solitude, a young Ontario maiden.

Soon after, the married couple experienced their first reverse. In the dead of night, a forest fire, with one fierce breath, swept away the whole year's accumulation, barns and grain and home. Undaunted by first failure he had sent back his wife, till such a time as he had once more a home to offer her. Success again, had well nigh crowned his efforts when one day, he received the tidings, sad, oh so sad, of his young wife's death! Broken in spirit, he was now on his way south to gaze on the grave of her whose untimely end had cast so deep a shadow on his life.

Our meal was over, when he had finished. Tobacco was then produced from the tent, and the tones in which we conversed that evening were a trifle more subdued than before had been noticeable in camp. At the same time we did all we could to divert our guest, by little accounts of our camp experience, and it was pleasant to note the varying success of our efforts to wean his thoughts from himself.

Our visitor accepted the invitation extended to him to stay the night with us, but gratefully declined to put us to the inconvenience of sharing the cover of our tent, which was indeed, as he said, quite small enough for our own comfort. So bidding him good-night, we bent our steps, in Indian file, to the tent above.

My thoughts on retiring, were, I confess, full of pity for the unfortunate man outside, and once after lying down, I even put my head out of the tent entrance to try my persuasive powers once again. He had drawn his canoe in front of the cheery fire and was already fast asleep inside it with the faithful dog at his feet, so that even I, after a time, was "hushed with buzzing night-flies" to my slumber.

When I awoke, a few bright golden rays, shining through the trees, made a dancing shadow on the thin canvas roof and announced the arrival of another day. We were all of us enough susceptible to the beauties of an early ramble, in the fragrant wood, with its dew-laden foliage and lusty-throated warblers, to be early risers, and this morning, of course, our first glances were towards the scene of the previous evening's entertainment.

The man was already gone, and it moreover required a whole morning's search to sum up what he had not taken with him. The inventory of missing articles being completed, Sholto calculated with probable accuracy, that they would exactly fill a birch-bark canoe, leaving room only for a middling-sized curly dog in the bow, and a man with a big straw-hat in the stern.

My friend the owl, that same evening, was in excellent voice, and in offering his remarks to the tented inhabitants of Preacher's Point, ended each blast, it seemed to me, with a guttural sound, indicative of risible feelings in his inwards finding outward vent.

C. M. C.

THE NOTTAWASAGA RIVER.

Nottawasaga, thy waves ever murmur,
Rippling along to the cold Georgian Bay,
Sadly thou'rt leaving fair Edenvale's meadows,
Wooing thy lingering waters to stay.

Over thy green banks the willows are bending,
Kissing the stream ere it hurries away,
Cedars and birches in sorrow are asking:
"Why dost thou haste to the cold Georgian Bay?"

Stood a tall maple more earnestly pleading,
The breeze stirred its branches and breathed a low sigh,
He seemed by his swaying to beckon and whisper
These words to the river, that still hurried by.

"Madly I love thee, and fain would I reach thee!
But cruelly smiling thou glidest away;
My love is despised, and thine actions all teach me
Thou lovest my rival, the wild Georgian Bay.

"Farewell, fleeting river, if then we must sever,
Go seek for repose in the deep Georgian Bay;
There sorrows will cross thee, there tempests will toss thee,
Fierce winds on the rocks will dash thee in spray!

"Thy cold fickle lover will tire of thy presence,
And careless will cast thee away in his pride;
May the great Sun, compassionate, summon his rain-cloud
To bear thee away from the pitiless tide.

"Ah! then when thou learnest the world's base deception,
In thy sadness remember the staunch maple tree;
Cease then to fly with the turbulent rain-cloud,
Though with tear-drops fast falling, oh! come back to me!

"From thee there first beamed on me Love's world of meaning,
As darkness and mist from the sun's radiance flies,
Though midnight soon followed that one glimpse of heaven,
'Twill be starlit, remembering one glance from thine eyes."

Does the beautiful river seem wilful and heartless?
She heeds those entreaties and fain would delay,
But cruelly snatched from those eager embraces,
Unwilling is swept to the cold Georgian Bay.

Fate-driven river, so ceaselessly changing,
Sad is thy fate as thy friends fade from view;
Lost to thy vision they vanish forever,
Waving their sorrowful long last adieu.

For though many a rain-cloud may float o'er the maple,
And weep with great teardrops his grief to allay,
Nevermore will return to that fond, waiting lover,
His fair one who fled to the false Georgian Bay.

If loved ones who sever should thus part forever,
Caught in a wild current's merciless flow,
Life sad and weary, despairing and dreary,
Would be overwhelming—a billow of woe.

Life, though a river unceasingly flowing,
Hath deep-mirrored memories that never depart;
Hope heals each parting grief, whispers "reunion,"
Points to the future and comforts the heart.

J. G. HUME.

THE VARSITY.

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All communications should be addressed to THE EDITORS, University College, Toronto, and must be in on Wednesday of each week.

Contributions when not accepted will be returned if accompanied with a stamp for that purpose.

The deputation from Kingston, headed by the Principal of Queen's, has given expression to its views regarding the establishment of a School of Science in the East. It has received the usual official reply that its representations will receive the "most serious consideration of the Government." While the Provincial Executive is pondering on this subject, during the lulls in the election contest, we have a few remarks to offer upon the question. And first of all, we were most amused at the sudden expansion of the civic limits of the Limestone city. If the gentlemen who appeared on the deputation are all taken to represent the city of Kingston, then that staid old town must extend as far east as Ottawa, and as far west as London. And in the next place, the representatives were one and all strong supporters of Queen's. In fact, there does not appear to be any concealment of the real intention of the deputation, which was, in plain English, to secure for Queen's a Science School and Faculty at the expense of the Province. This is, no doubt, a very nice plan, and one which would relieve the pressure on the finances of Queen's considerably, and the arguments presented in support of the scheme were very plausible and taking. Queen's is bound to obtain State aid in some form or another, but is prepared to yield nothing. She has refused to join in confederation, and yet expects the Government, already heavily pledged in this respect, to give her financial assistance. That the real object of the movement is to benefit Queen's is openly declared by the *Queen's College Journal*, which in its last issue says: "Such a School would considerably benefit Queen's; and though our views as to the simple justice of the claim may be greatly influenced by this fact, yet we believe a clear case can and will be made out for the guidance of the Legislature." We have taken occasion in a previous number to bring the claims of our own School of Science under the notice of the Government. We most assuredly think that, whatever may be the claims of other institutions, the first duty of the Government is to the school of its own creation. As we stated before, the School of Practical Science here was established upon a most narrow basis, and since its foundation absolutely nothing has been done to improve it. It should surely rank as a preferred creditor of the Government. Its present income should be doubled; even Principal Grant admits this. Until this, at least, is done the claim of Queen's for a School of Science cannot reasonably be entertained. For if one School, poorly endowed and equipped, cannot reach properly upon its work, it certainly would be folly to establish another upon a similarly small scale. And again, the cities of Toronto and Kingston are not far enough apart to warrant the maintenance of a separate School of Science in each. If the present School were properly endowed and supported it could easily supply the demands of the Province for years to come. There can be no reasonable doubt of this fact. In the claims which the friends of the system of denominational education are continually making upon the Government, this fact seems to be entirely disregarded: That University College is the Provincial institution, and as such has, and must always have, prior and more substantial claims for Government support than any other college in the Province. This fact is consistently and continually ignored by the opponents of University College, and is apparently lost sight of by the Government itself. Whatever may happen in the near future,

we intend that this fact shall not be overlooked. We do not desire, in this or any other case which may arise, to assert this in any selfish or partizan spirit; but the Provincial University has too long suffered from the opposition of its enemies, the indifference of its friends, and the neglect of the Government, for us to remain silent any longer with regard to its undoubted rights and privileges as a Provincial Institution.

In an otherwise excellent issue, the Carnival number of the *Montreal Star* contains an article that cannot be too severely condemned. In April, 1849, Lord Elgin gave his assent to the Rebellion Losses Bill. The "Loyalists" were furious and sacked the House of Parliament, some members narrowly escaping with their lives, and treated the Governor-General with the utmost indignity. It was only after the militia were called out that Montreal was delivered from mob rule. This outbreak has usually been described as a sudden frenzy, of which even the actors were afterwards heartily ashamed. In the article in which we notice "A Reminiscence of '49," a Mr. Alfred Perry, whose fame has not reached us as yet, recalls with satisfaction his share in the proceedings of that night. Evidently regarding himself as the demiurge of the spirits of anarchy, the account reads like the self-glorification of a vandal. A minute detail of the actions of the mob, the motives that inspired it, would be both valuable and interesting. But the vain glory of Mr. Perry is so manifest that we must believe that he has overcolored the history of his valiant exploits.

That the above is fully deserved, a few quotations will suffice to show. "I said that—the time for petition had passed, but that if the men present were in earnest, let them follow me to the Parliament House." So the maddened crowd surged round the Parliament House; the door was closed, but burst in with the ladder of a fire-company used as a battering ram, 'with John H. Isaacson, notary, on one side and myself on the other.' They reached the door of the Assembly. "Here one O'Connor, a messenger, disputed my right to enter the House. It was no time for showing tickets, and a clip from my axe-handle settled the matter." Mr. Perry's axe-handle seems to have been as useful as that 'nate tool, a flail' in the hands of Mr. Michael Free, Sr. The same axe-handle re-appears a little later—'Sandfield Macdonald resented our intrusion by striking Howard a well-directed blow on the head and the blood flowed freely from his Orange brow. Then my axe-handle came into play again and Sandfield was floored.' Again the axe-handle twinkles when Mr. Perry, as the modern Cromwell, approached the mace. 'The Sergeant-at-arms interfered and drew his sword, when a blow from my axe-handle again settled the matter.' The narrator here saw a large circular clock. 'Like a flash I determined to smash that clock . . . I picked a brickbat—where, oh! where was the axe-handle?—from the floor and let fly at the clock.' One more extract before we suffer Mr. Perry to relapse into that obscurity from which he emerged to enlighten the readers of the *Star*.

Lord Elgin, with an escort, was on his way to the Government House. 'Unfortunately for the peace of the city, I kicked a brickbat at my feet. The action of the trooper, the close proximity of Lord Elgin and the brickbat became mingled in my mind, and, quick as a flash, I stooped and hurled the brickbat through the windows of Lord Elgin's carriage,' who, however, escaped with a 'battered hat.' Mr. Perry, even on his own showing, is a very pitiful hero.

There is one thing which the incessant conflict of political parties has brought into prominence. It is the severe strain to which the English language has been subjected by the press. That the mother tongue is a most flexible one is a fact to which Anglo Saxons refer with satisfaction. But that there is a point beyond which even the most accommodating language can be strained, is a circumstance that seems to be overlooked by those who are supposed to mould public opinion. In the hands of these literary gymnasts, however, language becomes as flexible as the consciences of the writers. The habit of exaggeration has become a chronic disease, and everything is sacrificed to feed the insatiable "worm that dieth not" in the literary digestive apparatus of the party hack writers.

The result of a prolonged course of diet of such literature—if it can be dignified by that name—must surely result in mental dyspepsia. And not only are all the canons of literary taste set aside, but even reputation, character and the private life of public men and women are not sacred from the scalpel of these literary hyenas. And this is the most deplorable part of the business. For while one might pardon literary Philistinism, as a sort of temporary insanity, or midsummer madness, one cannot forgive attacks upon character and reputation. Even the questionable excuse that the exigencies of political warfare render it necessary to fight “the enemy” with fire, or with its own weapons, cannot be accepted as an *amende* for the publication of so-called political scandals which the party journals blazon forth with all the accessories of display type and double leads. The leader-writers of the party press have become so reckless and extravagant that ordinary language and calm argument are no longer serviceable, and the use of such weapons is, in fact, considered an admission of weakness, and stamps the writer as an “independent,” or a “fence straddler.” Another vicious result of the present tendency of these party writers is seen in the coinage of words and phrases which gain currency at a time of political excitement, and which remain in use long after they have served whatever purpose may have called them into circulation. Flippancy, slang, and an unlimited use of abusive adjectives are the stock-in-trade of the average party editor. Public and national questions are discussed by these writers with an appearance of authority which even the ease and fluency of the literary style in which they are discussed cannot carry off successfully. Character the result of a life-long endeavour, and the most precious heritage of public, as well as of public citizens, is assailed and blackened in a paragraph, perhaps the work of a reporter, whose responsibility in the case is assumed with an indifference to results comparable only with his colossal ignorance and impertinence. Surely this state of affairs is rendering existence intolerable, and threatens to debase not only our national life, but must inevitably seriously affect literature and the profession of journalism. The time has come when a halt must be called, or else we shall drift into a provincialism and *sans-culottism*, the results of which we do not care to predict

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Editors are not responsible for the opinions of correspondents.
No notice will be taken of unsigned contributions.

“THE DR. WILSON MEDAL.”

To the Editors of THE VARSITY.

SIRS:—In your issue of the 2nd inst. appeared a letter on the “Dr. Wilson Medal,” which is characterized mainly by strong language, sweeping assertions and unfairness.

Injustice is a harsh-sounding word. The reason for its use is that the work prescribed for the medal does not include Italian Ethnology, Old French and Old German. The writer might as reasonably have added Spanish, which, though not recognized as a college subject, is nevertheless taught by a college lecturer.

How far is the omission of these an injustice? An option is allowed between Spanish and Italian. Suppose a student wishes to take Spanish only, would it be fair to debar him from competing for the medal by requiring a test in Italian, or compel him to take Italian against his will? Such a requirement would be unjust, as would be one necessitating a student taking Italian, but not Spanish, to give evidence of proficiency in Spanish prose.

As for Ethnology, Mr. Logie should have remembered that he with other Modern Language men petitioned the Senate for an option between Ethnology on the one hand, and Italian on the other. Now, he finds fault with the college authorities for excluding the former from the programme of studies for the medal. Is not this inconsistent? And is not inconsistency absurd? With regard to texts, I am glad that no mention is made of them. They were put on the curriculum for the purpose of forming an introduction to the study of philology after graduation. If philology, or phonetics, a mere part of it, is to be made the principal feature of Modern Language study in University College, as in several colleges in the States, the sooner the tendency is corrected the better. This the medal programme will help to do, inasmuch as it looks only towards the literary side.

In the communication referred to we have a method of study

mapped out which if followed might, or might not, gain the medal. But let us suppose that it did; I cannot see that the man who should win the medal would be less deserving or more dishonest than many a medallist or scholarship man of former years. Is it not already a very common thing for men to read translations, commentaries and the like? It is a practice strongly to be condemned, but it prevails nevertheless. If this method of reading helped to win the medal it would be as likely to place a candidate in first-class honours. A man would not do any worse in French or German prose at the university examination because of his practice for the medal.

It seems to have escaped Mr. Logie's notice that the work for the medal lies along the line of the curriculum and goes beyond it. Candidates for the medal and for examination have alike to be acquainted with the historical writings of Hugo and Goethe, and one historical play of Shakespeare. Besides these, the medal work includes Schiller and all of Shakespeare's historical plays. The real ground for complaint, though not clearly stated, seems to be that the medal is not to be given upon the results of the May or other examinations. All that needs to be said is that the gentlemen who choose the subject are all medalists, and know how far examinations are a test of a candidate's knowledge and ability. Indisposition, lack of time to cram, miscalculation of time in answering a paper, or difference of opinion between candidate and examiner, may prevent a man who is really the best in his class from gaining the highest place in the lists. A man, on the other hand, who reads in the way described by Mr. Logie, and who has plenty of time to cram up facts which have no value at all, as far as liberal education is concerned, may impose just as much on the public with his first-class honors as any ignorant, illiberal, dishonest and dishonorable medallist.

There is, however, one objection that has some force, and only one. It is that the announcement was made too late in the term. November may not seem late, but by that time a man has his plans so arranged that it is almost impossible to change them.

I shall close with a suggestion that the time for receiving theses be extended till September. If it is not, I fear that no essays will be forthcoming. This will be due not to lack of appreciation of the medal on the part of those interested, but to lack of time.

A. H. YOUNG.

THE DEBATE AT KINGSTON.

To the Editors of THE VARSITY.

SIRS,—Permit me to say a few words on the Intercollegiate Debate, of which I was one of the judges. The decision was of course not on the merits of the subject, but on its treatment by the debaters, and this decision, as against Toronto, was promptly unanimous.

A presumably inadvertent admission by their leader made the position of the negative from the first logically indefensible; and against this unfortunate blunder they struggled handsomely but vainly throughout the evening. When it was allowed by the leader of the negative that while hostile to any form of Federation, he was yet opposed to disintegration of the empire and loyal to present British connection, he was taking needlessly difficult ground; and even this ground he and his colleague then rapidly demolished by arguing the temporary character of present connection, and the certainty and desirability of speedy disintegration. An excellent argument had evidently been prepared for Independence or Annexation, when through some magic contagion of this loyal city, the above unpremeditated admission was made.

Very truly,

R. BALMER.

AN EXPLANATION.

To the Editors of THE VARSITY.

SIRS:—Kindly allow me space in your columns to correct an error which occurs in your account of the Literary Society's meeting of the 4th inst. You said that, in an essay which I read on that occasion, “Mr. Blake was styled the ‘leading Prohibitionist’ of Canada.” Such an appellation as applied to Mr. Blake is manifestly absurd. The only two places in which he was referred to read as follows: “It was only a few weeks ago that the leader of the Reform Party declared himself a Prohibitionist, not an advanced one, but still a Prohibitionist.” And the second passage: “In that I will endeavour to deal with what has been the greatest stumbling-block to temperance legislation in Canada, namely, the plea that the country is not ripe for it. This is becoming rather hackneyed. Many people say it because they have heard others say it. But let us take it as coming from its ablest advocate, the Hon. Edward Blake, and examine how true it is.” You will thus see that it is as the leading exponent of the views of only the unripe branch of the Prohibition party that Mr. Blake is referred to.

T. C. DESBARRES.

ROUND THE TABLE.

The first instalment of Howells' new novel, "April Hopes," is mainly a description of Class Day at Harvard, very minute attention being devoted to the large setting of what little character study is as yet presented. Some time ago our bright exchange, the Harvard *Crimson*, remarked that from certain touches in these opening chapters, a Harvard man would be inclined to think that Mr. Howells had not been present at a Class Day for seven or eight years. This piece of criticism on the part of the *Crimson* has been rather widely noted and commented upon. *Life* ventures the assertion that the great realist is relying too much on his imagination.

* * *

May not this attitude of criticism towards the realists be accounted significant, as an indication—to a certain degree, of course, and from only one side—of their limitations? It must be somewhat humiliating to Mr. Howells' artistic sense to be thus reminded that so large a portion of his work is regarded, sincerely and in good faith, as being distinctively journalistic,—not to say "reportorial."

* * *

The history of criticism would afford many curious incidents. The Sultan, Mohammed II., is credited with a very realist criticism in art that may yield an idea of what criticism should not be. Being impressed by Venetian excellence in painting, that monarch requested the loan of one of their painters. The Council of Ten selected Gentile Bellini for the delicate mission. Bellini repaired to Constantinople to wait on his dangerous patron, and found favor in his sight. As a mark of respect, the Venetian presented the Sultan with a painting of the head of John the Baptist on a charger. It was much admired, but the Sultan, a natural realist in art, pointed out that the raw surface of the neck, with its shrunk nerves, was not true to life, or rather to death. Gentile failed to grasp the distinction, and the Sultan, waxing impatient, gave a practical demonstration by beheading, on the spot, a kneeling slave. Bellini as soon as possible revisited his family in Venice.

* * *

At a certain stage in the development of art and art ideals, there seems to the public nothing incongruous in the queerest anachronisms. Disraeli, in his labourious 'Curiosities of Literature,' describes a painting that, in a Holland Church, pictured to the devout the story of Abraham and Isaac. Abraham is about to complete the sacrifice of the bound Isaac with the aid of a huge bell-mouthed blunderbuss. The consummation is prevented by an angel adopting an original method of flooding the pan of the clumsy weapon. To a modern eye the picture must have an irresistibly comic effect.

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The *Table* gave a slight notice of an interesting contribution to Shakespearania, that was reviewed in the *Mail* and other papers. The *Table* rather values itself on its acumen, in reproving the literary great guns for taking Mr. Head's brochure on "Shakespeare's Insomnia" seriously. A valued exchange, "The Hamilton Literary Monthly," explains that Mr. Head's work was never intended to mislead anyone. It says:

"It will be remembered that the original was read before the Literary Club of Chicago, and made such a hit that the Maxwells issued a private edition, at the request of the club, for the use of its members. . . . Mr. Head first assumes from internal evidence in the plays that Shakespeare was troubled with insomnia, and then seeks to establish the causes. This he does in a series of letters purporting to have been written to the poet by his contemporaries, and contained in 'the recently discovered Southampton collection,' copies of which Mr. Head sets forth he secured from Mr. John Barnacle, tenth assistant sub-secretary of the British Museum. . . . Even so excellent a periodical as the *Literary World*, the recognized organ of culture and polite learning at the 'Hub,' hailed the discovery of these letters with acclamation, and was glad that they shed new light upon the plays, and added so largely to our scanty stock of information concerning Shakespeare. . . . The

new edition contains an additional letter, purporting to have been written by Lord Baron to Shakespeare, which will be certain to arrest the attention, if not to invite the wrath, of Ignatius Donnelly, as a scandal upon his cypher."

* * *

The following from the matter-of-fact correspondence in a late number of the *American Druggist* is not intentionally funny:

The introduction of soap is doing much to civilize the inhabitants of the Holy land. A large soap factory has been established on the site of ancient Schechem, and the people are beginning to use it on their persons instead of trying to eat it as they did at first. Along with the introduction of soap other reforms are going on. Bethlehem has been rebuilt and its streets are now lighted with gas. Cesaræa is having a building boom. Nazareth is becoming the headquarters of big olive oil speculators. Corner lots in Joppa are going up with a rush, and real estate in Mount Carmel is largely held by speculators for an advance. All around Shechem there is a lively demand for good soap fat, and the sleepy inhabitants of Ramoth Gilead think of building a glue factory. Jerusalem is waking up also. It has a street cleaning bureau, big clocks on its public buildings, and its suburbs are being built up rapidly. Even in the Vale of Gehenna the price of land has gone up. The ladies of Jerusalem take all the Parisian fashion journals, and know all about the latest style of hair-dressing.

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Our valued exchange, the *Virginia University Magazine*, prints some reminiscences of Edgar Allan Poe, found among the papers of a former librarian of the University, who died five years ago. He had been a member of some of Poe's classes; and of his reminiscences of that strange being, "three-fifths genius and two-fifths sheer fudge," as Lowell characterized him, one or two paragraphs are interesting:

"After spending an evening together at a private house, he invited me, on our return, into his room. It was a cold night in December, and his fire having gone pretty nearly out, by the aid of some tallow candles and the fragments of a small table which he broke up for the purpose, he soon rekindled it, and by its comfortable blaze I spent a very pleasant hour with him. On this occasion he spoke with regret of the large amount of money he had wasted, and of the debts he had contracted during the session.

If my memory is not at fault, he estimated his indebtedness at \$2,000, and though they were gaming debts, he was earnest and emphatic in the declaration that he was bound by honor to pay, at the earliest opportunity, every cent of them.

"He certainly was not habitually intemperate, but he may occasionally have entered into a frolic. I often saw him in the lecture room and in the library, but never in the slightest degree under the influence of intoxicating liquors. Among the Professors he had the reputation of being a sober, quiet and orderly young man, and to them and the officers his deportment was uniformly that of an intelligent and polished gentleman. Although his practice of gaming did escape detection, the hardihood, intemperance and reckless wildness imputed to him by his biographers, had he been guilty of them, must inevitably have come to the knowledge of the faculty and met with merited punishment. The records of which I was then, and am still, the custodian, attest that at no time during the session did he fall under the censure of the faculty.

"At no period during the past history of the University has the faculty been more violent in ferreting out offenders and more severe in punishing them than during the session of 1826."

Poe attended lectures "during the session which commenced February 1st, 1826." The University was founded in 1825.

"Mr. Poe's connection with the University was dissolved by the termination of the session on the 15th of December, 1826. He then wanted little over a month of having attained the age of eighteen—the date of his birth was plainly entered, in his own handwriting, on the matriculation book. Were he now living, his age on the 19th of this month (January, 1869,) would be sixty. He never returned to the University, and I think it probable that the night I visited him was the last he spent here. I draw this inference not from memory, but from the fact that having no further use for his candles and table he made fuel of them."

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Now that the University and the *Week* have seen to it that the memory of the Jubilee shall not utterly perish, it is denied that the Queen feels the necessity of ordering the Laureate to write a triolet on the approaching celebration.

HH.

UNIVERSITY AND COLLEGE NEWS.

All reports from Societies must reach us by noon on Thursday to ensure insertion.

The general *Conversazione* Committee met on Wednesday afternoon to transact routine business.

WANTED.—Copies of No. 2 of the year 1886-7 wanted at this office; will be paid for at the usual rate.

Extra rehearsals are held by the Glee Club on Tuesday of each week, Prof. W. E. Haslam in attendance. In view of the approaching *Conversazione* every member of the club should make it his business to be on hand at each practise—Tuesdays and Fridays.

"K" Co. parades in drill order every Wednesday afternoon at 4 o'clock. The men should attend these parades, for it, as it now seems probable, the regiment does not go to England, it is almost certain that there will be a great Canadian review either in Toronto or Ottawa.

The Mathematical and Physical Society has appointed the following sub-committee to assist at the *Conversazione*:—Messrs. J. Mulvey, B. A., J. C. Stuart, T. R. Roseburgh, W. F. Robinson, J. A. Duff, W. Prendergast, J. Stafford, J. A. Sparling, J. D. Dickson, J. McGowan and J. G. Witton.

In an oratorical contest, Thursday, at Buchtel College, Akron, O., to select a representative to the state intercollegiate contest, there were among the contestants a young lady, named Miss Mary Sibley, and H. C. Morris, a son of a Chicago millionaire. The judges decided in favour of the young lady, and upon this the father of the young man sprang up and charged the judges with being prejudiced. The son has challenged the young lady for a second contest for \$1,000 a side, the stakes to go for the founding of a hospital in Akron, to be named after the successful candidate. —*Princetonian*.

A book of poems by Mr. T. B. P. Stewart, is expected from the press at an early date. Mr. Stewart is an under-graduate of our college, well-known to all the students, both as a student and as a poet. He is at present travelling in Europe—in France, "the home of liberty, the garden of romance," and in Italy, "the land of poets." Judging from our knowledge of our poet personally, and from his inspiring surroundings, something good may be looked for from his pen. This little book should be hailed as an addition to Canadian literature, and as an acquisition to the literature of University College.

The Knox College Literary and Metaphysical Society have decided that in view of the near approach of the examinations, they can not take part in the proposed intercollegiate debate with our Literary and Scientific Society this year. A meeting of representatives from the Literary Societies of Osgoode Hall, Trinity, Wycliffe, McMaster University and Knox College has been called for March 2nd, in the Y. M. C. A. parlour, to discuss and, if possible, arrange for a series of debates for next year. It is proposed that these debates should be conducted on the tie system. This scheme reflects great credit on its originators, the President and members of the Knox College Literary and Metaphysical Society.

On Wednesday morning of this week the attendance at some of the lectures was noticeably small; the delinquents were reported as having gone to a political meeting in Yorkville, at which Sir John A. Macdonald was expected to speak. The *World* of Thursday morning says the gallery of the hall was filled with ladies, and a large body of university students were present. Sir John, however, was delayed in starting from Ottawa, and he passed on to Hamilton to meet another appointment. On arriving there he was greeted with a grand display of fireworks, etc. Although our patriotic students were disappointed, no doubt Sir John was not; he would probably appreciate the display got up by enfranchised supporters more than he would an audience of students, few of whom have votes.

In response to a request in a late issue of THE VARSITY to suggest the names of songs suitable for the forthcoming College Song-Book, the following, among others, have been suggested:—Litoria, Old Grimes, Le Brigadier, Alouette, A' Roving, En Roulant, Landlord, Fill the Flowing Bowl, My Bonnie, O Tempora, O Mores, Peanuts, Mermaid, Spanish Guitar, Tavern in the Town, La Marsellaise, A Soldier's Farewell, Bells of Shandon, Old Kentucky House, Drink Puppy Drink, H2 S O4, Michael Roy, Mush Mush, Meerschbaum Pipe, Bull Dog, Bug a

Boo, Low-backed Car, Keemo Kimo. Algoma Maid, Jingle Bells, Upidee, Intiger Vitae, Old Rogerum, Vive la Canadien, Baseball, Forsaken, Vive la Campagnie, Funicula, Polly Wolly Doodle, A la Claire, Fontaine, Bridget Donohue, Bingo Farm, So So, Marching through Georgia, Saw My Leg Off, Gambolier, Clementine, Sweet and Low, Aileen Aroon, Tarpaulin Jacket, I am a Soldier.

The Literary and Scientific Society met as usual last Friday evening. The attendance was not so large as usual, but the meeting proved more interesting than might have been anticipated from the number present. Mr. Colin Fraser was elected chairman. Messrs. R. E. Jamieson and T. Smith were nominated for membership. The literary programme was opened by Mr. A. A. Macdonald, who gave a reading in style, and equal to any which the Society has listened to this session. Mr. J. W. Garvin followed with a vocal solo of a humorous nature. Mr. J. J. Hughes read an essay on Herring Fisheries, in which he gave a short account of the industry, the habits of the herring, and his own experience in a fishing smack on the Irish Sea. The subject of debate was Imperial Federation. Mr. J. W. Garvin opened with a motion which was seconded by Mr. G. A. H. Fraser. Messrs. Macdonald and Kerr opposed the motion, when Mr. King moved an amendment, which, however, was not seconded. Mr. Waldron rose to a point of order, and made a speech against the motion. Messrs. Buckingham, Scully and A. T. Hunter also took part in the debate, Mr. Hunter opposing the motion on the ground of the expense involved in moving the parliament buildings from London to Toronto. Mr. Garvin was allowed to close the debate. The motion, on being put to the meeting, was declared lost. The committee appointed to arrange with Knox College for an inter-collegiate debate, reported that the Knox men had not yet appointed a committee to meet them.

One of the pleasant features of college life at McMaster Hall is the whole-hearted hospitality shewn the students by their city friends. Not infrequently the bulletin board displays a notice reading as follows:—"The Dorcas Society of the — Street Baptist Church, extend to the students a cordial invitation to tea at 6.30 p.m., in the church parlour." On Thursday evening a large number of the fellows attended a reception given by the Rev. Elmore and Mrs. Harris, in the Bloor Street Baptist church, to the members of the congregation. Friday evening the Hon. Wm. and Mrs. McMaster will hold their annual reception to the students. Such social kindness extended to the students in a body very pleasantly relieve the monotony of a college life made monotonous by the absence of that element which makes home what it is, mother, sisters, and—in short, woman.—The Rev. Dr. Taylor, of Buffalo, who on Sabbath preached at the opening of the new Baptist church on Beverley St., favored the College with a talk on School work, last Tuesday morning. He advised the young ministers to get into Sunday School work. It keeps the heart young and imparts vitality to the life and enthusiasm to the work. Work amongst the young necessitates a simple vocabulary and interesting address. The Sunday School idea is the opening of the Bible to the young. The method of teaching is the expository,—the true method for both school and pulpit. The address was full of practical and helpful suggestions.—By careful calculation it has been discovered that the water consumed in the Hall each day amounts to about two barrels per capita.

HISTORICAL AND POLITICAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.—The usual weekly meeting of this Association was held in McMillan's Hall on Wednesday afternoon, the president, Mr. Houston, in the chair. Messrs. Hume and Sparling were chosen to represent the Society in a debate with the Modern Language Club, on Wednesday, 9th of March, and Mr. Higgins was appointed essayist. Mr. A. W. Stratton read an able paper tracing the growth of federalism in ancient Greece. He showed the strong patriotic feeling which stirred the hearts of this ancient people, causing them to unite on many occasions against the invasion of a common foe. Tracing up the history of such movements, he gave a short account of the different forms of government that successively arose out of them, many of which showed strong tendencies towards federalism. He then gave a full description of the Achean and Aetolian leagues, comparing them one with another, and with the form of federalism in the United States, to which they bear many points of resemblance. Mr. Houston then followed with an account of the modern federal unions, describing fully the form of constitution both of Canada and the United States, the latter he said had been the model for nearly all similar constitutions of modern times, itself being modelled very much after the ancient form of federalism. Among the important European systems he mentioned Switzerland, Austro-Hungary and Germany. Federalism, he said, was a matter of necessity, and occasions would frequently arise in the history of nations, when such a form of government must needs be adopted.

NATURAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.—At the last meeting of this association, in the School of Practical Science, the President, W. H. Pike, Ph.D., in the chair, Prof. R. R. Wright delivered an address on the life of Alfred Russell Wallace and his work in

relation to the Theory of Descent. Dr. Wallace, when in Brazil making observations on the fauna, was struck by the number of butterflies which had, as it were, copied in coloring or mode of flight others of their tribe distasteful to the birds. Connecting this and similar facts with the evidence offered by paleontology, he evolved the theory of the survival of the fittest, and sent the papers containing his discovery to Mr. Charles Darwin, to be read before the Royal Society. Seeing that the conclusions to which he had himself been led by over 20 years' labor had been independently arrived at by another observer, Darwin was induced to hasten the publication of his *Origin of Species*, being a "Selection from his Manuscripts," as he called it, and this we owe to Wallace above his own contributions to science, the early publication of this great work, the greatest up to its time on biology. The speaker concluded by announcing that Mr. Wallace, now travelling in the United States, would deliver two lectures in the University Convocation Hall on March 10 and 11, under the auspices of the Canadian Institute. The next paper was by Mr. R. A. McArthur, on the Liver Ferment, being a synopsis of work recently undertaken, which goes to prove the absence of any specific hepatic diastase. On the conclusion of this paper the views therein advanced were discussed by the society, led by Mr. G. Acheson, M.D.; Mr. A. B. McCallum, B.A., and Mr. F. T. Shutt, M.A.

The Y. M. C. A. meeting on Thursday evening was conducted by Mr. J. G. Hume. His subject was "Purity," the passage of Scripture, 1 John 3 : 3. After a neat and interesting address, which was listened to by a very fair audience, the discussion was thrown open to the meeting. Several took part, the remarks being brief and pointed.—On Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock the ten delegates who represented the association at the Kingston convention reported to a meeting of the members held in the reading-room of the hall. The report was very encouraging.

GENERAL COLLEGE NEWS.

Italy has twenty-one universities.

A dramatic association has been formed at Yale.

Yale, Princeton, Harvard, and Cornell each have a daily paper.

America has 370 universities and colleges, with 65,522 students.

The Yale football team are to receive miniature footballs of gold as trophies.

Co-education was first introduced into the United States at the University of Michigan.

The Inter-collegiate Y. M. C. A. has determined to publish a new paper called the *Intercollegiate*. Mr. Wishard is its editor.

The resolution authorizing Yale College to be hereafter named Yale University, was passed by the Senate at Hartford last Thursday.

Cornell is to have a number of prominent lectures this term on practical business subjects. Mayor Hewitt and Professor Graham Bell are in the list.

Senator Stanford's University in California is to accommodate at first only those who wish to pursue higher courses. It will be open to both sexes.

A. C. Merriam, Professor of Greek at Columbia College, has been chosen as Director of the School of Athens for the year 1887. He will leave for his new position at the close of the present college year.

There are at present four foreign schools for the pursuance of classical studies in Athens. The American school has the largest number of students: seven, representing the colleges of Amherst, Columbia, Michigan, Beloit, Trinity and Yale.

Princeton has laid down rigid requirements for applicants for the degrees Ph. D. and LL.D. They must pass satisfactory entrance and final examinations, they must be Bachelors of Art, and must pursue a special course of study in their department for two years, one year of which period must be in Princeton.

Prof. Wadsworth, of Colby University, has been making experiments with his Geology class to ascertain the practical value of classical studies to a student in assisting him to master the sciences. Members of the class were requested to give the derivation of sci-

entific terms without previous preparation, and, as a result, some statements were made, which, if true, might lead to startling revelations in science; for instance, a Senior, noted for his proficiency in the classics, derived "lepidodendron" from the two Latin words, *lepidus* and *dens*.

The Illinois *College Rambler* for January has the following glee club notes, which represent a case almost identical with our own: "College glee clubs all over the country are complaining of the almost total lack of new college songs. Year after year they have been singing the same songs until the people are almost tired of hearing them. Our glee club, though only five years old, has had such a run of concerts since its beginning, that it is feared the end of the rope is nearly reached. What is needed is not so much new tunes as new verses adapted to the old tunes. There is enough talent among our students, if once awakened, to accomplish some very creditable work in this direction. Let some poetic, patriotic man, who is ambitious withal to become famous, set his brains running to the tune of 'New Jersee,' 'Cochalunk,' or 'Upidee.'"

"Wanted, some one to write poetry for the glee club. Adaptations of old songs for the home concert are especially needed."

LITERARY GENIUS IN YOUTH.

It is almost incredible, when one looks over the records of the past, to find at what early ages some of the world's greatest writers manifested literary genius and performed their most important work. Shakespeare, for example, wrote "Hamlet" when but thirty-six years of age; Thomas Moore wrote poems at fourteen; Bryant's "Thanatopsis" was written before the author had reached the age of twenty; Henry Kirke White published a volume of poems at seventeen; Fitz-Greene Halleck's best verses were penned when the author was between fourteen and seventeen years of age; Dickens produced the "Pickwick Papers" before he was twenty-five; Milton wrote poetry at the age of ten; Bulwer-Lytton, Bayard Taylor, and the poet Keats were successfully writing for the magazines at eighteen; Schiller wrote and published a poem on Moses in his fourteenth year; Southey began to write verses before he was eleven; poems by Chaucer and Leigh Hunt were known and read before the authors were twelve and thirteen years of age; Klopstock began his "Messiah" at seventeen, and thus might be cited a much longer list of illustrations of the mature development of authors at tender ages.—*Brooklyn Magazine*.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE VARSITY is conducted by undergraduates of the University of Toronto, and will appear every Saturday of the academic year. It aims at being the exponent of the views of the University public and will always seek the highest interests of our University. The Literary Department will, as heretofore, be a main feature. The news columns are full and accurate, containing reports of all meetings of interest to its readers.

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An Explanation. T. C. DESBARRES.

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University and College News.

General College News.

Di-Varsities, &c., &c.



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DI-VARSITIES.

TO THE GLEAMING-EYED MAN IN BLACK.

Unknown, but honored sir :
You've touched up all the teachers,
The professorial staff,
Now gave an inuendo,
And now a quiet laugh.

But yet you've quite forgotten
One of the chiefest things,
For you've left out THE VARSITY,
And its editorial kings.

The men who in the sanctum sit,
Till the hours are sma' and wee,
While mighty plans in mighty brains,
Revolve in vigor free.

And thence, O, modern Delphic Shrine !
Come weekly oracles.
They teem with wisdom half-divine,
Those editorials.

Phonetic spelling, scholarships,
And subjects more abstruse,
Are here discussed, while many a thrust
Is given to fossil views.

And Oh ! when seated in full conclave,
What wise, wise words resound ;
King Arthur's table would ne'er be able
To beat this table round.

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Yours truly, H. A. Dwyer.

A GRAMMAR LESSON.

To Miss Rose, P. A.

May no dark cloud for thee arise,
Oh ! Rose ! a risen sun
Of happiness, keep rain from eyes
That sparkle now with fun.

Yours,

A la mode,

J. GOODFORTHNOTHING HUMBUG.

Fogg : "Dreadfully close here. I think I'll open the transom." Smoothbore : "Ah, that makes me think of a story." Binks : "What does ?" Smoothbore : "Why, Fogg opening the transom." Binks : "Fogg, shut that transom."

"How much older is your sister than you, Johnny?" Johnny : "I dunno. Maud uster be twenty-five years, then she was twenty, and now she ain't only eighteen. I guess we'll soon be twins."

There was a witty student,
Whose scintillations bright,
Filled those who dwelt around him
With wonder and delight.
Until at length a sickness quite
Of memory bereft him,
And thought his intellect remained,
His brilliant wit had left him.

How many are the memories
That do the work of brains,
Whose little scraps of repertoire,
Like glacial moraines,
Have been collected all along
Life's uneventful journey,
To form the weapons that are used
In every mental tourney?

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"What's happened to the house?" he asked in amazement.
"Nothing," replied one of his fellow-townsmen; "only you telegraphed us to paint your old home red, and we've done it. Here's the bill."
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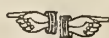
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THE VARSITY

A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.

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No. 15.

IN A DRAWING-ROOM—THE DIFFERENCE.

As you speak of men,—and living,—and books
With quick sharp words and a wit like flame,
I think of another face and voice,
From heart to lip, springs another name.

I think of a little white-faced girl,
Not the great grand woman you bid to be,
Who is waiting afar in her quiet home
Till love-harvest ripen for her and for me.

Mayhap she never could think your thoughts,
As they flash from a mind electric keen ;
But her voice, when she speaks, is clear and low
With room for sweet silences in between :

And then I can look at her pure curved face,
And the lids down dropt over hazel eyes,
And the thoughtful pout of the tender lips
Where the wavering shadow flits and flies.

I am glad I can leave *you* and straight forget
Your face and your words so fast and free.
How could there be more than one sweet girl
In this great round world for me ?

BOHEMIEN.

"WE."

That journalism is now recognized as worthy of a place amongst the regular professions is a fact that must be admitted. The name given to it—"The Fourth Estate"—plainly shows the importance attached to it by the public. It is customary to talk of the immense power of the press as an educator, and as a powerful factor in modern civilization. But few ever stop to think by whom the power is wielded. The individuals who wield this enormous power are usually hidden behind the impenetrable mask of anonymity. The editorial "We" is rarely associated with a personality, or in other words, "localized." And there are good and sufficient reasons for the retention of the editorial mask. It would assuredly weaken the effect upon the public mind if the opinions of a powerful paper were always credited to an individual; if, instead of "*The Thunderer*" thinks so and so, people were to say, "John Smith" thinks so and so. For, although "John Smith" may be an estimable and capable gentleman, yet, for many reasons, his *ipse dixit* would not produce such an influence upon the public mind as would the very same opinions when clothed with all the dignity and prestige with which the substitution of

"We" for "I" invests the utterances of a public journal. If "John Smith" were to sign with his name all the articles which go forth with the editorial stamp upon them, he would be dubbed a crank and a bore inside of a week, though these same editorial utterances may be "John Smith's" work for all that. Having granted, then, the relative force and power of the editorial utterances of *The Thunderer* as compared with the opinions of "John Smith," it must be granted that a very great responsibility attaches to the writer who, under the cover of the editorial barricade, produces such wonderful effects; and that it is most important that the editorial or leader writer should be a man possessed of the most varied attainments and general culture possible, unless he simply chooses to occupy the position of a sort of literary photographer, content to picture merely the passing show, and either unable or unwilling to lead public opinion and to direct, to some extent, the course of human affairs, ever upward and onward.

But, at the same time, this must be said in favour of our sometimes much abused friend "John Smith." He is, in the majority of cases, simply an "accessory after the fact;" simply the active agent who gives expression, in his own particular way, to the opinions of those who are *particeps criminis* with him; in other words, who back and support him. And so the editorial "We" often does denote a plurality of control, whilst at the same time expressing unanimity—perhaps, sometimes, singularity of opinion. As has been said previously, the average "John Smith" should be possessed of a high degree of culture and be a person of varied attainments. To this must unquestionably be added sensitiveness, fine feeling, and true gentlemanliness, if this latter word be admissible. Doubtless readers will smile when they think of the average editor as being possessed of sensitiveness, fine feeling, and gentlemanly character, and here perhaps the reader will unconsciously dissociate the editor in general from the specific one which occurs most readily to the mind, and thus again our reader will do our friend "Smith" an injustice. For may not even the specific "John Smith" of the reader's own acquaintance carry, as Will Carleton says, "a gentleman's feelings under a rhinoceros hide?" Most probably he does; but still it is to be feared that "John Smith" in general is a very ordinary person, possessed of talents of the average kind, and gifted with a facile pen and no very alert conscience or sensitive feelings. But "John Smith" is capable of improvement. Surely it will not be allowed that in "John Smith's" case evolution does, and always must, take a retrograde direction! Surely to say so were pessimism of the worst kind! No; there are influences even now at work which cannot but affect "John Smith" for the better, and give an upward tendency both to him and his work. And these are nothing more or less than the growth of independence in journalism, and the relatively higher class from which the ranks of journalism are now being recruited. "John Smith" now serves Party and the Caucus—the accolade of which is not the Queen's Shilling—but a debased and discredited coinage; his bugle call is the shibboleth of his leader, and his conscience is anybody's but his own. But the dawn of better days already is gilding the mountains, verdant with hope and bright with promise, and "John Smith" is even now preparing to welcome the day-star, the forerunner of the coming of the great Sun that shall herald his emancipation, and proclaim a glorious change of heart, if not of name. And the new day cannot dawn too soon.

TRISTRAM.

THY IMAGE.

(From the German of Lenau.)

'Tis sunset, and the hills are clad
With evening's varied tints;
Thy lovely form I hopeless see,
Which Fancy deftly prints.

Vesperus' rays beam bright and mild
From heaven's vault of blue;
And in the star-strewn canopy,
I see thy image too.

The grove sleeps, bathed in moonlight pale;
The whispering evening breeze
Stoops gently down to kiss thy form,
I' the brook beneath the trees.

The raging storm roars through the woods,
With lightning gleams the air,
And in the thunder-riven clouds
I see thy features fair.

I see the lightning's transient flash
Dart round thy fleeting form,
And through my breast impassioned thoughts
Sweep like the raging storm.

From yonder crag the chamois sprang,
Swift as a gust of wind;
So from my breast all joy has fled,
And long in grief I've pined.

Then to a precipice's brink
I came; I know not how;
Its yawning gulf, in darkness veiled,
No mortal saw ere now.

E'en from its shadowy depths appears
Thy lovely face, fair maid;
Lo! dost thou bid me follow thee,
In sweetest smile arrayed?

J. B. R.

THE STORY OF THE PORTER OF BAGDAD.

[The ingenious man had held forth at great length on the dis-tractingly delightful possibilities of the subject set for the prize poem this year, and was gradually subsiding as Shahzeran, our illustrious visitor, his face bronzed and lined by his many years of travel overseas, again spread his manuscript before him on the sanctum table; and while he smoothed its folds, I noted with some surprise the dull weary monotony of expression with which hopeless resignation paints itself on all countenances, even at such a moment as this. But Shahzeran set himself to read from the manuscript unflinchingly.]

I had prevailed on my good friend, the Porter of Bagdad, to come with me after the muezzin, at the time of the second call to prayer after sunset, would pour out his voice upon the air. The afterglow had dissolved into a deep blue, and the stars were coming out overhead, as we made our way to a kiosk I knew.

When our pipes were filled we dismissed the pipe-bearers who had been attending us, having first bade them place the sherbet-cups within easy reach on the kursees, small tables inlaid with pearls, tortoise-shell, and ivory, on either side; and we reclined on the deep divans, listening in silence to the wail of the rahab, the singer's viol, with its plaintive minor chords, the trill of the double-stemmed arghool, and the throbbing of the darabukkeh. Before us was a parterre bordered with date palms; drifts of snowy jasmine whitened the winding paths. Beyond was a grove of date palms and mimosas, whose boughs were filled with lanterns.

[As the ingenious man seemed to be on the point of making some remark, the reader paused. "Can you see your way clear," asked

he of the restless ingenuity, "towards mentioning again, as a personal favor, the wail of the rahab, and the throbbing of the darabukkeh, — to say nothing of date palms, muezzins, arghools, and——"

He quailed before the eye of Shahzeran, who read on, after an interval of dignified silence.]

When the music ceased there was no sound but the babble of innumerable streams, the splash of fountains beyond number, and the gurgle of rose water bubbling in the bowls of the nargilehs. And the Porter began his story, gazing dreamily on the hill where stood the seraglio, in the midst of cypress groves, with the moonlight streaming over its walls and domes and silvery minarets.

SHE,

A HISTORY OF ADVENTURE.

CHAPTER I.

Morning at the City Gates.

Early in the morning I stood at the eastern gate of the city, waiting until a merchant of those that sit at the receipt of custom in the many bazaars thereabout, should call to me to bear a load through the streets, or until one of the multitude of travellers, who are ever entering the city, should wish me to carry his burden; for so I might earn a sequin.

It chanced that employment of the latter kind was the first to fall to my lot that day. A Frank, from the lands in the far West,—an American he called himself,—came swiftly through the gates alone, seated on the top of a large, slight wheel which revolved with incredible rapidity as it bore him along. He soon alighted from his perch, and stood gazing about him; and in a short time his eye rested on me with a keen carelessness. As for me I had fallen to thinking of what manner of man he might be, and what power it was that enabled him to move with such swiftness on the tall wheel. "Perhaps," I conjectured in my own mind, "perhaps the might of his genie is all unavailing to give him the power of flashing in such a surprising manner over the streets of our glorious, imperial city."

"No, my friend, said the Frank quietly, coming towards me and smiling, "my bicycle is not in the least damaged; but I prefer to pick my way through your confounded, crooked streets on foot. Can you direct me to one of your famous ancient battered caravanserais?"

It astonished me that he should have read my thoughts so quickly as to answer them before I, myself, had well completed them in my mind. Soon, however, I was leading him to a street where the pavement was sprinkled with rose water, and a grateful coolness filled the air; there he obtained lodging. We held converse on the way thither, and my admiration of his great knowledge of the men of many countries grew momentarily greater; while at the same time I was not a little uneasy as I walked at his side, for I began to see more and more what a wondrous power his was of divining the thoughts of others.

An hour before the heat of the day became burdensome in the open places of the city, the merchants once more beheld me at my accustomed post in the eastern gate.

CHAPTER II.

Noonday in the Great Hall of the University.

It had been proclaimed to the world with the sounding of silver trumpets that Mustapha, the Sultan's eldest son, was to be crowned the prince of poets; for the seventh time his poem had been adjudged the prize. It was the pleasure of the Commander of the Faithful that the city should be filled with rejoicing.

The air was misty with the musical pealing of bells from all the minarets. The light of the sun overhead was flashed back to heaven from the lustrous domes of the mosques and palaces. All the ways of the city were thronged. The river was a scene of enchantment.

It wanted but an hour of mid-day, when the streets shook with a confused dread and tumult. There was desperate, break-neck galloping out over the bridges that span the Tigris; and in a moment the gorgeous trappings of the Janissaries and the gleam of their scimitars flashed through the city. Out on the plain one might see afar a lightly moving cloud of dust. I, the toiling Porter, went my way, jostled in the narrow streets by the trains of camels, laden too, like myself, with great packs of silks and strange woods and spices brought from India at the pleasure of the Commander of the Faithful. When the slave had taken my burden from me at the door of the house to which I had been hired to carry it, I was returning across the court before the University, and a sudden desire came upon me to enter and behold the crowning of Mustapha, prince of poets. No one in the city gives more thought to the porter than to any other serviceable beast of burden; so, with the dogged air of one who has nought in mind save the discharging of his message, I easily made my way through the guards, and ascended the steps to the grand entrance—and all was a flood of light, as the spice gardens of the Caliph, when the thousand silver lamps are lighted at once. I crept behind one of the innumerable pillars of marble.

From the conversation of two gowned doctors of the University who stood near my pillar, I learned that a Frank had come before the Sultan an hour before in the Grand Hall, and standing face to face with the Vizier, had accused him of conspiring to assassinate his sovereign. And while they were still speaking, a messenger entered the Grand Hall and announced to the Sultan that the Janissaries had bowstrung the Vizier and his party.

I now ventured to look towards the Sultan himself,—if I had a thousand tongues I could not tell you of the splendour of what I saw! Mustapha stood at his side. Troops of dancing girls, with little tinkling bells at ankle and wrist, bore the seven disks of gold, jewelled and embossed with verses from the Koran, the prizes of the seven poems. The Frank with whom I had spoken in the morning stood at the foot of the throne. A golden light was over all.

While I looked, the Sultan arose with a haughty gesture, and bade the Frank now divine Mustapha's thoughts, as he had divined the thoughts of all the others, even of the Sultan himself.

One of the doctors near my pillar said, "The dog of a Christian has incurred the displeasure of the Commander of the Faithful. It was enough to unmask the Vizier by his extraordinary power,—he had been magnificently rewarded for that. But to peer into the august depths of the Sultan's own mind!"

When I looked again, the Frank was gazing helplessly on Mustapha. He put his hand to his head, tottered a few steps from the throne, turned with an effort, and essayed to speak. He could not utter a word!

But ere the Sultan might make the swift motion that had sealed the Frank's fate, Zobeide, the favourite of the Sultan's harem, the most divinely beautiful woman in the Empire, rushed to the Frank's side, and throwing aside her veil, defied the Sultan to harm him. Her eyes flashed gloriously; and at the sight of such dazzling loveliness I could not repress an exclamation.

The two gowned doctors turned and drove me out into the court.

CHAPTER III.

Night on the River.

The day "melted into peace, like a tired lover's sigh," as sings the greatest poet, Kalidasa; and a night followed, beautiful beyond all others that I may ever know before I enter Paradise. I, too, was a poet for the time, as I rowed the Frank and Zobeide down the Tigris in their caique. Because I had known the river since I was a boy, I was to bring them a safe distance from the city; the Frank would then row his lady to his "steam-yacht" which awaited them further down the river. I knew not what it was he spoke of; but I conjecture it to have been a something which made way over the water in a manner not unlike that of the "bicycle" on land. And vain, indeed, were the thought of pursuing! They begged me to accompany them, but it might not be. I have never known the unrestful longings of some to wander over the earth; my simple life has been rounded for me in Bagdad. Even the "bicycle" which the Frank left with me has not been a tempt-

ation to me. Indeed, to say the truth, it has been far otherwise. Once, when all the city was sleeping, I mounted it in a quiet street,—in an evil moment for me, by the beard of the Prophet! For I was constrained to explain to Agib al Kar-sish, the good physician, that a band of robbers had fallen upon me in one of the narrow alleys of the city, and left me for dead. Bismillah!

At length, where platans guard the outlet, I turned the head of the caique to the steps of stone leading down into a broad canal, far from the city. I sprung on the stairway and waved them farewell; and when I had turned to go, I heard for the last time the entrancing voice of the beautiful Zobeide. "I have known Mustapha ever since he became a prize poet," she said. "And what folly in you to attempt to read his thoughts! He never,"—and her rippling laughter was as musical as the silver-chiming flow of the fountains in the Caliph's gardens,—"he never has any!"

W. J. H.

AB ILLÂ DO.

Olenda Nero Cato me
Vili anno tritu
Tollet uno mi artis ures
An dures interni seu.

Ala alas! I sancto heu
Lato ureris cum.
An anseri expectando!
Micatis mutandum.

In vani feli cincto heu,
Noglans is casto me,
In vani si an securi
Micate cantu se!

I cano longa ritu thus
Mirus te penna! sta!
Heu gestat mi versanda me!
"Heris anas!" usa.

Stilli, venari metui
Professu ara duc,
I trito cursu an dicant,
I fumat mi illuc.

L'Envoi.

Adjuto heu for hærendi
Mi versas it istuc.

DIDYMUS DOLICHOPOLITES.

UNRECORDED CONVERSATIONS OF GREAT MEN.

III.—PLATO'S FACETIOUSNESS.

Euthydemus, who had long been absent from Athens on a protracted visit to his brother, Thrasymachus, in Megara, made it his first care on returning to the city to visit the editorial rooms of his friend Plato. It was long after midnight when he made his blundering way up five flights of stairs to the den of the illustrious Athenian, whom he found engaged upon the last proof-sheets of his immortal *Phædo*.

Plato swung round in his chair, and greeted his friend warmly. He then went to the speaking-tube, and shouted down to the foreman some instructions relative to the last galley proofs; and giving over his work for a time, he entered into a long conversation with Euthydemus about the trial and death of Socrates, and his discourses in the last days. It was a subject upon which he was at all times willing to descant.

"I have been told," interposed Euthydemus at a point in the narrative, "that his wife was with him shortly before his death?"

"Yes," Plato said, "Xantippe was there. But that did not hasten materially our friend's departure from amongst us. I have little doubt," he added with a grin, "that our friend's demise was altogether due to the natural action of the hem-lock."

H.

THE VARSITY.

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Copies of THE VARSITY may be obtained every Saturday at McAlinsh & Ellis's, corner of Adelaide and Toronto Streets; at J. P. McKenna's, 80 Yonge Street; and at Alex. Brown's, cor. Yonge and Carlton Sts.

All communications should be addressed to THE EDITORS, University College, Toronto, and must be in on Wednesday of each week.

Contributions when not accepted will be returned if accompanied with a stamp for that purpose.

Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, the eminent naturalist and traveller, will deliver two lectures on March 10th and 11th in Convocation Hall, under the joint auspices of University College and the Canadian Institute. The subjects are "The Darwinian Theory: what it is and how it is demonstrated," and "The Origin and Uses of Colour in Nature." Dr. Wallace is chiefly known for his fascinating books of travel in the tropics of both hemispheres. His account of the Amazons and Rio Negro was written after a long visit to Brazil, during part of which time he was the companion of Mr. Bates, but his laurels were gained by the publication of "The Malay Archipelago," written after an exhaustive study of the fauna and flora of Borneo, Sumatra, Celebes and the smaller islands of that Archipelago. The knowledge so acquired has placed him in the first rank as an authority on the distribution of plants and animals, and several works ("Tropical Nature," "Island Life," "Geographical Distribution of Animals") have been published by him within the last few years on this topic. Both the Royal Society of London and the Geographical Society of Paris have recognized the value of his researches by awarding him their highest honors. Dr. Wallace's most important labors have, however, not been those of the mere observant traveller, but those of the philosophical biologist. During his stay in the Malay Archipelago, he gradually arrived at the same solution of the question of the origin of species which Darwin was laboring at in England, and indeed it was the appearance of Wallace's essay on this subject in 1858, embodying the doctrines of the struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest, which forced Darwin to publish his book in the following year. Wallace is thus regarded as the co-discoverer of the Darwinian theory, although, with rare modesty, he has always kept his own claims in the background. Darwin frequently acknowledges Wallace's assistance, especially on such interesting points as those of mimicry and protective resemblance among animals, fields of observation which Wallace has made peculiarly his own, and which will form part of the subject of his second lecture. With regard to the subject of the first, now that Darwin himself is dead, there is no one who can speak so authoritatively as Wallace.

A strain of satire familiar in literature and conversation, is that which is given to playing about the *nouveau riche*, utterly lacking in culture, who has the "library" in his spacious new house furnished per contract with an array of splendidly bound volumes, in tall walnut bookcases, behind whose glass doors the fine bindings dry-rot at ease. With regard to our Library,—perhaps we had better say the Library of University College,—the satire, except in the opinion of the privileged few, is perennial; and with such sarcastic utterances as he has at command, the ordinary undergraduate has had indeed to content himself in the matter. The old order in the Library,—which is an established state of disorder,—never changes, never yields place to the new. There is no reason why our correspondent in another column should say what he has said now rather than at any other time. It has been said often before,—and always it has been as vain as speaking in a dead man's ear. For nothing may mar the Librarian's "sacred, everlasting calm." Even to his assistants, taken up aloft from amongst ourselves, is it given to gain in time something of that god-like calm, "not all so fine, not so divine" as His, but still such as we know.

All our undergraduate readers have passed through the pleasing experience of being treated at the wicket with that disdain and haughty scorn which is quite as grand and imposing in the Library staff as it is in bank-clerks and the young ladies behind lunch counters, and fully as amusing. They have gazed upon that chaos bound in nine huge, clumsy volumes, the so-called catalogue; by any other name it would be as disgracefully useless. They have had to submit perforce to small, trivial forms, childish rules and petty exactions, which recall to them, as they stand meekly at the wicket, an earlier stage in their education,—and they are apt to see themselves curly-headed boys of nine, trudging along to their first school, taught by a kind, motherly old maid in spit curls.

We have been wandering from the point; but the paths of memory are pleasant, and indeed we have not the slightest suggestion to offer with regard to the management of the Library. That would be presumption on our part; advice from us would be wasted on the air. For the personages of distinction in the Library live without the distressing consciousness that we and all other undergraduates are of the same vertebrate order as are they themselves. Their souls dwell apart, like a star.

We had not written thus at length, were it not that our correspondent's letter once more turned us to the contemplation of such monumental indifference, such vast placid unconcern. It should, of right, have no place in this new world. It is antique, it is of the fragments of old worlds; of the Pharaohs who sleep somewhere in death,

"With staring eyes and gilded lips,
Wrapt round with spiced cerements in old grots,
Rockhewn and sealed forever."

It is majestically out of character with the prosaic work-a-day world we live in. It suggests date palms, the camel voyaging, columned Thebes graven with gorgeous emblems, the Oriental magnificence of slumbrous summer noons in languid, mysterious Egypt,—it is sublime.

The amount of Provincial legislation regarding educational affairs promised in the Speech from the Throne is unusually large this year. The measures to be introduced, affecting the most vital interests of higher education in this Province, will cause, we doubt not, a vast amount of discussion. The action of the Legislature and of the Government, in respect of these matters, will be watched with uncommon interest by university men. The Government is pledged to bring the long and much-debated question of Confederation into a final settlement, and it yet remains to be seen upon what scale it intends to establish the proposed new order of things. It is, perhaps, but a vain regret, and yet it is a very sincere one, that the question of University Consolidation was not settled twenty years ago. At that time, a confederation of all the colleges in Ontario could have been accomplished for one quarter of the amount now to be expended to unite two colleges only, out of the five. The present Government is not, of course, responsible for the shortsightedness of its predecessors; but this much may be said, that even the present somewhat unsatisfactory scheme might have been made more acceptable had the Government been prepared to spend the necessary amount of money. And in a young country like this, the time will come, if it is not here already, when the people of this Province will regret that, whatever the cause, University consolidation, in its original and all-embracing form, failed to bring about a consummation that would have been most highly advantageous to the higher education of the Province. Confederation, upon the present basis, is far from being satisfactory, and can only be accepted as a compromise, and as probably the only thing possible under the circumstances. The Woodstock College Bill, also, will come up for discussion, and will probably receive a quasi-official support from the Government. We have already given our reasons for opposing the measure, and see no reason for changing our opinion on the subject. Another Arts college may or may not be necessary, but a new sectarian university certainly is not required in Ontario. The Government, in supporting the scheme of University confederation, and, at the same time, granting degree-conferring powers to another collegiate corporation, will adopt a position for which even adroit politicians will have some difficulty in finding a satisfactory explanation. In view of all these circumstances it behooves the graduates and friends of the Provincial Institution to watch the proceed-

ings of the coming session of the Legislature very narrowly. That body is very apt to distribute its favors with little consideration for anything else than an increase of local popularity and an assurance of a second term. In such cases as the present, the interests of University College, and, indeed, of higher education generally, will stand small chance of being carefully considered in the scramble to pay back election pledges and to satisfy the claims of party wire-pullers.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Editors are not responsible for the opinions of correspondents.
No notice will be taken of unsigned contributions.

THE LIBRARY.

To the Editors of THE VARSITY.

SIRS,—The occasion of the *conversazione* has called to my mind very forcibly, as it has doubtless to the minds of others, the fact that we undergraduates are deprived of a very important privilege. I refer to the regulations which forbid us to enter the sacred enclosure of the Library.

If there is one place which delights the heart of the average undergraduate more than another on the night of a *conversazione*, that place is the Library. The reason for this is not far to seek. He looks to this occasion as a sort of anniversary. If he is alone, it is only his blameless courtesy which prevents him from occupying a place there to the exclusion of his guests. If he is in the company of his friends, he takes special pride in showing them the beautiful volumes which the librarian on this occasion is accustomed to draw from their dusty shelves for an annual outing. In their admiration of the external appearances, our guests will naturally picture to themselves the pleasure their entertainers enjoy, always surrounded by such delightful books. It would surprise them greatly to know that there is at least one creature of the dog species which enjoys a privilege denied to the whole undergraduate body!

For what reason we are denied the privilege of entering the Library, I am at a loss to know. I can only conjecture. It may have been that the thoughtless act of some student in the past in picking up a book from the wicket shelf and forgetting to return it, has confirmed the authorities in the present regulations. In all probability something like the above has occurred. For what other reason indeed, is it that the librarian now invariably shuts the window when he is obliged to turn his back? Or something like the following may have occurred—which affords a plausible argument in favor of closing the Library. In ages past, some wretched student, heart-broken, and almost demented by the despotic restrictions imposed upon him, after many futile attempts, has at last succeeded (through the most reprehensible stupidity of an assistant in opposition to the most explicit commands) in obtaining an interesting edition of some author much in demand. Beside himself with joy at this unexpected good fortune, he disappeared, and has not been heard of to this day.

It is likely that undergraduates will never be allowed in the Library until several books which may have thus disappeared are replaced. I would, therefore, propose that a subscription list be passed round for funds to recoup the losses suffered. By doing this, we may gain the good will of the authorities, and so induce them to treat with us.

We might be allowed in the Library by the payment of a fee. In case the loss or destruction of a book cannot be placed, the cost might be levied on the fees of all. This fee, I am sure, would be more ungrudgingly paid than the one which is now exacted.

In asking for this privilege, I think I am not unreasonable in my demand. Osgoode Hall students enjoy the right of entering their Library. The Johns Hopkins University gives her students an almost unrestricted freedom in a Library far more valuable than our own. The same can be said of other American Colleges.

No one can doubt the advantages that may be derived from having the freedom of a large Library such as our own, while every one has experienced the many inconveniences and annoyances to which we are at present subjected.

STUDENT.

THE "DR. WILSON MEDAL."

To the Editors of THE VARSITY.

SIRS,—The first paragraph of Mr. Young's communication in last week's number would lead one to suppose that he is qualifying for the position of writer of leaders for some Texas or Colorado journal. With his present vocabulary, a belt and revolvers, and testimonials from those who have read that letter, which will be willingly given, his outfit for the position will be complete.

For the benefit of readers of THE VARSITY who are not conversant with the opinion of the undergraduates in Modern Languages, with regard to the system on which the medal is to be given, I may state, that so far as I have been able to find out after considerable enquiry, Mr. Young is the only one who favors it. He has, therefore, evidently adopted the Theory of Numbers formulated by that distinguished Englishman, who holds that the minority is more frequently in the right than the majority. But he, no doubt, goes further, and will be ready to maintain that the smaller the minority the greater the probability that it is correct; and when it is reduced to one, it becomes infallible—it being necessary, of course, that that one should be Mr. Young himself.

Let us examine, then, the proofs of his infallibility.

In the first place, he says as there is an option between Italian and Spanish, it would not be fair to take either of these into consideration in awarding the medal. I grant that this could not be done in the way in which it is to be given, and this just serves to show its fallacy and the validity of my contention, which was, that it should be given on the result of a competition on all the work which is made compulsory by the curriculum, if it is to be called by its present name.

If it were given in this way, the same value could be assigned to each of these two languages, and it would not matter which of them a candidate should choose. My objection was not that a candidate was not required to write Italian or Spanish prose, but that he was not required to have a knowledge of these along with English, French, German and Ethnology in their full extent, as taught in University College.

Mr. Young bewails the tendency in some of the American Colleges to emphasize the study of philology. He highly commends a College which tries to develop essay writing alone. I take neither of these extremes. I would develop both, and the University Senate requires a knowledge of both. The influence of the medal, therefore, is as much to be bewailed as that of the American Colleges.

He says, "The work for the medal lies along the line of the curriculum if the subject of the theses were the Neanderthal skull. The difficulty is, that it only requires a knowledge of about one quarter of the work on the curriculum in these subjects, and permits, nay, encourages, entire ignorance of the other two, which are compulsory for students in Modern Languages."

He seems to have a poor opinion of those who won medals under the old system, and thinks the University examination a poor test.

Can he name one medallist in Modern Languages within the circle of his acquaintance, who, in the opinion of his fellows, was not superior to them, not only in the work specified for the examination, but in acquaintance with *belles-lettres* in general, and who won his first class honors by his "ignorance, his narrowness, and the dishonest and dishonorable means he employed"? He cannot; yet he presumes to assert that there are such.

I characterized the scheme as an injustice in my former letter. I still think that is the proper word. It is unjust, not only to the winners, but to those who lose. Two out of the three gentlemen who proposed it have admitted that the medal is not called by its right name,—that its name does not properly indicate that for which it will be won. This defrauds the losers, and allows the winner to arrogate to himself honor which he does not deserve. The medal is not given for proficiency in Modern Languages. Injustice, therefore, is a mild word.

He closes with a suggestion that the time for receiving theses be extended till September.

He admires a system which reduces the work required to so small an amount as to make it a farce; he also wants to remove competitors out of his way.

He himself lives in Toronto, and has the advantages of three large libraries. He expects time will hang heavy on his hands from May till September. He should remember that there are those among his fellows who live outside of Toronto, and have not the advantage of any library at all, and who, immediately after the examination, will be engaged in other work which will occupy their time to its full extent.

Would not one think that such a suggestion was whispered by Mephistopheles into the ears of babes and sucklings? Mr. Young suggests, in effect, that the medal be given to Mr. Young. Here is an opportunity for the philanthropy of Toronto to display itself by offering a medal to him for something in which he undoubtedly surpasses his fellows. I suggest that presumption be made the test.

Would not one swear with Mr. Dennis that this came from some "superannuated sinner," some wolf in sheep's attire, some one who would have the advantage of honor with very little of its pains, and not from my estimable friend, Mr. Young.

He should know that he has not the diplomatic skill of Satan; nor have his fellows and the members of the College Council the inexperience of Eve before her fall.

Let him rest assured that his suggestion will fall on the ears of the members of the Council like the seed of foul weeds upon an unresponsive soil.

T. LOGIE.

ROUND THE TABLE.

"Sithence then the place is so free in entertainment, allowing a stoole as well to the farmer's sonne as to your Templer, that your stinkard has the selfe same libertie to be there in his tobacco-fumes, which your sweet courtier hath But on the very rushes where the comedy is to daunce, yea and under the state of *Cambises* himselfe must our feather'd estridge, like a piece of ordnance, be planted valiantly (because impudently) beating down the mewes and hisses of the opposed rascality It shall crowne you with rich commendation to laugh aloud in the midst of the most serious and saddest scene of the terriblest tragedy : and to let that clapper (your tongue) be tost so high that all the house may ring of it ; your lords use it ; your knights are apes to the lords, and do so too ; your inne-a-court man is zany to the knight, and marry (very scurvily) comes likewise limping after it To conclude, hoord up the finest playscraps you can get, upon which your leane wit may most savourly feede, for want of other stuffe, when the *Arcadian* and *Euphuis's* gentlewomen have their tongues sharpened to set upon you : that qualitie (next to your shittle-cock) is the only furniture to a courtier that's but a new beginner, and is but in his A B C of compliment. The next places that are fil'd after the play-houses bee emptied, are (or ought to be) tavernes ; into a taverne then let us next march, where the braines of one hogshead must be beaten out to make up another."

The above is extracted from chapter vi. of Decker's *Guls Horn-book* (1609), which has for subject matter how a gallant should behave himself in a play-house. It seems to have been the fashion for the younger members of the bar to consort with players, and pick up fag ends of lines wherewith to embellish their conversation. I believe that some of these echoes from the play-house are to be found in the rhyming dedication and prose preface to "the Attorney's Academy" by Tho. Powell *Londino-Cambriensis*, London, printed for Benjamin Fisher ; and are to be sold at his shop in Paternoster Row, at the Signe of the Talbot, 1623 (the date of the first folio. Mr. Powell hints that he himself is not of the sacred mystery of the Law, though compiling a hand-book for common use. In a very ambitious dedication to 'The Right Reverend in God . . . John Lord, Bishop of Lincoln and Lord Keeper of the Great Seale in England,' we find

So I be safe and saven,
While I shall ride at anchor in the Haven :
Alas, the Fatal Sisterhood (in sport)
Will there betray thee.

The concluding couplet is,

Now may that name and honour n'ere expire,
But in a melting firmament of fire.

For us, however, the prose preface 'To the Reader' has most interest, reminding us of the English of Shakespeare.

"Unless thou be superlative and superstitious in the faith and profession of publique weale, thou shalt be too innerved to meete the privie malice of those who are only studious of private profit ; or to make up me and my good meaning to the generall advantage For my printer's faults of all kindes (Mr. Donnelly may try his cypher on the paging) I give him kindly to your mercy. Would you have me now to leave all undone, because some part cannot bee done to perfection at the first ? Will you blame me for those few imperfect quidlibets, without whose company and fellowship so many usefull quodlibets with which the ensuing tractate is forced, had never been able to hold out so tedious a journey. Surely, whatsoever you bee that shall do it, I must tell you, that the million multitude will repute you and report you for a second Alexander, not the Conqueror, but the copper smith ;"

While there may not be any reference to Shakespeare's dramatic work here, the language is so much an echo from the play-house,

as to suggest how deep an influence the stage had in moulding ordinary written English, unless we adopt the difficult alternative of believing that Armado's letter in *Love's Labour's Lost* is not extravagant.

Originally the cheers of colleges would seem to have been a repetition of the name of the college ; the advantage, of course, being with the colleges whose names were sonorous, or otherwise well adapted for vociferation by a crowd ; and, as the constant aim of cheering is to produce a greater and longer sustained volume of sound than the opposition, it can easily be imagined how new yells came to be evolved in the course of time.

The *Yale News* traces the origin of college cheers to the boating contests of twenty years ago on Lake Quinsigamond between Harvard and Yale. The "'Rah ! 'Rah ! 'Rah !" three times repeated, was then first heard ; Harvard rolling out the nine "'Rahs" with a full strong sound,—Yale giving them sharply and defiantly. The former added "Harvard," pronounced so that "ar" and a clipped "d" were all that were heard. "Yale" was added to the New Haven College "'Rahs," with a long, able-bodied howl on the "a."

In the Town and Gown affrays which formerly occurred at Yale, the rallying cry, according to the *Harvard Crimson*, was "Yale ! Yale ! Yale !" and was so well understood that it "almost immediately emptied the college buildings of students, and assembled them in a body on the campus."

Princeton's cheer, we are informed by another exchange, was developed soon after, as Princeton came into athletic relations with the other colleges. They took the three "'Rahs" for a basis, and added the skyrocket cheer, "S-s-t-boom-ah !" They sustain this as long as their opponents hold out, and then yell "Princeton !" as a caliope climax.

The secret midnight password, by the way, at Princeton is "Jimmy McCosh, b'gosh !"

Our Dartmouth friends claim with some justice that their cheer is among the most striking and original. It is "Wha-hoo-wah ! diddy, diddy, Dartmouth ! Wah-hoo-wah !" It is rather picturesque.

Columbia's *staccato* cheer has made its way into American literature, and is, perhaps, the most widely known of college cheers. It is given, "Hooray ! Hooray ! Hooray ! C-o-l-u-m-b-i-a !" The name spells itself out rhythmically. Johns Hopkins, and several other colleges have similar cheers.

Rutgers,—the home of the *Targum*,—has an original cheer "'Rah ! 'Rah ! 'Rah ! Bow-wow-wow ! Rutgers !" Williams has a resonant "'Rah ! 'Rah ! 'Rah ! Will-yams ! yams ! yams !" Pennsylvania University has a wild Philadelphia cheer without any special charm. By a clipping in the *Crimson* I see that the class-yell of '90 at Rochester is "Zoo-zoo-zi-zee ! Yi-yi-nine-ty !"

I may pass over all the other college cheers which THE VARSITY'S many exchanges have to tell of,—and not a few of them are novel and striking,—to come to a cheer, which like the rhyme of the passenjaire, can never be forgotten. The Cornell cheer was originally "Cor-Cor-Cor-nell ! I yell ! Cor-nell !" But to this an addition is made,—only in times of intense excitement, they would have us understand,—which transforms it into undoubtedly the noisiest and most gracelessly irreverent of college cheers, endowing it at the same time with undeniable robustiousness and a certain Roman vigor,—"*Cor-Cor-Cor-nell ! I yell,—like H—!! Cor-nell !!!*"

I have no doubt that in the opinion of the ladies at Cornell this questionable annex to the college cheer has not enhanced its attractiveness.

HH.

UNIVERSITY AND COLLEGE NEWS.

All reports from Societies must reach us by noon on Thursday to insure insertion.

The Nat. Science Conversat. Sub. Committee : H. R. Wood, B.A., C. P. Clark, B.A., R. A. McArthur, W. L. Miller, J. R. Hamilton, F. G. Wait, J. A. Giffin, R. H. Black, E. L. Hill, G. Wilkie, J. A. C. Grant, J. Munroe, B. Kilbourn.

Some of our grads. and undergrads. were busily engaged in the fray, "stumping the country" for the respective parties in politics. Many of the students "went home to vote" on Tuesday. They exercised the privileges of the franchise, but not because they are students.

Justin McCarthy lectured in Madison University on the 11th inst., on "The National Cause of Ireland." He dilated on the wrong done to Ireland by not giving her "Home Rule." "Position, history, education and tradition all say that home rule is Ireland's right." He pointed out, too, that the giving of home rule to Ireland at the present time would not be a mere experiment tried for the first time. "She had it up to this century, and prospered under it." The burden of Mr. McCarthy's address was: How Ireland Lost Home Rule. It is impossible to give a *resumé* of his remarks, nor would it be desirable. The fact that it is not our privilege to hear some of our own statesmen at home on the burning questions of the day, somewhat detracts from our interest in their lectures delivered abroad.

In continuance of the plan adopted last week the following list of songs is published in the hope that some assistance may be lent to the committee compiling the College Song Book. Some of the songs mentioned will no doubt be difficult of acquisition, owing to copyright law, others again may be inaccessible. The aim however, is to give a list of songs eminently suitable for a College Song-book, both as such and in order to make it generally popular.—*Tom Bowling*; *Pork, Beans and Hard tack* (No. 149); *They All Love Jack*; *Canadian Boat Song*; *A Jolly Good Laugh*; *Good-Night Ladies*; *Sailing*; *The British Lion*; *Tarpsaulin Jacket*; *The Old Sexton*; *The Skipper*; *Nancy Lee*; *Kerry Dance*; *Aula Lang Syne*; *The Tar's Farewell*; *Home Sweet Home*; *The Three Sailor Boys*; *Larboard Watch*; *John Brown's Body*.

Last week the fourth-year men appointed a committee to make arrangements for having the photo' of the graduating class taken. This is usually about the only means taken by our students of obtaining a permanent memento of any value of their college life and associates. No class canes, gold or silver topped, are indulged in; no distinguishing badges are worn, except the college colours common to all the years—and many do not wear even the white and blue. Every student, then, in the graduating year should take the time and go to the expense of sitting for the class photo', if not for his own satisfaction, at least for the sake of those who take a pride in the possession of such things. It is impossible for a man to know well each of his fellow-students graduating in the six or seven different courses. Some are known to some others, perhaps, only by name, or only by sight; and unless some means is provided for associating name and face, many in whom an interest ought to be felt are forgotten to our memory, and a peculiar loss is sustained. One duty of the committee appointed would, no doubt, be to canvass doubtful classmates and any who may be opposed to the idea. It is the duty of each man of the year to assist the committee in this work.—The step taken presages the near approach of spring examinations.

The Knox College Students' Missionary Society held its sixth public meeting in Convocation Hall on the evening of the 18th. The programme was opened by a paper on the "Eskimos in Labrador," by C. A. Webster, B.A. He described the people and their country with great vividness, and told of the sufferings and self-denial of the missionaries in a way that took hold on the large and representative audience present. Mr. J. Goforth, who is to be the representative of the students and alumni of Knox in the foreign field, then gave an address on the treatment which the Church had given to the trust imposed upon her by our Lord in one of His last conversations with His disciples. The address was well delivered, but was especially interesting on account of the useful subject-matter which was in it, and which showed very clearly what a great work there is to do, and how little has been done. Mr. A. J. McLeod, B.A., read a very instructive paper on the "Great Dark Continent," and proved how much poor uncivilized Africa needs earnest, educated ministers to preach "glad tidings of good things." Rev. G. M. Milligan said a few words on the "Apologetic value of Missions," confining his remarks to the great need there is that ministers who go to the foreign field should be thoroughly educated. Mayor Howland was in the chair, and, as usual, made everybody feel at home. He made a few very

appropriate remarks on the need there is for perseverance in this great and good work.

HISTORICAL AND POLITICAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.—The usual meeting of this Society was held on Wednesday afternoon, in McMillan's Hall, the President, Mr. Houston, in the chair. After the transaction of routine business, Mr. Houston gave a short but interesting account of the Eastern Question. After pointing out the defects in the present system of teaching history, he presented the main subject under six different aspects. He treated it first as a question of physical geography, referring principally to Russia's desire for possession of the Dardanelles; secondly, it was a question of Ethnology and Religion, the Slavonian races naturally being drawn to one another, and Russia claiming to be their protector as she claimed to be also of the Greek Church; he referred also to the different nations now independent that occupy the Turkish peninsula. It was, thirdly, a question of international law and treaties, in which connection were described the treaties of Berlin and Paris. Fourthly it was a question of finance, the relations of the stock exchange and invested interests. A fifth question was one of standing armies and their bad economic effects. And lastly, it was a question of special political principles, such as the "Balance of Power," "Race Connections," "Pan-Slavism." The speaker, in conclusion, foretold the complete evacuation of Europe by the Turks, they being an alien race and intruders. In this event, it was likely the different States at present in existence there, would likely federate for mutual protection and assertion of their rights against Slavonian invasion. The sketch was listened to with great interest throughout, and threw no little light on this hitherto darkened problem.

THE UNIVERSITY COLLEGE CLUB.—A movement that is now gathering strength, looks to the establishment of an University College Club. As yet, this movement is purely tentative, but the interest excited encourages the promoters to call a general public meeting. On February 8th, a private circular was sent out, signed by S. H. Blake, R. E. Kingsford, T. C. Robinette, W. H. Irving, W. H. Blake, W. H. Hunter, F. B. Hodgins, and J. H. Moss. The circular drew attention to the necessity of a closer social and political union among graduates and under-graduates of our University. It was felt that such a union would be a great source of strength to the Provincial University, and a useful bond between University men who seldom have a chance to become acquainted. In response to this circular, about 50 graduates and under-graduates assembled in a parlor at the Rossin House. Mr. Chas. Moss, Q.C., was asked to take the chair; and after some speeches, it was resolved that it was desirable to take steps to form a Club as outlined in the circular. A strong committee was appointed, including the delegates from the County Associations, to draw up a plan of organization to submit at a future meeting. This committee met and struck sub-committees to enquire after available places and the question of expense, and so draw up a skeleton of the constitution. The information thus acquired, with the plan of organization, will then be submitted to a general meeting called by public notice, when the first officers will be elected. It was thought proper to make such preliminary enquiries, so as to put the general meeting in possession of information sufficient to arrive at a decision, and not spend the time in idle and unnecessary discussion.

A recent issue of the *Toronto World* has the following remarks on University Federation introductory to an article on the proposed step on the part of the Baptist College:—

"The grand idea of University Federation—that is to say, the grouping around the national college of arts and sciences the schools of theology and medicine, established by religious denominations and medical associations—has made great progress of late. The first of the churches to give its adhesion was the Presbyterian. It was followed by the Baptists, a section of the Church of England and the Roman Catholics, and now the great Wesleyan body is about to join the national university. A basis of agreement has been arrived at between the Government of Ontario and the Committee of the Wesleyan Conference having the matter in charge; funds are being collected and legislation during the present session of the Legislature will give the people's sanction to the arrangement.

"The Catholic Church has a college at Ottawa, there is another at Kingston more or less Presbyterian in its character; Trinity in Toronto maintains its independent standpoint, and London boasts the Western University under Episcopalian auspices. It may reasonably be believed that some of these institutions will either cease to exist or connect themselves with the Provincial University, but as they now are they detract but little from the strength of that institution. The more largely endowed and attended school presents irresistible attractions to the ablest of our youth. It is there that they find the most varied and thorough instruction, the most fervid conflict of mind with mind, the widest outlet for energy and ambition. The noble buildings, the beautiful grounds, the large city with its many intellectual forces, are educators of no ordinary kind, and weigh heavily in the scale against their rivals.

THE CONVERSAZIONE.

Last evening the annual *conversazione* of the Literary and Scientific Society was held in the buildings of University College. Notwithstanding the fact that Lent had already begun, the corridors and Convocation Hall were filled with as large an assemblage as has ever been gathered together under the same auspices. All *conversazioni* are more or less alike, and it is needless to describe this year's event at any great length. Suffice it to say that the same order of things prevailed, the same style of decorations were used, the same kind of experiments were performed by the science students, the usual special displays were made, the same crush in the hall occurred, and the same charming *ensemble* of academic seriousness and society splendour rendered the whole scene as brilliant and pleasant as in former years.

The musical portion of the entertainment was under the direction of Mr. W. Elliott Haslam, the conductor of the Glee Club. The following programme was rendered :—

PART I.

1. Glee—"The Winds Whistle Cold (Gay^{er} Mannering)..*Sir H. Bishop*
GLEE CLUB.
2. Flute Solo—"Rimembranza Napolitana".....*Paggi*
MR. J. CHURCHILL ARLIDGE.
3. Reading—"Spartacus to the Gladiators".....*Kellogg*
MISS AGNES KNOX.
4. Romanza—"Spirto Gentil" (La Favorita).....*Donizetti*
MR. GUSTAVE THALBERG.
5. Part Song—"Four Jolly Smiths".....*Henry Leslie*
GLEE CLUB.
6. Violin Solo—"Fantaisie Caprice".....*Vieuxtemps*
MRS. ADAMSON.
7. Quartette — { (a) "Forsaken".....*Koschat*
 (b) "Softly, Softly".....*Chevalier de Seyfried*
MESSRS. MERCER, C. W. GORDON, HAMILTON AND G. GORDON.
8. Song—"The Message".....*Blumenthal*
MISS ANNA HOWDEN.
9. College Chorus—"The Freshman's Fate".....
GLEE CLUB.;

PART II.

1. College Chorus—"Funiculi Funicula".....*Denza*
GLEE CLUB
2. Melodie—"Verrei Morir".....*Tosti*
MR. GUSTAVE THALBERG.
3. Flute Solo—"Du du liegst" (by desire).....*Boehm*
MR. J. CHURCHILL ARLIDGE.
4. Reading—"Lasca".....*Desprez*
MISS AGNES KNOX.
5. Bolero—"Leggero Invisible".....*Arditi*
MISS ANNA HOWDEN.
6. Violin Solo—"Legende".....*Wieniawski*
MRS. ADAMSON.
7. Song—"Swedish Air".....
MR. GUSTAVE THALBERG
8. Ballad—"Margarita's Three Bouquets".....*Braga*
MISS ANNA HOWDEN.

Mr. Gustave Thalberg, a Swede lately arrived in this country, is a new tenor of much promise and made his first appearance in public last night. Mr. Thalberg possesses a very sweet voice, of good compass, and sings with expression and taste. We understand that he will remain in Toronto, and in that case he will prove quite an acquisition, as our stock of tenors is very limited. Miss Howden is already a great favorite in Toronto, and sang her numbers in a charming manner. Mrs. Adamson sustained her well-earned reputation as a skilful violinist, and played her selections most artistically. Mr. Arlidge is *facile princeps* among flautists who have played in Toronto; he furnished an *obligato* to Miss Howden's rendering of Braga's "Marguerite" with his usual taste and discrimination. Miss Knox, who is comparatively a stranger to Toronto, showed herself to be possessed of considerable dramatic ability, and was very successful in pleasing her audience. The Glee Club showed up in good form, and though small in numbers, showed careful preparation and filled its part of the programme most acceptably. Messrs. Mercer, Hamilton and the Gordons sang two quartettes in a finished manner. Mr. Haslam conducted in an able manner. Taking everything into consideration, the Musical Committee may congratulate itself upon the result of the evening, so far as the music was considered. The only unfortunate thing which happened during the evening, occurred in the east dressing room, where the scenes of the *conversazione* of '85 were re-enacted with more than usual vigour. This was no doubt the result of the very large attendance—the largest for years—and the Committee cannot be held responsible for the failure of the arrangements. THE VARSITY will be happy to insert advertisements for lost dry goods free of charge during the next week.

The band of the Royal Grenadiers, under Mr. Toulmin, played during the evening in the entrance hall; and in the Museum, Seager's orchestra made that old curiosity shop assume an unaccustomed levity under the dreamy spell of Waldteufel and Suppé.

THE ENGINEERING SOCIETY.—The regular meeting of the Engineering Society was held yesterday afternoon in the School of Science, Professor Galbraith presiding. An exhaustive paper, written by J. L. Morris, C. E., on "Act pertaining to Land Surveyors and the Survey of Lands," was read. Mr. Morris has evidently had a wide experience, and points out and elucidates many apparent contradictions in the act. The steadily increasing library of this Society received another valuable addition, the gift of Colonel Gzowski. This, the second addition from the same source, consists of a large number of works containing the latest and most reliable information concerning recent engineering experiments.

Y. M. C. A.—At the regular Thursday afternoon meeting the students had the pleasure of listening to an excellent address given by Pastor Denovan. The address was an answer to the question, How can I make the most of my life? The speaker sketched in his most attractive style the progress of society throughout the Christian era, showing that the increase of population has actually outrun the result of Christian effort. The strength of young men was referred to in a manner eminently calculated to stimulate the vigor of all present. Mr. D. R. Keys presided at the meeting and on behalf of the Association thanked the speaker for his able address. The hearty applause which followed Mr. Keys' remarks showed how well the address was received.

A number of mass meetings of a missionary character will be held in the Y. M. C. A. building between Saturday (Feb. 26) and Tuesday. They will be conducted by Mr. Forman, a graduate of Princeton, who, previous to leaving for China, is making a visit to the leading American colleges, for the purpose of advocating the cause of missions. He has met with very great success in every college he has visited. The meetings arranged so far are Saturday at 3 p.m., Sunday at 8.30 p.m., Monday at 8 p.m. All the students in any way connected with the University are cordially invited. In addition to these an informal conference with Mr. Forman will be held on Monday from 10 a.m. to 12. Any changes that may be necessary will be announced on the Bulletin Board.

Women are now admitted as students in the Imperial University at Tokio, Japan.

It is stated that the editors of the new Harvard song book are to be prosecuted at law for publishing copyrighted songs.

Leyden University, in Holland, is the richest in the world. Its real estate alone is said to be worth four million dollars.—*Ex.*

ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE VARSITY is conducted by undergraduates of the University of Toronto, and will appear every Saturday of the academic year. It aims at being the exponent of the views of the University public and will always seek the highest interests of our University. The Literary Department will, as heretofore, be a main feature. The news columns are full and accurate, containing reports of all meetings of interest to its readers.

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- In a Drawing-Room—The Difference. BOHEMIEN.
- "We." TRISTRAM. Thy Image. J. B. R.
- The Story of the Porter of Bagdad. W. J. H.
- Ab Illa Do. DIDYMUS DOLICHOPOLITES.
- Unrecorded Conversations of Great Men. H.
- Topics of the Hour.
- Communications.
- The Library. STUDENT.
- The "Dr. Wilson Medal." T. LOGIE.
- Round the Table.
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The doctor came, looked into the case, gave his opinion, and, descending from the sick-room to the kitchen, was there accosted by the old woman with "Well, doctor, what is your charge?"

"My fee is a guinea."

"A guinea, doctor! a guinea! And if you come again will it be another guinea?"

"Yes."

"A guinea, doctor! Hech!"

The old woman rose and went upstairs to her husband's bedroom, and the doctor, who waited below, heard her say—

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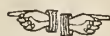
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A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.

Vol. VII.

University of Toronto, Mar. 5, 1887.

No. 16.

MIDWINTER NIGHT'S DREAM.

The snows outside are white and white ;
The gusty flue shouts through the night ;
And by the lonely chimney light,
I sit and dream of summer.

The orchard bough creaks in the blast,
That like a ghost goes shrieking past,
And coals are dying fast and fast,
But still I dream of summer.

'Tis not the voice of falling rain,
Or soft wind blown through tattered pane,
When earth will laugh in green again,
That makes me dream of summer.

But hopes will then have backward flown,
Like fleets of promise long out-blown ;
And Love once more will greet his own.
This is my dream of summer.

WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL.

WALLACE AND DARWINISM.

Early in this century the doctrine was first definitely enunciated by Lamarck that the various forms of plants and animals now living on the earth are the modified descendants of an extinct flora and fauna, the remains of which are only fragmentarily preserved to us in fossiliferous strata. This is the doctrine of Evolution or Transformism. Lamarck endeavored to explain the origin of such new and modified species by suggesting that organs become altered in form according as they are used more or less frequently, in other words, that changed habits involve alteration in structure. This is the theory of Lamarckism ; it involves, as is obvious, the transmissibility to descendants of characteristics acquired during the life of the individual parent. Neither Lamarck's statement of the doctrine of Evolution, nor his explanation thereof, attracted much attention till fifty years later, when Darwin's "Origin of Species" made the notion of Evolution familiar to the whole world, and substituted for the Lamarckian explanation that which now bears his own name—Darwinism.

The completeness of Darwin's argument is one of the most characteristic features of his book ; he seems to have concluded not to publish it till he had rendered it unassailable. How long his desire to consider every aspect of the question might have prevented him from making his conclusions public, it is hard to say, but the appearance of two essays by A. R. Wallace, containing an independent statement of the same theory, at last furnished the necessary stimulus to publication.

The first of the essays referred to summarises the geographical and geological arguments for evolution ; but the second and more important of the two, contains not merely a fore-shadow only of the theory of natural selection, but a definite statement of the law that a given tract of the earth's surface can only support a certain number of plants and animals ; that there ensues a struggle for existence between the numerous offspring of the parent forms ; that only those persist which are better adapted to all the conditions of life, and that their survival is due to variation often inconspicuous but always favorable.

This is the Darwinism—the theory of the selection by nature of the fittest ; it involves an inherent tendency on the part of plants and animals to vary from the parent form in ways both more and less adapted to the surrounding conditions, but the theory takes such variation simply as a matter of observation, and does not necessarily involve a discussion of the cause thereof.

Darwin himself, in the later editions of his book, gives due consideration to other processes, such as sexual selection and geographical isolation, which, besides natural selection, have had their part in giving origin to new species. Of other naturalists who have devoted their attention to the subject, some have attributed greater importance to one factor, some to another. Wagner *e. g.* has supposed geographical isolation to be the most important factor, while Haeckel and Nægeli associate with Darwinism a modified Lamarckism, and the latter authority also assumes an inherent tendency to higher organization accompanying the tendency to variation.

Weisman, on the other hand, denies the transmissibility of acquired peculiarities which is necessary to Lamarckism, and accepts natural selection as omnipotent. But there are objections to the omnipotency of natural selection as ordinarily conceived. One of the most recent, as well as vigorous of these, is Mr. Romanes, who argues from the observed sterility of species when crossed, from the inutility of many specific characters, and from the swamping effects of intercrossing on variation, that some other factor has been at work. This he conceives to be a variation affecting the reproductive apparatus such as to render some varieties of a species infertile with other (perhaps outwardly not conspicuously different) varieties, and thus to isolate them physiologically as effectually as if they were geographically isolated.

Wallace, however, does not consider Romanes' hypothesis necessary to account for the origin of new species, and an argument between these two biologists is in progress, which promises to clear the way for further research on this subject.

Should Romanes' hypothesis stand the test of such research, it is nevertheless true that the special kind of variation referred to would still only be considered subsidiary to natural selection in originating new species. This is also true with regard to structural peculiarities which anatomists regard as not capable of explanation by natural selection as ordinarily considered. The bones, for instance, in their architecture answer all the requirements of mechanics, in attaining the greatest possible strength with the least material.

Such functional adaptations could not have been arrived at through natural selection, unless we argue with Roux that the capacity of tissues to adapt themselves to their functions has, itself, been acquired as a general characteristic of organisms in the course of their competition with other organisms not similarly gifted.

In the lectures to be given in the Convocation Hall, on the evenings of next Thursday and Friday, Dr. Wallace will hardly have time to discuss all those aspects of the question as to which the students of the sciences would like to hear his opinion. But he is certain to present such a view of the theory with which his name is so closely connected, as will enable every thoughtful student to understand thoroughly its present position.

Apart from the distinction which Wallace's essays in philosophical biology have procured him, he is said to be celebrated for his public speaking. This ought to be an additional inducement to students in all departments not to lose an opportunity of hearing a man whose name will always be associated with Darwin's, as the co-discoverer of an epoch-making theory.

R. R. W.

AN ALGONQUIN MAIDEN: A CRITIQUE.*

The reception by the press and public of "An Algonquin Maiden," must be highly gratifying to the authors. It may not yet be too late, after the first flush of triumph has given place to calm enjoyment, to attempt a critical estimate and determine its place in Canadian fiction.

The writer of historical romance must be granted considerable license in disposing his background, as best subserves the development of his plot, and the lights and shades of his principal characters. Hence, we do not look for more than substantial accuracy in character and surrounding. In the work now under review, while the historical setting is admirably chosen and well fitted to carry even a more ambitious plot, we do not find that attention to truth in detail, which we have a right to expect from Mr. Adam, especially as such fidelity would neither hamper the treatment nor weaken the central figures in his story. In one paragraph the French settlement at Oak Ridges is described as a Huguenot colony of loyalist *Emigres*. The writer confuses two distinct offshoots from old France. The Huguenots and *Emigres* are as widely different as can be imagined. Further, the founder of the settlement at Oak Ridges was a Count de Puisaye, not a de Berczy. It is true that a Pole by the name of Berczy did come to Upper Canada as a colonist, but he had nothing in common with the refugees.

Allan Dunlop, who is in love with Rose, the fair daughter of Commodore Macleod, is the rather common character in the novelist's portfolio—a noble young fellow, handsome, able, and sprung from a poor stock, who fights his way into the esteem of his social superiors. Allan, naturally, is a Reformer; Commodore Macleod, as naturally, is a Tory. Therefore, the troublous time before '37 is sketched in to provide the proper medium. The authors evidently thought that it is better to let sleeping dogs lie, for their references are uniformly conciliatory. The whole effect produced is a life-like description of how a provincial capital is divided by bitter political feeling.

The love of Sir Peregrine Maitland and Lady Sarah Lennox is a charming interlude, and though connected with the main course of the narrative but slightly, yet we would not wish it away.

Thus far the critic's task has been a comparatively easy one. But in approaching Wanda, we acknowledge some hesitation in delivering a dictum. The chapter "Indian Annals and Legends" caused some misgiving lest the ideal Indians of ordinary romance were introduced to moralize on race difference in fantastic dialect. But, on further reading, the chapter seemed even more objectionable, for, though the work of a poet and considered by itself of almost idyllic beauty, it must be held to weaken the conception of Wanda. Amid the easy play of dialogue and repartee that imparts a pleasant grace to the story, the deep tone of tragedy breaks in and hastens to its fateful ending. Wanda has the misfortune to inspire Edward with deep love by her imperious beauty, compelling in its wildness. Fascinated in her turn, she has a brief season of measureless content with her lover of a higher race. The sense of possession is enough satisfaction for the time, but soon Edward finds that a child of nature lacks the countless graces and delicacies imprinted by ages of culture. In his utmost hour of need the want of closer sympathy is felt, and all that is left for Wanda is to lose her grief with her life in the bosom of the tempest-vexed lake. The passing of Wanda is the highest note reached.

With this sketch of the workings of fate in our minds, it seems out of keeping to represent Wanda holding high discourse with an aged savage to this effect:—

"'But surely they are not wholly bad,' pleaded the girl, her kind heart refusing to accept the belief that even the lowest of humanity could be utterly worthless."

If Wanda was capable of such ethical and ethnological conceptions, then was she a fit companion for the most civilized European, and the after development of the story loses its force.

There are evident marks of haste in the dialogue, and occasionally a straining after point and effect. An example of this is to be found in chapter xvii. Here is the sequence of events.

Edward's patience had been tried by Wanda; to compose himself he takes a nap in the woods. By a remarkable coincidence, Helene also feels the necessity of a nap, and takes it quite close to Edward without being aware of his presence. Edward awakes, sees her, stares at her, she oddly enough wakes too. He made some inane remark upon the beauty of the day. She, with much deliberation, says, yes. "Certainly she had the most irritating way in the world of pronouncing the words which usually sound sweetest from a woman's lips." All that is gained here is the slight touch that Helene could say ordinary things in an unpleasant way, and surely was not worth the ingenuity in bringing the parties together in so unconventional a manner.

There are other features worthy of note, and a few that demand the censure of the strict critic, but as the early promise of a rich fruitage in Canadian fiction, "An Algonquin Maiden" is fully worthy of all the kind things that have been said of it.

W. H. H.

TANTALUS.

I've loved her long, I've loved her well,
I've loved her more than tongue can tell;
My heart's wild beat I cannot quell—

I marry her to-morrow!

But, place of rapture, deep, profound,
"Thick darkness" doth my soul surround.

My voice gives forth a hollow sound;

I'm struck with direst sorrow.

And why this change? Doth this great joy,
Which once were bliss without alloy,
From mere *excess* of pleasure cloy?

The reason shortly tell. Oh,

This is the cause,—since you demand
Why thus my tearful eyes expand—

I'm but the village preacher, and

She weds another fellow!

J. D. S.

UNIVERSITY REPRESENTATION IN PARLIAMENT.

Some six years ago I called the attention of my fellow-graduates to the question of agitating for a Parliamentary representative for the University, but my effort was met with a timid remonstrance, that to give "representation in the Legislature would involve the University in political wrangles,"—and that "from any closer connection with politics it would be sure to suffer."

Parliamentary representation of the Universities in the Old Country has long been recognized as a political right. Prior to 1603, this right was only of fitful enjoyment. Edward I. by whose exercise of the Royal Prerogative the people became entitled to a share in the powers and functions of Government, and whose Parliamentary writs of election were the first authentic documents which prescribed a general system of representation of the people in Parliament, issued in the 28th year of his reign, (A.D. 1300), writs of election to the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, requiring them to elect and send to the Great Council of the Kingdom (*Commune Concilium*), as Parliament was then called—the former four or five, and the latter two or three of their '*most discreet and learned lawyers*,' (*de discretioribus et in jure scripto magis expertis*), (1) with full power to appear and consent to what should be ordained; or, as the Parliamentary writs usually ran, "to meet the King to speak with him;" or, that the King desired to have "*colloquium*," or "conference and treaty" with men learned in the law (*jurisperitis*) and others. No further writs appear to have been issued to the Universities until James I. granted to each of them in 1603 the permanent privilege of sending two of their own body "to serve for those students who, though useful members of the community, were neither concerned in the landed, nor the trading interest, and to protect in the Legislature the rights of the republic of letters." (2)

*An Algonquin Maiden, a Romance of the early days of Upper Canada. By G. Mercer Adam, and A. Ethelwyn Wetherald. Montreal: John Lovell & Son; Toronto: Williamson & Co.

(1) Prynne's Parliamentary Writs, Vol. I, p. 345; Luders on Parliaments, 266.

(2) Blackstone's Commentaries, Vol. I, p. 194.

The recital in the Grant or Letters Patent of James I. is as follows: "As in the Colleges of our University there are many statutes and constitutions; and as in past times, and especially of late, many Statutes and Acts of Parliament have been made concerning them, it therefore appears to us worth while and necessary that the said University should have Burgesses of its own in Parliament, who from time to time may make known to the Supreme Court of Parliament the true state of the University, so that no Statute or Act may offer any prejudice or injury to them, or any of them severally, without just and due notice."

Who will say that the language of that Grant may not be cited as equally applicable to the case of the University of Toronto at the present time?

In 1613 Trinity College, Dublin, obtained the privilege of sending two members to the Irish House of Commons; but by the Articles of Union which merged the Irish Legislature in the Imperial Parliament in 1800, the representation was limited to one member. By the Irish Reform Act of 1832 the representation was restored to the original number of two members, which it has since retained. The constituency is called "the borough of the University of Dublin."

The Imperial Parliament in 1867-8 recognized the political right of the other Universities to be represented in Parliament. By 31 and 32 Vic., c. 102, s. 24, it was provided that "in all future Parliaments the University of London shall return one member to serve in Parliament"; and the right to vote at the election of such member was conferred upon all graduates who were members of the Convocation of the University.

By c. 48 of the following session, Parliamentary representation was extended to the Universities of Scotland: the Universities of Edinburgh and St. Andrew's jointly returning one member; and the Universities of Glasgow and Aberdeen jointly, one member. The same Act gave the Parliamentary franchise to all members of the "General Council" of each University.

The mode of voting prescribed for Parliamentary Elections is by means of voting papers and not by ballot: 24 and 25 Vic., c. 53, and 31 and 32 Vic., c. 45.

As pointed out in my previous article, Upper Canada in 1820 gave legislative recognition to university representation in Parliament; and the Act recognizing that right remained on the Statute Book until the consolidation of the statutes in 1859. The Act provided for a general representation of the people of Upper Canada; and was the first Provincial enactment which established "Representation by Population." The clause relating to the University was as follows:

"Whenever a University shall be organized and in operation as a Seminary of learning in this Province, and in conformity to the rules and statutes of similar institutions in Great Britain, it shall and may be lawful for the Governor to declare by Proclamation the tract of land appendant to such University, and whereupon the same is situated, to be a town or township, by such name as to him shall seem best; and that such town or township shall be represented by One Member: provided, always, nevertheless, that no person shall be permitted to vote at any such election for a member to represent the said University in Parliament, who, beside the qualification now by law required, shall not also be entitled to vote in the Convocation of the said University."

The Legislature of Upper Canada had apparently a larger faith in the Convocation of the University in 1820 than the Legislature of Ontario can have in 1887, because of the apathy exhibited by the majority of its members; so I give this paper more as a contribution to our University history, than as an argument in favor of University representation in Parliament.

THOMAS HODGINS.

THE ARISTOCRACY OF CHEMISTRY, OR THE FALL OF AN OLD LINE.

The line which fell was the old line of distinction between organic and inorganic chemistry; the date of its fall was 1828, when Wohler obtained Carbamide from Cyanate of Ammonium.

To appreciate the full bearing of Wohler's discovery, and to thoroughly understand its effect on Chemistry, it is necessary to first define the old distinction. Inorganic chemistry is that

portion of chemistry which treats of the elements and their compounds as found in that portion of nature unendowed with life; whereas Organic chemistry, as the name implies, deals with those compounds of the elements which are the result of the intervention of life processes. Now carbamide is the compound which results as the final oxidation of the albumenoid constituents of our food, and being a very soluble salt, is the method employed for their elimination when they have served their purpose as food and nutriment. It can therefore lay good claims to be considered an Organic compound; and if we can produce this in the laboratory, from the elements, and without the intervention of any life process whatsoever, excepting the skill and knowledge of the chemist, we break down that distinction which says that an organic compound can only be produced by the intervention of life processes; because we have produced inorganically an organic compound.

I will now try to explain how this carbamide may be made from the elements. Of course the processes given here are not exactly commercial ones, yet they have all been carried out and may be seen in the course of the year by any one attending the lectures on chemistry, though not connectedly and for the purpose which we will now consider them. But since they can all be carried out and are carried out every year separately, it will be readily recognized that it is quite possible to carry them out in succession, as will be required in our method.

In the first place, we can obtain water by passing an electric discharge through a mixture of Oxygen and Hydrogen in the proper proportions; by acting on this water with the element Potassium we get Potassium Hydrate.

If we burn carbon in air or Oxygen, we get as a result Carbon Dioxide, which if passed into the solution of Potassium Hydrate above mentioned combines with the Potassium to give Potassium Carbonate. If we mix the Potassium Carbonate thus obtained with Carbon or charcoal, and heat it,—at the same time passing Nitrogen over it,—we get Potassium Cyanide. By oxidizing this we obtain Potassium Cyanate.

By passing an electric discharge through a mixture of Nitrogen and Hydrogen in the proper proportions Ammonia is formed. On burning Sulphur in Oxygen, or air, we get Sulphur Dioxide; this on further oxidation gives Sulphur Trioxide. By passing Trioxide into water we obtain Sulphuric Acid; on passing the Ammonia (obtained above) into this, Ammonium Sulphate is formed.

By acting on the Potassium Cyanate obtained in the first process with the Ammonium Sulphate of the second process, an interchange of acids and bases takes place, the Potassium with the Sulphuric Acid forming Potassium Sulphate, and the Ammonia with the Cyanic Acid forming Ammonium Cyanate. This Ammonium Cyanate, on being dissolved in water, and the water then being allowed to evaporate, has had its molecules rearranged in such a way as to form Carbamide. This Carbamide is one of the substances which, previous to 1828, it was considered impossible to make in the laboratory. The possibility of making one organic compound in the laboratory immediately opened the way, or rather gave encouragement to investigators to endeavor to make more. Such has been the reward of the labor spent in this direction that now there are but few organic compounds which have not been made synthetically; this being the term applied to the process by which we make more complex compounds from simpler ones. Thus we have made Carbamide, by synthesis, from the elements.

W. B. N.

TO MY FRIENDS.

Dear friend of college days,
And must we so soon part?
Ah, no—for now and always
You are safely in my heart!

And there you will remain
Forever and forever,
'Mid the sunshine and the rain
Of life's uncertain weather.

ÉTUDIANT.

THE VARSITY.

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All communications should be addressed to THE EDITORS, University College, Toronto, and must be in on Wednesday of each week.

Contributions when not accepted will be returned if accompanied with a stamp for that purpose.

The last report of the President of Harvard University is, as usual, a veritable mine of information for the educationist. President Eliot's reports are always interesting reading, and have a value which is not merely for the time being, but which, by reason of the broad views enunciated therein, and the practical nature of the reforms suggested, supply most valuable memoranda on the state, progress, and future of education generally. The report before us cordially approves of the recent action of the University authorities in doing away with the compulsory clause requiring attendance at daily prayers; and of the substitution therefor of a series of Chapel services, conducted, at an annual cost of over \$9,000 a year, by a number of prominent clergymen, chosen from different denominations. These hold a position somewhat analogous, we take it, to the Select Preachers of Oxford and Cambridge. The success of the new movement, the President remarks, has astonished even those who advocated it most warmly. The only difficulty apprehended will be in finding and engaging men of eminence and personal power to take part in the work. The list of Preachers for 1886-87 includes such names as Edward Everett Hale, and Phillips Brooks, and if these can be taken, and they may fairly, as a sample of the Harvard University Select Preachers, there is no good reason why the Chapel services should not only be popular, but also productive of great good. Under such auspices it was quite safe to do away with compulsory attendance at daily prayers.

The report tells us that after a full and exhaustive discussion, lasting over three years, the University has adopted a standard for admission to Harvard which had been recommended almost unanimously by the College Faculty in 1885. The results of the measure adopted are summarized in three ways: (1) From the point of view of the candidate; (2) From the point of view of secondary schools; and (3) From the point of view of preparatory schools. With regard to the first—or the candidate's point of view, there is little change, practically speaking, in the method of entering the College, in so far as the selection of studies is concerned. A candidate who has mastered the elements of Latin and Greek so as to be able to translate simple prose at sight, is given a wide range of choice for the more advanced studies which he may take at his final matriculation. He may, as the measure provides, devote himself thereafter chiefly to the Classics, or to French and German, or to Mathematics, or he can make combinations of these four principal subjects in various proportions; or he can, if he so elect, substitute Mathematics, or Mathematics and Physics, for all the Greek.

From the point of view of secondary schools, those which retain the elements of Greek in their school programme, have a much greater chance under the new regulations, of developing other branches, in the direction of Languages, Science, and Mathematics; because advanced study in any one of these directions will count towards admission to Harvard. From the point of view of the pre-

paratory schools, these can now secure admission for their pupils on a level with other candidates, as the new scheme will allow them to prepare pupils thoroughly in English, French or German, Mathematics, Chemistry, and Physics, with the elements of Latin, and of the history of England and the United States. In connection with this question of admission to Harvard, it must be explained that, as we understand it, candidates can have a preliminary and a final examination for entrance. In the preliminary they may take, for example, Greek and Latin. If they pass satisfactorily in these branches, they can devote two years, as President Eliot suggests, to more advanced and miscellaneous subjects, and then come up for a final matriculation examination. By this means candidates can be well grounded, and at the same time, have some choice presented to them of those studies for which they have shown a marked preference. The evils of cramming can be to a large extent mitigated, as the candidate can thus take, as it were, two bites of the cherry, without the chance of being choked.

These changes in the standard for admission to Harvard are such as will commend themselves to educationists. They have been rendered necessary by the increasing multiplicity of studies, the advance of science, and from the feeling that every possible obstacle should be removed from the path of those who might take a College course, and thereby reap the inestimable benefits of a liberal education, but who, from some cause of failure, either in themselves or in the college requirements for admission, are deterred from so doing. As the report points out, "the present sharp division of secondary schools into those which prepare boys for college, and those which do not, the important decision for or against a college education must generally be made for a boy as early as his fourteenth year." If there existed, says President Eliot, "a large class of schools having a programme of studies which on the one hand sufficed to admit their graduates creditably to college, and on the other furnished an appropriate training for boys who at 18 are to go into business or technical pursuits, this all important decision might be postponed to a more suitable age." The changes which have been made, provide, as will have been seen, for increasing the number and variety of schools which can prepare boys for college; they will, the University authorities hope, have some influence in the direction of improving the methods of teaching history and science in all schools. The practical effect of these measures will be that the secondary schools will be able to train boys for college and for mercantile pursuits at the same time. They can retain them until the age of 18, when they are in a position to make a choice for or against a college course, without prejudicing their chances of success either at college or in business, as the training received will have been such as to fit them equally well for both.

There is one thing most gratifying in connection with this question, and it is this: That the policy of Harvard University is in the direction of the elevation of the standard of the secondary schools. Every advance made by the Universities compels also an advance by the secondary schools, affecting in turn the preparatory and primary schools. The secondary schools should most certainly approximate their standards to the requirements of the Universities; for any lowering of the standard for secondary schools is immediately felt by the Universities; and schools and colleges, with no high standard before them, sink into insignificance and mediocrity, and so become altogether unprofitable. But there must be an understanding, an *entente cordiale*, between the Universities and the secondary schools, if the requirements and needs of both are to be mutually known and satisfactorily adjusted. As the result of Harvard's wise policy in this matter, thirteen New England Colleges have united in the creation of a Commission on requirements for admission to college. This Commission, which is to be a permanent organization, has been established in the expectation that it will furnish a regular medium of communication between the preparatory schools and the colleges, so that the needs

and desires of each set of institutions may be better known to the other. Herein is a lesson and a moral for us in Ontario. If we cannot bring about a corporate consolidation of existing Universities, surely a similar scheme to that in force in New England can be put into actual operation, and by means of such a Commission the different Universities of this Province could agree upon a uniform standard for admission, and for the attainment of a degree in Arts. This would secure some of the advantages aimed at by confederation, and would maintain the *status quo* of each college, which seems to be the great *desideratum*. We must leave to a future time, a further *resumé* of the report, which, the more we study it, and the policy of the University from which it comes, the more are we convinced that it is the expression of the happiest medium that has yet been struck between the German, English and American University systems, and as such, is eminently well calculated to satisfy the desires and supply the needs of the people of this continent, in so far, at least, as University education is concerned.

"FASTI,"

We have received a copy of "Fasti," a useful little hand-book edited by W. F. Maclean, B.A., and W. J. London, B.A., containing a great deal of useful information concerning our University and her graduates. Lists of graduates of King's College, and of the University of Toronto are inserted in chronological order; and also a list of the graduates arranged in alphabetical order, with their post-office addresses. In addition to these, there are lists of former visitors, officers and professors of the University and University College, and of the University men who took part in the Fenian raid and in the North-West Rebellion of 1885. This little work is, in a manner, a continuation of a publication, issued in 1848, called "Fasti of King's College," and will serve a good purpose, as preserving in a compact form a great deal of interesting memoranda concerning our own University men. It is published by Williamson & Co., of this city.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Editors are not responsible for the opinions of correspondents. No notice will be taken of unsigned contributions.

THE "DR. WILSON MEDAL."

To the Editors of THE VARSITY.

SIRS,—I wish to say a few words about the last letter of my opponent in this unprofitable discussion, which has already gone on too long. I hope I shall neither be misunderstood when I say that I am sorry for Mr. Logie's sake that he wrote that letter, nor be charged with "presumption" or something worse if I venture to give him a little advice.

A safe rule in all correspondence is to re-read one's letters before letting them out of one's hands. Had that been done in this case, I am sure a great many things that were said would not have been said.

It is well to use words in their proper sense, and to "call a spade a spade." I shall point out only one word that was mis-used: it was that to me sacred one—friend. If a man is an enemy or an acquaintance merely, let us honestly say so, and keep the word friend for one for whom we have some regard and in whom we take a kindly interest.

As regards imputing motives, I shall only say that a lover of justice will rarely indulge in this pastime lest he should be unjust.

I have dwelt too long already on this part of the subject, but shall before going on to deal with the real question, say that I have never looked upon myself as a rival of the gentleman who takes the other side in this discussion, nor have I any wish to be so regarded. My ambition has led me in a totally different direction from that in which he has set his face. Besides, I have had to work during term to help pay my expenses. These facts should have kept a man who has known me not more than sixteen months from making such an attack upon me as was made last week. My

views on the medal question have been little affected by the arguments set forth in last week's VARSITY. I hold (1) that the College Council has a right to offer a medal on any conditions and for any work that it chooses; and that students who disapprove of its action may either try by legitimate means to effect a change, or, failing that, refrain from entering the competition. (2) The medal takes the place, not of the old university medals, but rather of the college prizes for prose, etc., which a man might win and yet fail to gain first-class honours at the May examinations. No injustice was done, so far as I know, under that system. (3) It is not to be given as the result of examinations such as those held in May. College authorities have no right, owing to the present management of classes, to ask the university authorities for returns. These examinations, as they have been conducted, tend to crush out all originality and to foster cramming. (4) Nearly all the work for the medal is included in the university programme, which would almost seem to make philology too prominent for an undergraduate course, and actually does make students careless in the matter of composition. (5) The time for receiving theses is too short, all personal considerations aside. It would be well if all announcements of essay subjects were made in May, thus allowing a full year to competitors. (6) The name of the medal is not necessarily misleading. The Modern Language programme drawn up by the Senate does not include all known modern languages: that drawn up by the Council does not recognize Spanish, which does not find a place in the calendar but is taught gratuitously by the lecturer in French. No person is deceived by either of these programmes. Why should there be any misunderstanding because the medal requires a knowledge of only three? (7) The plan proposed by Mr. Logie of holding an examination at which Italian or Spanish may be taken by each student as he chooses would, I fear, be almost as unsatisfactory as the plan adopted some years ago with regard to Marmion and the school-readers.

This finishes the controversy so far as I am concerned.

A. H. YOUNG.

[This must close the correspondence on this subject.—Editors THE VARSITY.]

CURTIVS' GREEK GRAMMAR.

To the Editors of THE VARSITY.

SIRS,—Vandalism seems rampant. Things (e.g., hazing) which have been held sacred for ages are being neglected, and even despots tremble at the people's wrath, as democracy is demanded. Among other things, then, why cannot Curtius' Students' Greek Grammar be carried off and demolished by some troop of maddened freshmen? True, it has been held sacred; true, it has received great *attention* from many a burner of the midnight oil. True it is, also, that it has done much for the study of Greek. We must remember, however, that Greek, although it is supposed to be dead and decently buried, is playing a living part in our education, and the methods of studying this language have changed. The fact is becoming recognized that education is not simply a cramming of truths, and so in studying a language we are taught to master the construction of a sentence rather than to be able to decline all the irregular nouns that it may contain; and further, we are taught to understand the state of the author's mind, and analyze his motives; in fact, to get the circumstances, internal and external, rather than simply to understand his bare expression. To do this we must thoroughly understand the genius of the language, and, I think, few classical men will maintain that this can be done by the aid of any school grammar which we possess. Curtius seems too diffuse in the treatment of Etymology, and too concise in dealing with Syntax. The Syntax too, is not fully up to the light of the present day. It seems to me that there is room for a grammar which will deal with Etymology in such a way that there will be some order and precision about it. The long and wearisome discussion of the Verb in Curtius is too protracted for a school grammar.

In the Syntax, however, a little more diffuseness would be a virtue. If we had not Goodwin's Greek Moods and Tenses how much would we know about Syntax? We need a book which will have its matter better arranged and which will illustrate its points with more numerous and better selected quotations than we find in Curtius.

To have this work performed, some one, who is capable, should supply the deficiency. In our classical professor we have a scholar whose good judgement and profound learning united with a delicate critical perception, eminently qualify him for the task. The bulk of the "grammar" which an undergraduate knows is gained from Prof. Hutton's lectures in the first three years of the course. Why then could he not be induced to make a personal sacrifice and bestow an eternal boon on all lovers of Greek, the "noblest of languages?"

H.

Toronto, February 21st, 1887.

ROUND THE TABLE.

"Life at Crawford's was amusing and varied. But it was very different from our English ideal of a country holiday. We solitude-loving Britons keep ourselves always on the lookout for a very retired and unhackneyed seaside place. . . . But our American brother, escaped from town, loves rather a big hotel. . . Crawford's supplied us with an excellent table, where our waiter was a young man from Amherst College, Massachusetts, who earned money during his summer vacation to keep him at Amherst through the winter session. A self-respecting, sharp, business-like young man; indeed, that waiter, conscious of no degradation in the employment he accepted, and to our eyes thereby really making "that and the action fine." . . . We got quite intimate with our own waiter, who would pause after dinner, napkin in hand, and discuss his studies with us in perfect good faith, showing not the slightest symptom of false shame or even timidity, but ingenuously interested in us as live specimens of the European university training. There was something noble and republican and deserving of high esteem in it all; and yet, somehow one regretted on the other hand that youths and maidens struggling upward in such praiseworthy fashion toward a liberal education should have to struggle through such sordid and unbecoming surroundings. Our thoughts reverted involuntarily to Oriel quad and Magdalen cloisters, and we thanked God, after all, that we were born Englishmen."

* * *

It must be matter of profound regret to Mr. Grant Allen, who contributes the above to *Longman's Magazine*, that he was born at Kingston, Upper Canada. Canadians learned with pride that a young Canadian had won place and name in the older land. But in his lofty station he is ashamed of the kindly nurse of his youth and hastens to claim the imperishable glory of a true-born Englishman. It is certainly amusing to behold an American-born revisiting this continent to regard with feigned wonder the habits and customs of this strange species of man, yclept Yankee. But when this *lusus naturae* takes the shape of an American-born Englishman it is surely pardonable to resent his patronizing curiosity. The whole episode contains a beautifully simple moral for the public spirited in our midst who fondly dream of a national life and literature. The United States command respect. It is now an honour to be an American citizen. A colony, although autonomous, has no place in the esteem even of the parent.

* * *

The same insincerity it is to be feared, enters largely into Mr. Allen's late work. "Pot-boilers" may not be an euphoionus term, but is very expressive, and pot boiling seems to have been Mr. Allen's late occupation.

* * *

I read these extracts to the critic, and he was pleased to notice that Mr. Allen was still marked with the sign of the beast. Mr Allen, an American born, in his careless moods still uses Americanisms. "Who earned money enough during his summer vacation to keep him at Amherst through the winter?" American idioms are in the nature of a Shibboleth, so that wherever he may go, out of his own mouth shall you convict him.

* * *

Not least curious of all the curiosities of literature, is the mistakes sometimes made by publishers. Indeed, the only wonder is, that such mistakes are not more common. As a rule, without much education, and relying almost entirely on some "literary adviser," the publisher is engaged in a gigantic speculation. A queer story in this connection is told of Thomas Osborne, whose exploits as a bookseller are noticed in the *Dunciad*. He happened to meet a French work that took his fancy; he employed a "garreteer" to English it. This was done, and the result was Milton's "Paradise Lost," in a bad prose paraphrase.

* * *

Milton's translation of the Psalms is a fearful and wonderful failure. The faculties of many other poets, indeed, would seem to have

"Moved in no small mist
When they versified David the Psalmist."

But Milton's psalms are in places surprisingly uncouth. In the sixth there is a line which suggests the newspaper dialect of our day:

"Mine enemies shall all be blanked and dashed with much confusion."

* * *

On page 298 of *Scribner's* for March, in the third instalment of Hon. E. B. Washbourne's *Reminiscences of the Siege and Commune of Paris*, Assi, the chairman of the central committee of the National Guard, is described as "one of the most violent and reckless. But in the end he was not able to keep up with the procession, and being accused of reaction, he was imprisoned by the Commune," etc. "Keep up with the procession" must have looked strange to English readers of the reminiscences of the Ex-Minister to France under Grant.

* * *

While modern reviewers have not lost the power of trenchant criticism, there is not now so much abuse in their work as formerly. Here is an extract from one of the rank and file in the legion of Shakespeare commentation.

"A pretender to antiquities, roving, magotic-headed, and sometimes little better than crazed; and being exceedingly credulous would stuff his many letters sent to A. W. with folleries and misinformation."

The command over this department of our language has been handed over to campaign writers and other political drudges.

* * *

In a late number of the *Chautauquan*, George Parsons Lathrop writes on the qualifications and accomplishments needed by those who would be journalists; and the city-editor of THE VARSITY, who let go his grip on the "Arkymedian lever" long enough to allow himself time to paste the following paragraphs in his hat, has permitted me to reprint them here, that the rest of us may do the same:

"1. A good English education. Learn first to write English; I mean plain, straight, quick Saxon, sturdy and lithe as a sapling. Let your Latin and Greek adornments come in afterwards. Study the history of the world, of the United States and Great Britain and Ireland; and study everything else that you conveniently can. Drill yourself in writing swift, sharp, vivid yet graceful accounts of everything that comes under your notice, putting it picturesquely but never at the cost of clearness and brevity. Colleges do not teach this art.

"2. Common sense.

"3. Good judgment of the relative importance of subjects.

"4. Obedience, patience, punctuality.

"5. In spite of attaining to all these virtues, do not be a prig. However much knowledge your brain may hold, never do or say anything which will lead the wise to charge you with being touched by the malady known as 'big head.' Conceit, the wise it call.

"That there may be exceptions to these rules is true enough. There are good journalists who are not well educated, patient, or in any way humble. But I am speaking of the ideal journalist; and it will not do for the novice to model upon the exceptions."

* * *

When the ingenious man caught sight of the above clipping in the city-editor's hat, his countenance gleamed with a barbaric joy. He allowed that misguided individual to go on until he came to "the journalism of the future." Then he broke in.

"That gives me just the chance for getting off a neat thing that I've been laying pipes for," he said. "One of the largest difficulties in the way of the journalism of the future,—and more especially in the way of the journalistic writing which has to do with politics—lies in the fact that a very clever thing is almost of necessity very untrue."

"Clever writing, of itself," retorted the city editor, "effects about as much in politics as a fleet armed with pea-blowers would against Gibraltar, anyway. And the next time you attempt to get off a neat thing yourself, do get it off without ringing in 'the fact that,'"

HH.

UNIVERSITY AND COLLEGE NEWS.

All reports from Societies must reach us by noon on Thursday to insure insertion.

WANTED :—Copies of No. 2, Vol. VII. (this year) ; will be paid for at the regular rate.

Mr. A. F. Chamberlain read a paper on "Prehistoric Ethnology" before the last meeting of the Canadian Institute.

The annual meeting of the Glee Club is called for Tuesday afternoon of next week. The meeting will be held in Moss Hall at 5 o'clock p.m.

Wednesday was a holiday in the School of Science. The occasion was the second annual meeting of the Association of Provincial Land Surveyors of Ontario.

FOUND :—On Ash Wednesday, at the entrance to the south gate of the University grounds, a silver watch. The owner can obtain it by proving property, at the janitor's room.

The old charge is still laid against several of the Colleges and College Societies : they do not report to the News Columns of the VARSITY. Press of work is the excuse—no doubt a plausible one.

The following gentlemen have been appointed examiners in the University :—Physics, T. J. Mulvey, B.A. ; Italian and Associate Examiner in French and German, D. R. Keys, B.A. ; History and Civil Polity, W. J. Robertson, B.A., LL.B.

The time for annual elections draws near. Friday night (to-night) will witness another scene of strife for honors in Knox. There appears to be an unusual amount of party feeling rampant in the college—perhaps more than one would wish to see among Theological students. Considerable fun is anticipated.

Mr. Gustave Thalberg, who sang at the recent college event is a graduate in law of the National University of Sweden. He remains in Toronto to pursue the study of music under Prof. W. E. Haslam. Those who heard Mr. Thalberg sing will be glad to hear of the acquisition to the musical talent of the city.

No official report has reached the VARSITY as yet of the progress of the Committee engaged in compiling a College Song-book, but indirectly the information is gleaned that everything is going on very satisfactorily. The duties of the Committee are arduous and particular. They are, however, being performed with regularity and care, and the long-wished-for and often-talked-of Song-book is soon to be a reality.

A couple of tobogganing accidents of a rather serious nature have happened recently. On Friday, February 25th, Mr. E. C. Acheson had the misfortune to sprain his wrist, and now goes about with arm in sling. On Monday, 28th ult., Mr. Frank MacLean received serious injuries while tobogganing near the Rosedale slide, the ice cutting two ugly gashes in his head. The doctors report him as doing as well as could be expected. Tobogganers should rest satisfied with comparatively safe slides.

Dr. G. Haberlandt, has been investigating the structure of the "stinging hairs" of various plants, of which the common nettle furnishes excellent examples. He finds all of essentially the same structure. The terminal cell is very large, and its walls, a short distance below the keen apex, are lignified or silicified so as to become very brittle. The fluid which enters the wound made by the point of the hair owes its irritating properties, not to formic acid as has been supposed, but to some other substance, yet unknown. —*The Purdue*

The Modern Language Club met as usual in the Y. M. C. A. building. After the business had been disposed of, the honorary president took the chair. Matthew Arnold's Works were the subject of discussion. Miss Charles read an excellent essay on "Culture and Anarchy," and Mr. Jeffrey one on the Critical Essays. An interesting discussion led by the chairman then followed. The next meeting will be devoted to the consideration of amendments to the constitution, and of a petition to the Senate for certain changes in the Modern Language curriculum.

Yale has furnished the first president for seventeen of the leading colleges in this country, among them Princeton, Columbia, Williams, Dartmouth, Cornell and Johns Hopkins. To Princeton, Yale has given three presidents in all, Jonathan Dickinson of the class of 1706, Jonathan Edwards, 1720, and Aaron Burr, 1735. To

Columbia also, she has given three, Samuel Johnson, 1714, William S. Johnson, 1819, and Frederick A. P. Bernard, 1828. To Amherst, Yale has given President Humphrey, 1805, and to Trinity, President Wheaton, 1814. Andrew D. White, of '53, and Daniel C. Gillman, '52, are well known in their connection with Cornell and Johns Hopkins.—*Yale News*.

Several more correspondents have sent in lists of songs for the forthcoming Song Book. The following songs are suggested : The Gallants of England ; Louisiana Lowlands ; Julia ; Never Get Drunk any More ; Cock Robin ; Birdie ; Jawbone ; Keep Dose Lamps a' Burnin' ; Carve Dat Possum ; Leave Your Burden at de Bottom ob de Hill ; Hush, Little Baby ; Doo dah ; Heigho, Heigho ; Kafoozleum ; Down by the Weeping-Willow Tree ; One Fish Ball ; Dancing in the Barn ; Ching-a-Ling ; McSorley's Twins ; I'll Await My Love ; The Bloom is on the Rye ; Never Take the Horse-shoe ; Alone on the Midnight Sea ; Drinking songs in Giroflé Girofla, and Faust ; Good Rhine Wine ; Ehren on the Rhine ; Scots Wha Hae ; Vanderdecken ; Anvil Chorus (Il Trovatore) ; Cooper's Chorus (Boccaccio) ; Love Sounds the Alarm ; Good Company ; My Lodging is the Cellar.

Glee Club rehearsals are a thing of the past for this year. The conversazione completes the work of the Club each year and gives place to a month or two of solid work of another kind. This year the practises have not been attended with "marked regularity" by the majority of the members and considerable inconvenience and annoyance to the conductor was thus occasioned. But this is not a new departure. Perhaps it is impossible for many of the students to attend the rehearsals regularly, on account of the many engagements they have to meet, lectures, etc. But in future years closer attendance should be given to the work in hand. The new conductor, Mr. W. E. Haslam, has given good satisfaction, both to the students and at the conversazione. Especially is this so when it is taken into consideration that Mr. Haslam has hitherto been accustomed to training voices of considerable musical culture, and in taking in hand a club such as ours, made up for the most part of untrained voices, he meets with no little difficulty. He evinced much care in his attentions to the club.

The meeting of the Mathematical and Physical Society, which was postponed from last Tuesday, the 22nd, was held on the following Monday, 28th. The attendance was rather small. Mr. J. C. Stewart read a very able and exhaustive paper on "Definite Integrals," and was followed by Mr. Stafford, who gave a biographical sketch of Faraday. Under the head of business, Messrs. Baker, Loudon and the President were appointed a committee of examiners to award the medal which is to be presented annually by the society for the best essay on a mathematical or physical subject. It was moved by Mr. J. C. Stewart, seconded by Mr. J. G. Witton, and carried unanimously, that the society disapprove of the manner in which it has been treated by the late conversazione committee. The General Committee and the Decorating and Printing Sub-committees were all criticised pretty severely, the general opinion being that they were guilty of carelessness in several matters. The Problems were laid over until the next meeting, which is to be held on Tuesday next.

AN INTERCOLLEGIATE LITERARY UNION.—Last Wednesday, March 2nd, representatives from the Literary Societies of the different colleges in Toronto met in the parlor of the University College Y. M. C. A. The meeting was called to consider the question of having a series of intercollegiate debates next year. There were present representatives from the societies of Knox, Wycliffe, St. Michael's and University colleges and from Osgoode and McMaster halls. After some discussion the meeting agreed on the advisability of forming an Intercollegiate Union, to include, if possible, the societies of Trinity and Victoria colleges as well as those represented at the meeting. The debates of the proposed Union are to be between the different colleges, and are to be conducted on the tie system, as in Rugby football. The committee of the Union would be composed of two representatives from each of the component societies and would elect its own officers. A sub-committee was appointed to consider further details, and the representatives were requested to ascertain the views of their respective societies on the proposed plan. The meeting then adjourned till next Wednesday at 5 p.m.

Another prominent man and friend to education has passed away. The Monday morning papers contain a notice of the death of the late Dr. M. Barrett, in his 71st year.

The circumstances attending Dr. Barrett's death are sad, for, although an old man, he has all along fulfilled his many engagements with a regularity surpassing his years. On Saturday morning he delivered a lecture to his students in the Veterinary College in apparent good health. In the afternoon of the same day he dropped dead in his own house, apoplexy being the apparent cause of death. Deceased was born in London, England, in 1816, the son of a barrister. After receiving his earlier education at Caen,

in Normandy, he emigrated to Canada in 1833. Here he graduated in Arts and Medicine at our own University. He was appointed meanwhile to the English mastership in Upper Canada College, which position he held, giving entire satisfaction, for about thirty years, first as second, and afterward as first master. From the time of its first organization to the time of his death, Dr. Barratt has been a professor in the Toronto School of Medicine. Highly spoken of by all, he was regarded by most medical men as one of the most fluent medical lecturers in the schools. Another position held by the deceased for the last two or three years was that of Dean of the Woman's Medical College, Toronto. The funeral took place on Wednesday afternoon.

GENERAL COLLEGE NEWS.

There are 210 Y.M.C.A. Associations in American Colleges.

Five colleges have been established in Dakota during the past year.

The Hasty Pudding Club of Harvard will soon build a club house at a cost of \$25,000.

Prof. T. W. Hunt, of Princeton, is shortly to publish a new work, entitled "Representative English and Prose Writers."

A dime novel has just been published in New York, the scene of which is laid in New Haven, and whose principals are Yale students.

The students of Bryn Mawr (female) College have decided, on recommendation of the Faculty, to wear the Oxford or "mortar-board" cap and gown.

Chicago University is about to be established on a non-sectarian basis. Several wealthy citizens have signified their willingness to assist.—*New York College Journal*.

The University *Beacon* of Boston, says a class in Gothic is in a flourishing condition in the College. There are seven members in the class which is conducted by them in turn.

Egypt has a college that was 900 years old when Oxford was founded, and in which 10,000 students are now being educated, who will some day go forth to spread the Moslem faith.

A new college for the higher education of women is to be built almost immediately in Montreal. It is the result of a bequest of nearly \$400,000 by the late Mr. Donald Ross of that city.

Yale, Harvard, Johns Hopkins, Cornell and Princeton are the only American Colleges which provide fellowships for graduate students desiring to pursue studies beyond the regular academic course.—*Ex.*

Chicago university is a thing of the past. On account of a \$300,000 debt which has long been accumulating, there being no prospect of its liquidation, the college authorities felt compelled to close the doors.—*Portfolio*.

There is preserved in the archives of Trinity College, Cambridge, a catalogue of the library which was brought to England by her first missionaries, St. Augustine and his companions. The manuscript closes thus: "These are the foundation or beginning of the library of the whole English Church," A. D. 601.

Of the one hundred and seven Y. M. C. Associations in the United States, the one connected with Colby University is the only one in the New England states. A large majority of these associations are in the middle and western states.—\$45,000 has been subscribed by the members of the Cornell Y. M. C. A. for the purpose of erecting a building for the association.

"Nature" states that during the present summer a university will be opened at Tomsk in Siberia, the first of its kind in the Russian Empire. At first it will consist of two faculties—an historical—philological and physical—mathematical. It already possesses a library with fifty thousand books, a very valuable palæontological collection, presented by Duke Nicolaus of Leuchtenburg.

The winter games at Yale will take place in about a month, al-

though the date has not yet been definitely settled. The following is a list of the contests: Horizontal bar, parallel bar, rope climbing, running high jump, vaulting, fencing, boxing and wrestling. The last-named event is divided into four classes as follows: Heavy weights, over 158 pounds; middle weights, between 140 to 148 pounds; light weights, between 120 to 140 pounds; feather weights, under 120 pounds.

The proof-sheets of the new year book give 177 as the total number of students in the college, (Boston University), distributed as follows: Seniors, 34; juniors, 26; sophomores, 28; freshmen, 39; specials, 34; graduate students, 16. Of the graduate students, four are from the Ohio Wesleyan University and one each from the National Normal, Iowa State, Wesleyan, Hamline, Clark, Syracuse, Illinois Wesleyan, Northwestern and Claflin universities; also one each from Albion and Oberlin colleges, and one from the Andover Theological Seminary.—*The Beacon*.

The new system of marking at Harvard is thus described: "In courses which are given mainly in the form of lectures, short theses will be frequently called for. This plan will necessitate a closer attendance upon lectures than has been demanded heretofore. Secondly, instead of having the marking of examination books and the year's work by percentages, the men will be put into four different degrees of excellence, as excellent, good, fair and conditioned. In the awarding of honors a finer line will be drawn, of course.

The following is a list of the Canadian and American College colors: Toronto University, navy blue and white; Trinity, red and black; Upper Canada, light blue and white; Victoria, red and black; Queen's, red, yellow and navy blue; Harvard, crimson; Cornell, cornelian; Columbia, blue and white; Princeton, orange and black; University of New York, violet; Dartmouth, green; Brown, brown; Amherst, white and purple; Bowdoin, white; University of California, pink; Hamilton, pink; University of Pennsylvania, blue and red; Williams, royal purple; Lehigh, brown and white; Lafayette, maroon and white, and we may add our own buttercup yellow and brown.—*Portfolio*.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE VARSITY is conducted by undergraduates of the University of Toronto, and will appear every Saturday of the academic year. It aims at being the exponent of the views of the University public and will always seek the highest interests of our University. The Literary Department will, as heretofore, be a main feature. The news columns are full and accurate, containing reports of all meetings of interest to its readers.

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Wallace and Darwinism. R. R. W.

An Algonquin Maiden: A Critique. W. H. H.

Tantalus. J. D. S.

University Representation in Parliament. THOMAS HODGINS.

The Aristocracy of Chemistry, on the Fall of an Old Line. W. B. N.

To My Friends. ETUDIANT.

Topics of the Hour.

Communications.

The "Dr. Wilson Medal." A. H. YOUNG.

Curtius' Greek Grammar. H.

Round the Table.

University and College News.

Di-Varsities, &c., &c.



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DI-VARSITIES.

THE ASS AND THE CAT.

An Ass one day Observed a Cat Ascend a Tree to Escape from a Dog, and a Bright Idea entered his Head:

"When my Master comes to set me to Work, I shall run up the Tree and Remain for the Day."

And when the Master came, Lo and behold, the Ass Started for the Nearest Tree at Full Speed, and Ascended about four Feet, when he fell back to the Ground, and was so completely Knocked Out of Shape that his Master found it Impossible to Adjust his Harness on him, and was obliged to Destroy him There and Then.

We are Taught by this Fable that we should Never Attempt to be too Versatile, and that we should not Endeavor to Dodge Honest Work, when we have to Work for a Living, lest Peradventure we get Left.

Smith: "Will you come with me for a matutinal peregrination?"

Brown: "Well—"

Smith: "Do you want to consult the probabilities?"

Brown: "No; the Dictionary."

Home they brought her warrior dead,
'Midst the foemen slain with spears;
"Don't let it warrior, ma'am," they said,
Soon they dried her tears.

At the hospital: "I congratulate you sincerely, my dear sir." Patient (joyfully) "then I will recover?" Physician—"No; not exactly; but after consultation we have come to the conclusion that your case is an entirely new one, and we have decided to give your name to the malady, provided that our diagnosis is confirmed by—the autopsy." (Patient immediately expires from fright.)—*Paris Wit*.

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I stayed too late,—forgive the crime,
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In Browning's last book, *Parleyings with certain People*, appears a rhyme which does not suffer by comparison with the "fabric" and "dab brick" in the "Grammarian's Funeral." "Triumph" has for rhyme "high-humph !"

A student, "noted for his honesty and frankness," is reported in the *Globe* as having said that the young ladies at College study for all they are worth, and thereby eclipse the young men, who study for all their fathers are worth.

Handpainted bonnets with parasols to match will be much worn at the watering places. Handpainted complexions will be worn as usual.

A little boy had been sent to dry a towel before a nursery fireplace. "Mama, is it done when it is brown?" he asked as the towel began to smoke.

He didn't want to call the fellow a hog, but he said that if he was smoked and sliced up he would make good ham sandwiches.

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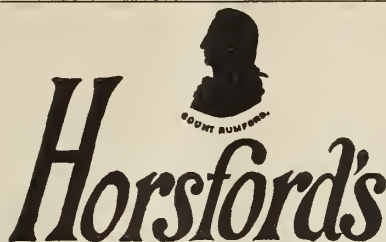
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THE VARSITY

A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.

Vol. VII.

University of Toronto, Mar. 12, 1887.

No. 17.

CONCHA TRITONIS.

Oft the many-twinking seas,
Sparkling in the glorious sun,
Rippling, dallying with the breeze,
Seem as though they might not frown.
But they hear rude Triton's conch,
Calling them to tempest shock :
Then good ships and timbers staunch
Sink and shiver in the wrack.

So that man who hath not heard
Whispered call from Paphian shrine,
When his careless heart is stirred
By the summons low, divine,
Leaps at last to purpose strong,
Finds new earnest nerve his arm,
Plays no more, forgets his song,
Gains his quest or deadly harm.

BENI HASSAN.

"MY FRIEND JULIUS SCHMIDT."

The Christmas number of THE VARSITY came to our home in Montreal, and, of course, like all its admiring readers, everyone was anxious for a glance at its columns. Meg, our sixteen year old pet—torment rather—took it from the hands of the postman, and with the usual disregard of that age for the claims of elder sisters, insisted on being the first to enjoy its contents. The rest of us waited with what patience we could muster, consoled by the reflection that only the lighter portions had charms for our refractory junior, and consequently we would not have long to wait. The calm effected by this comforting thought was soon broken in upon by the exclamation in the high-pitched voice of excited girlhood, "Why, girls, here is something about Julius Schmidt!" Our interest in THE VARSITY became intensified, and after a moderate amount of coaxing, Meg graciously consented to read the article in question for the benefit of us all. It was listened to with lively appreciation, for we had reminiscences of Julius Schmidt, too. We were spending the summer at Cacouna, and so was he—contrary to his usual custom, we found out. That he was a man, certainly not made after the same pattern as most men, was agreed upon by all. Not the least peculiar of his ideas were those on taking summer holidays. He was at Cacouna only because hard work had nearly broken down his constitution, and the doctor had told him he must leave the city or die. Between two evils he chose the least.

One day, gazing at the crowds of people going to and from the latter, he said, "What an idle, aimless way of spending a third of the year!"

"Do you believe in all work and no play, Mr. Schmidt?" asked Meg, whose pertness is seldom kept in check by anything or anyone.

"No," the tone of the answer was almost a growl, "but work and holidays should go together. No one who has not done his share of work in the world should presume to take

holidays. Not half of those people you see here have done sufficient work in the year to deserve the holiday they never fail to give themselves. City people, most of them. And they never think of the thousands, that after freezing all winter, are compelled to suffocate all summer, without a breath of pure air or a glimpse of non-contaminated sunshine."

He was not staying at the hotel, but Meg, whose inquisitiveness all our authority failed to restrain sometimes, discovered that he was boarding with a needy widow on one of the back streets, and, for what ordinary people would consider very poor accommodations, paying the same as would have procured him the best elsewhere.

As to his ideas about women, we were not long in coming to the conclusion that, although he had an enthusiastic admiration for our sex in the ideal, woman as a living, breathing fact, was regarded by him with a feeling that did not rise far above the good-natured, half-contemptuous toleration accorded to the lower animals; though he was ever willing that they should sit at his feet and improve their limited understandings by means of the pearls of wisdom that fell from his lips.

Of course we all admired him—nay more, worshipped him, as a bright particular star, set far apart from all others. Grace, who liked to have gentlemen particularly attentive to her small wants, was inclined to complain if he did not always save her the trouble of stooping to pick up her fan; but when all the rest of us overwhelmed her with his manifold perfections, and represented to her how prejudicial to true greatness it would be to condescend to such trifles, she was forced to acquiesce.

Christmas and New Year passed, and carnival time came with its influx of visitors from the west. These brought with them the truly astounding news that Julius Schmidt was married. After all his protestations of liking too many women ever to give his heart to one! The surprise was too great for words; we sat in mute helplessness; only Meg as usual had her say.

"I wonder," she said, meditatively, "if he will allow her to go away for the summer, or if he will make her put up with the city during the dog-days, simply because we can't send all the denizens of the back streets to the seaside. I suppose the poor girl's own feelings and opinions won't receive consideration at all. They must give way before the 'iron rigor of his logic.' That is always the way with your lofty characters." And after a few minutes, for Meg has a turn for rhyming that we have sedulously but vainly tried to suppress, she gave utterance to the following lines:—

"Julius 'would never marry.'
Yet he worshipped his ideal;
He loved an abstract woman;
But what about the real?"

Oh Julius, why deceive us
With your love for the ideal?
When it is quite apparent
That it must have been the real."

Ida, the really clever one of the family, says there is a sameness about the two stanzas which is very objectionable, but Meg is a young poet; moreover, her recent acquaintance with one of the metaphysical men at McGill, accounts, I fancy, for the inclination to ring the changes on the words "ideal" and "real."

RACHEL.

POST NUBILA,⁶LUX.

How strange we often mourn our lot,
And think 'tis bettered by repining ;
This crowning mercy is forgot :
Behind the clouds the sun is shining.

When care presumes to be thy guide,
Thine aspirations all confining,
Despair not, cast the foe aside,—
Beyond the clouds the sun is shining.

If friends prove false, affections fail,
For thee a wreath of woe entwining,
Be strong ; regrets will not avail,—
Beyond the clouds the sun is shining.

If Sada's matchless eyes subdue,
If for her love thy soul is pining,
She may be cold, but not untrue,—
Beyond the clouds the sun is shining.

Such shadows, howe'er dark they seem,
Will oft display a silver lining,
Thus proving by a transient beam
Beyond the clouds the sun is shining.

Then face thy future with a smile,
Thy trust in truth and God enshrining.
The fates may frown ; just wait a while—
Beyond the clouds the sun is shining.

Ottawa.

SAMUEL WOODS.

A HALCYON DAY.

PISCATOR.—*Look, you, scholar, I have another. Oh, me! he has broke all ; there's half a line and a good hook lost.*

VENATOR.—*Ay, and a good trout, too.*

PISCATOR.—*Nay, the trout is not lost, for pray take notice, no man can lose what he never had.*

IZAAB WALTON.

Through the wildest part of the Laurentians a little river forces its way, flowing by turns towards every point of the compass. A little river whose lot is seldom cast in easy and pleasant places, and whose dark brown water, even in its stillest reaches, is flecked with the foam which marks a recent conflict with rock and boulder. In its brief life of one hundred and fifty miles, it descends some three thousand feet through gorge and chasm where rapids that baffle the canoeman's skill follow one another in bewildering succession. Towards its head waters this stream is a famous fishing ground, but pardon me if the exact locality of which I write is not revealed, for big trout are getting so exceedingly rare that one hesitates before advertising his discovery to the world.

I wish the reader the luck, if he be a true man and a lover of angling, to find such a spot for himself.

Our headquarters—some thirty-five miles from any settlement—is situate beside a fall, or rather *chute*, down which the river madly tumbles and rushes. A singular formation is this trough cut in the solid granite, and worthy of a journey, by itself, to see. Perfectly straight, sixty yards long, and perhaps ten feet wide, the whole river is compressed into its narrow compass, and the white tossing water drives through it

with a speed and turmoil indescribable. The pool below is deep and very black, save where the foam clings to the sides or follows the current that swirls and eddies across it. It is a couple of hundred yards long and seventy-five wide, with the rocks on one side falling sheer into it, and rising some twenty feet above the water. The other shore is shelving, and densely clad with birch and spruce. Three very cold streams trickle into it at different spots, and there in the heat of summer the big fish love to lie. Towards the lower end the pool shallows somewhat, and the inky blackness of the deeper part shades to that soft limpid brown, which seems to be inextricably associated in the mind with the idea of trout. In all weathers, and in all parts of the pool, the small fry can be readily taken ; but the large fish are much more particular as to their times of feeding and abiding places, and their idiosyncrasies have to be investigated and respected if the angler would lure them forth. In cold and dark weather they lurk out in the deep water and will not be beguiled, nor do they rise in the morning until the chill is off the air,—as shall afterwards appear.

It was near sundown when we sighted our camp-ground, after a long day virtually spent in the water hauling and shoving the canoes, but even our hungry souls scorned to direct themselves to tea before trying the luck. Rods were up in a twinkling and the first cast rose a large trout,—a second, and he is fairly hooked, but the "Boy" in his impatience had not looked well to his leader, and at the first dash it parts, to the youth's utter discomfiture. The "Judge" is more cautious, and, selecting a powerful cast, he puts on a "Fairy" of the regular salmon size. His fly drops lightly just at the edge of the dancing current, and at once there is a heavy business-like rise at it. Even this imperturbable lawyer is suffering from the prevailing excitement, and his strike is so quick that he misses his fish. The second cast, however, brings him up with a desperate lunge, and in a second the reel is whirring away as if it never would stop. Right down the current he goes, taking a full twenty yards of line—not a bad run for a trout. Ten minutes of hard fighting, in which the adversaries employ all the sleights and turns they know, and now with weak flaps of his great tail, and his dark orange side gleaming, the vanquished fish surges in to shore. Ere he has time for a final kick the landing-net swings him well up on the rock. A knife severs his spinal column, and the scale tells us that our first prize weighs just four pounds. The other rods have secured, meantime, a goodly array of trout for tea, but no one has been lucky enough to take anything over a pound-and-a-half. Darkness is falling, and the tents are reflecting our camp-fire's blaze; while now and then the sound of bacon sizzling floats down on the evening air. *Souper est prêt!* And so are we, my faithful Beulée, and the fish will be fresher if caught on the morrow.

Oh, for those woodland appetites, those blessed pipes of all-healing tobacco, those *sapin* boughs where we lay under the stars till the fire burned low, and the river's roar lulled us into dreamland!

Exceeding early in the morning rose the crafty Judge, but when he returned later, and told us that he had fished conscientiously for two hours without seeing a fish worthy of his fly, we laughed both long and loud, for the decent and civilized habit of these sensible trout not to expose themselves to the morning mist was known to us.

After breakfast we sallied leisurely forth and began to fish. A couple of trout, between two and three pounds, was all that rewarded us till we worked round to the spot which we knew of old to be the abiding place of the giants of the pool, and then began such a morning's sport as I have never seen, and haply shall never see again. And for my own part I hope not,

for I was forsaken of all the gods and goddesses who preside over the chase, and handed over to the very demon of ill luck.

First I hooked a fine fellow of some three or four pounds, and having played him to exhaustion, hailed the Judge to come and give me a hand.

I adjured him to use tenderness and discretion, and not to scoop up my fish as one would a shovelful of mud, but to slip the net under him and gently swing him in sideways.

The Judge gave me a scornful glance which evidently meant, "Young man, let *me* conduct this case," and netting the trout with a dash hoisted him clear five feet in the air, and then stopped abruptly. This aroused all the waning energies of my victim, and with a prodigious flap he threw himself out of the net and returned to his native element bearing off my fly and leader as a trophy.

Bitterness filled my soul, but I did not address the Judge. It is fit that the words of that magnanimous man be here recorded: "I am afraid I did just what you told me not to do"! After this there was nothing left but to thank him for his well-meant but misguided efforts, and to inwardly vow to land my own fish in future. Another cast and fly—this time a "Silver Doctor," were soon adjusted, and as luck would have it a fine trout rose as soon as the line touched the water. He made two or three strong rushes, and then to my despair bore down for the bottom. My light rod was bent nearly butt to tip, but still he circled down and down in slow waltz time to the region of snags and boulders below. The end soon came. Around some cunning branch he twined the line, and pulling against this unyielding obstacle, broke away and was off. The line floated up devoid of cast and fly, and, checking an idiotic longing to dive after my lost prey, with nerveless fingers I tied still another cast, and offered this time a "Jack Scott" to the denizens of the deep. Before many seconds a great broad back rose to view, and a powerful tail swirled the water just behind the fly. One more cast and he is fairly hooked and tearing off for the middle of the pool—a clean run of twenty yards at least. Then he makes a beautiful jump clear into the air, and the Judge calls out, "By George, what a beautiful fellow," and leaving his rod comes to see the fun.

He is slowly reeled in, but at the suggestion of the net makes another furious run with a jump at the end of it. The Judge is sitting on a rock smoking peacefully, but there is a gleam in his eye when he says, "That fish weighs six pounds." After reeling partly in I glance down at the butt of my rod. To my dismay, the reel—a very easy-running one—has over-run, and the wet line has got into a snarl. A cold perspiration breaks out on me at the thought that if my fine fellow takes it into his head to make one more dash like the last, he will reach this tangle and then something will have to go. Oh, how tenderly and how prayerfully I bring him in, and with what tumultuous joy I see him gasp and turn over. Most insinuatingly the net is approached, but ere I can get it under him he discerns the impending evil, gives a twist and a jump and goes like lightning for deep water.

Giving all the butt I can, still the reel fairly buzzes till he comes to the hitch—a moment of strain, a flap, a snap, and the line drifts in in that limp and deadly manner that makes the heart sick.

Well, the gallant fellow made a pretty fight of it and deserved to get off, but this humane view of the matter did not occur to me at the time, and it *was* exasperating to see the Judge land a five-and-a-quarter pound trout a few minutes afterwards.

Then the Boy hailed us from a little distance with the information that he had struck a whale, and we scrambled along to the rock where he was excitedly reeling in a fish that had made a brave run. "Easy, Boy; don't force him. Let him take all the line he wants. Tire him! Tire him!" shouts the counsel-bearing Judge; and very well does the Boy play him; but when the beauty with his gorgeous orange sides and bril-

liant spots, hangs on the scale which marks a full four-and-a-half pounds, he simply collapses and goes wild with joy.

Let the reader recall the time when he landed his first four-pound trout (if such has chanced to be his good fortune) and he will sympathize with the mad exhilaration of this youth.

It is hard to bear the successes of our friends, and, desperately envious of the good luck of the Judge and the Boy, I employ all my art to capture a fish which shall transcend in beauty and size those already taken. At length a somewhat uncertain-minded trout is tempted to essay my fly. Twice he comes up with a dash, but suddenly changes his intention, and in going down shows a glimpse of tail and fin which sends my heart into my mouth. Not to weary him I make two or three casts elsewhere, then I can stand it no longer, and drop the fly over him again. A sentiment of regret for a lost opportunity has evidently arisen in his breast, and he has concluded that after all he is hungry, for now he leaves no doubt of his intention. With a dash and a splash he comes at it, bolts it, and strikes himself irrevocably. Ten minutes of varying fortunes, during which he must have astonished every fish in the pool by his rapid changes of purpose and marvellous versatility of contortion, and now he lies on the rock, with the writer, triumph and determination in his eye, on top of him. In his desperate struggles he has broken through the landing-net, and one more flap would have given him his freedom; but this was not to be, and now he is held up in exultation for the Judge to admire. "How big is he?" "Four pounds and three-quarters" rings cheerily back. "Good" says the Judge, as he turns to net a lusty fish which has been bending his rod double for the past five minutes.

And so the sport goes on, but as I do not purpose to give you the age, sex and personal characteristics of every fish caught or lost, I shall sum up by telling you that our total catch in this pool was some twenty odd trout of two pounds weight and over, and that the Judge's five and a quarter pounder was the biggest.

This we considered to be a capital day's work, in which opinion, patient reader, I think you will coincide.

W. H. B.

TRUST BETRAYED.

"O Varus, where are my legions?

I ask them from thy hand."

"They are lost,—the snows have buried

Thy men in a desolate land."

"O Memory, where are my fancies?

I call on thee to show."

They are dead,—thy thoughts are scattered

'Neath Time's all-shrouding snow.

J. H. M.

QUISQUILIAE.

In an Album.

The quivered goddess, chaste and fair,

Diana, the robed huntress,

With foot of wind, and flowing hair,

And terrible far-shadowing spear.

Was far less kind enchantress

Than she whose eyes these lines will trace,

Perhaps when time goes slowly by;

Whose kindly heart and gentle grace

Merit indeed the highest place,

Even as they'd light the lowly.

THE VARSITY.

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All communications should be addressed to THE EDITORS, University College, Toronto, and must be in on Wednesday of each week.

Contributions when not accepted will be returned if accompanied with a stamp for that purpose.

In our issue of the 29th of January, we referred to some needed changes in the curriculum of the University of Toronto. The principal change proposed was that the High Schools and Collegiate Institutes of the Province should relieve the University of the greater part of the work now done in the first year. Such a course would enable the University to undertake post-graduate work and to give more time—now devoted to elementary studies—to advanced courses. That such is the manifest duty of a University, and above all of a Provincial, or National Institution, is a fact about which there can be little diversity of opinion. James Russell Lowell's idea of a University is an exceedingly broad one: he defines a University as "a place where nothing useful is taught; but a University is only possible where a man may get his livelihood by digging Sanscrit roots." What this means in plain English is: that a University should be in a position to undertake educational work of all kinds, especially advanced studies; and that it should not only be in a position to furnish students with all kinds of mental food, but that it should provide opportunities for the prosecution of investigations into every branch of human knowledge; and that, as Mr. Lowell says, "a man may get his livelihood by digging Sanscrit roots." A University, in Mr. Lowell's sense of the term, is not limited to a teaching Faculty, or an examining Board merely, but will afford scholars and teachers with ample means and opportunities for research and independent study in special subjects. If such be a true ideal of a University, it may seem to be somewhat out of our reach at present. But we are convinced that such is a true conception of the function of a University worthy of the name. Some conditions are necessary for even an approximation to such an ideal. A few of the essential requisites, leaving out the financial side of the question, are: That the educational system of the country be framed upon a homogeneous plan; that each part of the educational system be made to fill its own special place, and lead up naturally and gradually to the next higher stage; and that a high standard of excellence be maintained throughout. These conditions may appear to be self-evident; but they are none the less essential to the vitality of any educational system, and to the successful development of that natural outcome of such systems—a University.

What we have been saying will be seen to have a practical bearing when we consider, somewhat in detail, our own University in its relation to the educational system of Ontario. We have said that a university should provide both the time, means and opportunity for the prosecution of advanced literary or scientific work of any and every kind. We are afraid that we must confess that our present system fails in this respect. It is almost impossible for professors and teachers, on the dreary treadmill of instruction week in and week out, to contribute much of permanent value to the accumulated store of general knowledge, or to develop themselves in their own chosen field of investigation. It may be said in reply that it would be impossible, if not unwise, to seek to transplant an Oxford or a Cambridge system to this continent. It certainly would be impossible to inaugurate at once, and upon a similar scale, a system as vast as that of the universities of the Old Land; it would be unwise to do so all at once, or to impose all the prejudices and peculiarities of Oxford and Cambridge upon our American college system; it would assuredly be a scheme worthy of a *nouveau riche* to attempt to erect at once an Oxford or a Cambridge upon the

foundations of our own University. For it must be remembered that these old institutions, which we so much admire and esteem, are the result of time; that their systems carry with them all the accretions which hoary age has gathered around them; and that such a result cannot be forced, but must be a natural growth, aided and encouraged by the national life and spirit. But we must also remember that we, of the present, are building for the future; that we must lay the foundations broad and deep, that those who come after us may fashion into grace and beauty and utility what we have only in the rough, and that posterity will hold us to account if we do not make ample provision for the demands of the future.

We must here leave our duty to posterity, and seek to discover what that duty is which lies nearest to our hands at the present. And this will be found, we think, to suggest itself in the answers to the questions: Are we making any progress? And, if not, what is the reason? Progress of a certain kind we are making, or our sphere of action and usefulness would have been filled by others ere this. But the most important kind of progress—that of approximating to the Sanscrit root ideal—we have not made to any appreciable extent. And the reasons for this are revealed by a study of the curriculum. The amount of purely elementary work—the prosecution of which is not, strictly speaking, university work—which the present condition of the secondary schools practically imposes upon the staff of University College, plainly shows that no progress is being made, if there is not positive retrogression in the condition of these schools. The cause of this stagnancy is either in the secondary or in the public schools; for the one is dependent on the other, and the university on both. If the standard of the public schools is lowered, and the extent of its curriculum restricted, work which it might and could do must then be taken up by the high schools and collegiate institutes; these, in turn, must lower their standard, and restrict the scope of their course of study; and, finally, the university is compelled to lower its standard and curtail its curriculum, and take up, in the first year at least, a very great deal of the work which, if the public and high schools did their duty, it would not have to undertake. It will be thus seen how dependent every part of our educational system is upon all the others; and it will thus be evident that if a high standard is to be maintained in a university, and opportunities given for development of every kind, it is imperative that those schools upon which the university is most dependent should be made more efficient, and should be as advanced as it is possible to make them.

Now, if we look at the courses of study in the public and high schools and in the collegiate institutes, and if we compare them with those in force a few years ago, we shall discover what may perhaps account, in some degree, for the present stationary condition of our educational system. In 1876 and thereabouts, the public schools of the Province had, by law, six classes. The programme was arranged in a gradually ascending scale, and the sixth class took up reading, spelling, writing, arithmetic, analysis, parsing, composition, geography, history, elements of civil government, nature and use of mechanical powers, Euclid, books I. and II., mensuration of solids and squares, book-keeping and elementary agriculture. This may have been an ambitious programme, but it was one eminently calculated to furnish those who attended the public schools with "the first essentials of education for every youth," and were such as "should be embraced in a public school curriculum, and which have been, and can be, easily learned by pupils under 12 years of age." Let us now glance at our public school programme for 1886—ten years later. We find only four classes. The fourth class has its Fourth Reader, spelling and pronunciation are taught, business forms and accounts are familiarized, drawing, singing and drill are taken up, the elements of formal grammar, composition and history are taught, the mathematics include vulgar and decimal fractions, percentage and interest, and mental arithmetic. Giving this programme the most liberal interpretation, and the advantages which improved methods insure, we must confess that it falls behind the old standard of the sixth and even the fifth class. Provision is made for a fifth class, whose programme is certainly up to the old model, but the School Regulations (edition of 1885, page 101) distinctly say: "Trustees are recommended not to form a fifth class in the public school in any

city, town, or incorporated village, where a high school is situated." Now the obvious meaning and intention of this is, that the high schools shall, where possible, take up the fifth class work of the public schools, allowing the public schools to attain to a standard which is below that in force in 1876. This regulation may have been intended to serve a good purpose, but its operation cannot but impair the usefulness both of public and high schools, since it decrees practically that a public school may be relieved of a part of its regular programme by a high school. The average school trustee will be only too glad to avail himself of this "recommendation," as it will relieve the financial pressure, and enable him to show a balance at the end of the year, a thing which delights the country ratepayer, and secures the re-election of the careful trustee.

If we turn to the question of High Schools and Collegiate Institutes we shall see that there is practically little difference between them. A High School is to have at least two, and may have three teachers; a Collegiate Institute must have four. Under the old regulations Collegiate Institutes were required to have at least an average attendance of 60 male pupils taking classics. Under the present law this qualification is done away with altogether, and a minimum is not required. The importance of this Collegiate qualification may not appear at first sight. But if we consider what a Collegiate Institute should be, we will see that the qualification was a most necessary one. The presence of at least 60 male pupils insured a large number of pupils available for all classes. As girls very rarely take classics, the restriction to male pupils will be seen to have an additional force and significance. But now, since the minimum of 60 male pupils has been swept away, a Collegiate Institute may now exist and yet be on a basis not at all superior to an ordinary high school: and the number of pupils not being kept up, classes for University work cannot be formed; and consequently preparatory university work cannot be taken up in the Collegiate Institutes, and the work must ultimately fall upon the staff of University College.

The letter from Mr. John Seath, which we print in another column, will be found, we think, to bear testimony in our behalf. Mr. Seath's position as a High School Inspector, and his long and varied experience, well qualify him to speak upon this subject. We value his opinion, founded as it is upon personal observation, and we regret that we cannot agree with him. We do not wish to set our own limited experience and observation in opposition to that of one so qualified to speak, but at the same time we are inclined to think that the mere "unpopularity" of first year work with staffs of High Schools, should not allow the High Schools to escape or shirk what is their plain and manifest duty. Mr. Seath explains that the two master High Schools are very heavily burdened as it is, and that they are doing as much as they can when they prepare candidates for the departmental examinations of the 2nd and 3rd class. If we cannot reasonably expect High Schools, with small staffs, to do University matriculation work, we think that such work might with propriety be expected from the Collegiate Institutes. But what do we find the case to be? Mr. Seath says: "My experience is that first year work is not popular with staffs or School Boards, and as a matter of fact, only one or two of the Institutes now undertake the honor courses of this examination." This is a very startling confession, and one which should move the authorities to investigate the question, and see that such a state of affairs is altered. If the Collegiate Institutes exist for anything, it is to take up just such work as Mr. Seath confesses only one or two now undertake. If the High Schools did their proper share of the work, the Collegiate Institutes would be found able to prepare honour candidates for matriculation, and in fact do what is now imposed upon University College.

Mr. Seath admits that Collegiate Institutes and High Schools are, as at present constituted, identical in character and in the scope of their work. This fact alone proves that the Secondary Schools are not fulfilling their full duty, and the fact that this is due largely to the "unpopularity" of increased school grants, and the "unpopularity" of increased school work, does not, to our way of thinking, constitute a sufficient reason for saddling University College with work that properly belongs to the Secondary Schools, and for which they were originally founded. The conclusion of the whole matter is: Not that our High Schools and Collegiate Institutes do indifferent work; but that they are not developed enough; not that our educational system is too elaborate or too extensive in character; but that it is capable of accomplishing much more than it does, and that, without any increase of resources or machinery. We have endeavoured to present the question, impartially, from the point of view of the University; we shall be most happy to hear the other side of the question—from the point of view of Secondary Schools. With this object in view, we shall gladly open our columns to those masters of High Schools and Collegiate Institutes who may feel an interest in the discussion. Our only object is to arrive at some conclusion as to the best method of bettering the present state of things, and of improving both the Secondary Schools and the University.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Editors are not responsible for the opinions of correspondents. No notice will be taken of unsigned contributions.

To the Editors of THE VARSITY.

SIRS,—In reply to your request for my opinion as to the propriety of discontinuing the first year work of the University and requiring it from the High Schools and Collegiate Institutes, I would submit that, as matters stand, it would be unwise to take this course. I base my opinion on the following:—

(1) The burden of work upon the High Schools is now very great, especially during the first half of the year. The two masters' schools do as much as can be expected from them when they prepare candidates for the second and third class departmental examinations, and for the present pass junior matriculation examination. Some of the better schools of this class, it is true, take up one or more of the honour courses; but in many cases most of this additional work is done after school hours. Since the partial assimilation of the pass work of the first year, with the honour work of junior matriculation, a good many schools with more than two masters take up both courses; but my experience is that first year work is not popular with staffs or school boards, and, as a matter of fact, only one or two of the Institutes now undertake the honour courses of this examination.

(2) If your suggestion were acted upon and the present high school entrance standard maintained, an additional master would be required in nearly all the schools; otherwise the smaller ones could not continue "to prepare students for university matriculation," as the High Schools Act requires. As the local tax for high school purposes is in most cases large—and, I may add, likely to become larger even under existing circumstances—I am quite sure that a scheme of the nature you propose would be unpopular in most high school districts.

(3) You may say, however, that it would be proper to utilize the collegiate institutes for this higher work, because these schools were originally intended as special feeders of the university. No doubt they were originally designed to serve this purpose; but, for reasons which it is unnecessary to state, the basis on which they were constituted has been changed, and they are now simply a better equipped and better manned class of high schools. Many of them, indeed, do more advanced work than the high schools, but this is a result of their character, not the legal justification of their existence. A change which would make it necessary for a candidate to leave his local high school to secure such teaching as would enable him to matriculate would probably suit some of the larger and richer schools, but it would be unfair to many of the supporters of the smaller high schools. The object of our high school system is to multiply the local centres of secondary education. The scheme you propose would be practically a reversal of this policy.

Let me add, however, that in my opinion the time has come when a higher standard of attainments—a higher percentage for pass—may be fairly expected at junior matriculation. I am quite sure that the adoption of this course would provide at least a partial remedy for the evils you complain of, and at the same time benefit the matriculant and increase the efficiency of the high schools.

J. SEATH.

THE LIQUOR INTEREST AGAIN THREATENED.

To the Editors of THE VARSITY.

SIRS,—The thronged meeting of the Literary Society last Friday night, the rushing about of the whips, the bellowings of each Boanerges of debate, and the vast amount of general excitement, recalled the scenes of three or four years ago. Though the Society has had a remarkably successful year, such nights come but seldom now. Party spirit seems to be unsettled; the ground has been so torn up during the late scrimmages, and such clouds of dust have been raised, that some think the old party lines, which were once so visible to all, are lost. I speak figuratively.

Mr. Young,—whose ill-advised motion, or rather its amended form, has seriously endangered the health of the goose that laid the golden egg, and made it uncertain now whether or not there will be an Election this year,—in his great speech at the outset of the matter, while dwelling on the reprehensible enormities which accompany Elections, took occasion incidentally to remind the Society of a grave infraction of the law perpetrated yearly. He quoted English and Canadian Election Laws, showing that it is illegal on the part of candidates or their agents to use other than volunteered conveyances in bringing up voters to the polls. During the Society Elections of late years the party organizations have kept hacks running to all parts of the city,—“a direct violation of the law,” said Mr. Young, solemnly, and without doubt in good faith. This amused me.

Now that he has taken to reading up the statutes, Mr. Young cannot be ignorant of the other provisions of the laws in question. Is he of opinion, too, that it has been in direct contravention of the law that on the Society's polling day all the saloons in Toronto have been accustomed to keep open house as on ordinary days?

T. O'FERR.

ROUND THE TABLE.

Tolerance is the grand effect of true education. Perhaps the most important stage in mental development is when one comes to conjecture that all things may possibly not be known to him in their fulness and variety. Then he ceases to make himself the measure of all things, his favorite theories no longer express the complete sum of human wisdom. For what is a theory? Is it not but the same immensity of truth and nature viewed from one standpoint, and seen perchance in half-lights? He is aware that mental growth precedes and conditions belief, takes account of the numberless influences of environment and training, so loses his impatience at the resistance of another's receptivity to his reasoned dogmas. He of all men feels that one-sidedness and fanaticism are not consonant with the deliberateness and breadth that flow from higher culture. He leads the intellectual life even fiercely, with as much intensity of thought and belief as any bigot, but more sanely. Hence he loves to describe himself as a radical—who does not hesitate but joys in piercing to the utmost depths of a subject, divesting it of all adventitious wrappings, to find, if possible, the indestructible kernel of reality amidst surrounding accretions.

* * *

Vegetation, we are told, is so luxuriant in the moist and warm tropics, that unceasing warfare has to be waged against its exuberance to preserve a clearing. The educated man learns to be tenacious of the products of civilization and culture against all inroad, from the conviction that such civilization is, or was, the abnormal condition of the race. It may be impossible now to retrace the steps by which men struggled upward—some of them, no doubt, happy accidents, but of this much we may be sure, that the differentiations making to progress are so subtle, that rough changes are ever to be dreaded, lest, equally with destructive influences, they arrest the slow movement. It is not at all wonderful, then, that the educated man hesitates at initiating change, the full effects of which he can neither calculate or divine. His position is that of a zealous guardian over the store of human experience and its highest results—delaying to surrender a part thereof until the claimant makes good his promise to replace the lost. *Laissez-faire* may be an ignoble doctrine, but is sometimes the surest. An insensible adjustment to varying conditions is continually going on and eventually may give us a safety impracticable to world-tinkers or cobblers.

* * *

The educated man, while thoroughly cognizant of his place in our social system as the conservator of what is valuable or seems to be valuable in human experience, objects when assailed on the ground that he is perpetuating class distinctions. A leading periodical, *The Popular Science Monthly*, made a savage onslaught on *Varsity* re "Spelling Reform," not long since; without knowing the moments of the controversy, or, to all appearance, doing the simple justice of reading the context, the editor took a sentence out of connection and grounded thereon a charge of intellectual snobbery that made the Table shudder when it was read. *THE VARSITY* was made to echo the rabid howl of "keep the lower classes down."

Surely it is one thing to maintain whatever may seem valuable in the culture of ages, and another altogether to desire such maintenance as a distinction between culture and ignorance. It is surely possible to earnestly desire that the distinction between educated and uneducated may vanish by education becoming common property, and another to stoutly oppose any scheme that seeks to accomplish such obliteration by reducing the higher to the lower term—to secure at any cost, that dead level so dear to the hearts of our Socialist friends.

* * *

"Volapuk," or "Volapyk," is a word that one hears frequently in these days; and all who pretend to keep up with the topics of the

In a late number of our esteemed exchange, the *Aegis*, there is a notable article, entitled "A Remedy for the Popular Unrest." "The pathway of history," the writer tells us, "is marked by ruined dynasties, and the brightest stars in the galaxy of empires may sink the quickest in the flood of years . . . Human progress thus becomes marked out by a blind fatalism, and a merciless fate is steadily compelling us to our predestined goal." We would offer our thanks to the able writer; his article has left us strengthened and nerved for the strife, and comforted greatly in spirit.

* * *

time should be prepared, I suppose, to talk on occasion as though possessed of a thorough understanding of the aims and rights and possibilities of the new "world-language," to say nothing of its grammar. The following short account may be found interesting.

In 1879, Dr. Schleier, of Constance, becoming convinced of the commercial necessity of a language to be spoken by all nations, invented Volapuk, the etymology of which is based on French, German and Latin. It has already been adopted in various parts of Australia, Syria, Germany and America. In Paris it is taught in thirteen institutions; and there are five newspapers published in it. According to the Volapuk grammar, "anyone understanding English, French, or German, can acquire a complete knowledge of this new language within a month." Proof, indeed, is offered by a class in one of the French business colleges, which, after eight lessons, was able to correspond easily in this tongue. There is but one declension, one conjugation, no article; and all prepositions govern the accusative. The conjugation of verbs is somewhat elaborate, but it is without exceptions.

* * *

An example shows its simplicity. Thus, "gift" (*giv*) is declined:—

SINGULAR.	PLURAL.
<i>giv</i> , the gift.	<i>givs</i> .
<i>giva</i> , of the gift.	<i>givas</i> .
<i>give</i> , to the gift.	<i>gives</i> .
<i>givi</i> , gift. (acc.)	<i>givis</i> .

The verb "to give," (*givon*) is found as follows:—

SINGULAR.	PLURAL.
<i>givob</i> , I give.	<i>givobs</i> , we give.
<i>givol</i> , thou givest.	<i>givols</i> , you give.
<i>givom</i> , he gives.	<i>givoms</i> , they give.

Inasmuch as all nouns and verbs are declined and conjugated in the same way, it is easy to translate the sentences, *Sellobs domi mane*, "We sell the house to the man"; *Justik man sendom subscriptioni Varsite*, "The upright man forwardeth his subscription to THE VARSITY."—(T. A. Gibson, Treasurer.) And as the adjective and adverb are always formed from the noun by the same ending, *ik*, *iko*, (*fam*, fame; *famik*, famous; *famiko*, famously), there is no room for any irregularity; the whole language becomes merely a question of vocabulary.

* * *

Volapuk certainly cannot, and does not, claim to be eminently beautiful; its whole aim is to be convenient, and serviceable, and useful,—to the traveller, in the hotels and shops of Europe, and in other quarters of the globe, and to the merchant, in his trade with all foreign countries.

* * *

The story is told that when Calverley was an undergraduate in Cambridge, he was once conducting through his College some friends who were visiting the University. As they were crossing the quad, he stooped to pick up a pebble which he neatly tossed through a second floor window, with the remark, "That's the Dean's window." And on the sudden appearance of a very irate little gentleman at the window, Calverley continued with the greatest sang-froid, "And that's the Dean."

HH.

UNIVERSITY AND COLLEGE NEWS.

All reports from Societies must reach us by noon on Thursday to insure insertion.

DR. WALLACE'S LECTURES.

I.—DARWINISM.

Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace, F.R.S., delivered his first lecture—on Darwinism—on Thursday evening, in the Convocation Hall of the University, to an audience which may be considered as fairly representative of the thought and culture of the city. President Wilson occupied the chair, and in a few remarks explained Dr. Wallace's position as the co-discoverer of the great doctrines of Evolution, and the Survival of the Fittest—doctrines which completely revolutionized scientific theories, and have given an entirely new tendency to the thought of the day.

In person, Dr. Wallace is above the average height; his hair and beard are snow white, and his whole appearance dignified and venerable. He speaks without gesture of any kind, and his voice is well modulated and clear.

Dr. Wallace took as his text the closing paragraph of the Introduction to Darwin's "Origin of Species." The paragraph is substantially as follows:

"Although much remains obscure, and will long remain obscure, I can entertain no doubt, after the most deliberate study and dispassionate consideration of which I am capable, that the view of most naturalists and the view which I formerly held, namely: That each species has been independently created, is erroneous. Species are not immutable, but those now belonging to the same genera owe their origin to other and extinct species. Further, I am convinced that natural selection has been the most important, but not the exclusive means of modification."

This is the claim, Dr. Wallace continued, which Darwin makes. We have now to enquire whether that claim has been justified. The points which lie at the base of the Darwinian theory are comparatively few and simple natural phenomena. First: Power of rapid multiplication, which all organisms possess, causing them to increase, if allowed to do so, in geometrical progression. Second: Individual variation of offspring from parents. From these two simple, but indisputable facts, there necessarily follows the struggle for existence. And for this reason—that the numbers produced in each succeeding generation are so much greater than those which existed previously; and, being able alone to exist in a given area, the surplus must be destroyed.

Dr. Wallace then referred to the objection which had been urged against Darwin's theories founded upon his observations of domestic animals, viz.: that they existed under unnatural and abnormal conditions; and that therefore the conclusions drawn from these observations could not be universally accepted with reference to animals in a state of nature. The lecturer then related at some length the researches of certain naturalists in reference to the variations which they had observed with reference to certain species of lizards, blue-birds, squirrels, etc., and illustrated his remarks by reference to numerous diagrams.

It is curious to note, Dr. Wallace said, that whenever man makes use of a particular animal or plant, it seems to vary in the qualities which he regards as most useful, and but slightly in others. Man takes advantage of those variations which are valuable to him; in other words, natural selection can be aided by intelligence.

The next point touched upon by the lecturer was the struggle for existence, illustrating it by reference to those weeds which grow up on fallow ground, by reason of the capabilities they possess of distributing their seeds; these are succeeded by a different kind and so on, no two classes being the same. These and other facts showed the complexity of nature. These weeds were attacked by parasites, who, in turn, fell victims to other enemies, and so on *ad infinitum*—the chain of destruction being complete. Only those which could successfully withstand their enemies, and survive in the struggle for existence, remained to transmit their peculiarities to their descendants.

The three facts which it was necessary to keep in mind were: (1) That most animals continually and largely vary; (2) That there is a tremendous and ever-present struggle for existence; and (3) That all organisms multiply so rapidly that almost as many die as are born.

Under present conditions of life, the number of creatures that exist must remain nearly stationary; there is no room for any increase of progeny without a corresponding mortality of the parents. Yet every year, the parents produce from ten to a hundred times their own number. The enormous destruction which must inevitably ensue, leads to the question—"Which will live?" The answer can only be that those which are best fitted by health, perfect organization, and so forth. This is the great doctrine of Natural Selection, or the Survival of the Fittest. The result of all this is, that so long as external conditions remain unchanged, each species will be kept up to the highest degree of perfection, because the most perfect will live. If conditions of existence change, a corresponding change will be noticed in the character of those that survive.

The principal objections to Darwin's hypothesis are: (1.) That the chances are against the right changes occurring exactly when required. The answer to this is: That the right changes are always occurring, and cannot fail to occur when required. (2.) That the variation is so small and infinitesimal that it cannot be of any use. But, on the contrary, variations have been shown to be very large and easily measured, and must have an enormous influence upon the habits and mode of life of the creature. (3.) That if the favourable variation does occur at the right time, it will disappear in the next generation. This proceeds on the same assumption that the variations are rare, whereas the opposite has been shown to be the case. (4.) That the rudiments of important organs, as wings, eyes, &c., would be useless. This, however, appeals to our ignorance of what occurred at such a remote period that we are unable to say what were the conditions that needed such variations. It is quite easy to imagine that these rudimentary organs were, at that time, useful.

With Darwin's name is inseparably associated the relation of man to the other animals. His work on the "Descent of Man" has shown that in his general structure man bears a close resemblance to the higher apes. Many variations of rudimentary structure are found in men which cannot possibly be useful to them as they are, but which could only be serviceable in a lower form. The evidence in favour of an animal origin for man's body is overwhelming, and indeed any other origin would be inconceivable. For if all other animal forms have been derived from one another by natural processes, and have been developed step by step, from lower forms, until they have approached so near to what man is, how can it be supposed that the final step never occurred, and that all this preparatory work was a fallacy, and that with man a totally new process had to be begun? This supposition would lead us to believe that the Creator created man in such a manner as to deceive him, making him believe that he was descended from an animal form, when he was not. We are thus compelled to believe either that all species were created specifically and separately, or that man is developed from them, as they from one another. Though this is true in regard to man's bodily, it is difficult to show that the same holds with regard to his mental structure. Some mental characteristics seem to originate suddenly in the higher races, for example, the mathematical and musical faculties, powers of ideal representation, and of framing abstract conceptions and so forth. These are not found in savage races, and would be useless to them in their struggle for life. In the struggle for existence no useless powers are developed.

The lecturer concluded as follows:—Mind is more fundamental than matter; soul and spirit is the real man; the body is the temporary manifestation and dwelling place. The body is developed from lower types of animal life which existed for this purpose alone. The whole material universe exists for the purpose of developing by the organic world, that wonderful harmonious and beautiful human form,—a means of developing, through effort and struggle, through warfare against physical and moral evil, the spirit which pervades it.

The meeting of the Literary Society last Friday night was the most notable of the year. The great event of the evening, the discussion of Mr. Young's motion, was not brought on until a large quantity of ordinary business had been got through with. The President was in the chair. Mr. Waldron, who seemed actuated by an intense, overwhelming desire that some of the lady undergraduates should be admitted to membership, had proposed several names. The Society gallantly threw them out by a large majority. Mr. Redden gave two notices of motion; one in the matter of the appointment of the committee to examine the essays for the prizes, the other with reference to the construction of a voters' list that shall be final for this year. And then there was a pause, during which the boldest held his breath. The hall was thronged; there was not a square foot of standing room. A large number of graduates were present, among them not a few of the old war horses of the pre-Milligan period, who had scented the battle from afar. The illustrious J. G. Holmes, however, left before the battle began. The air was electric when Mr. Young rose to his feet to move that Article I., Section 1, be amended so as to read: "The Society shall consist of graduates and undergraduates of King's College, graduates of Toronto University, and students in arts actually in attendance at University College and the School of Science." His speech was a great effort, lasting half an hour. Mr. Bradford seconded the motion. Then there was a deep silence,—one might have heard the secretary's table fall, had he chosen to overthrow it. But he was gazing with wide eyes at Mr. Hunter, who rose to a point of order: that, involving an expulsion of members in good standing, the motion was not an amendment to Article I., Section 1. Then Mr. Hume, Mr. Waldron, the distinguished Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Robinson, Mr. Duncan, and several other gentlemen arose and sawed the air. The President, having listened to the discussion, ruled that the point was well taken. The first clause of Mr. Young's motion was accordingly thrown out. The second clause, in the amended form proposed by Mr. Fraser, passed the meeting. Mr. Young's clause was that life members should vote for President only; Mr. Fraser's was that members of the Faculty, students of University College, and of the School of Sci-

ence actually in attendance at lectures, alone should vote for undergraduate candidates for office. There was an opening of the flood-gates of eloquence. The downpour lasted over an hour. Messrs. Miller, Duncan, Bradford, Fraser, Cody, Ferguson, Aikins, J. A. Garvin, Robinson, A. M. Macdonell and Hunter were prominent in the fray. Nearly every other member of the Society endeavoured in vain to insert a word. Almost every speech began with the customary "It seems to me, Mr. President." Some of the speakers moved in regions of high and pure disinterestedness, and lofty, ideal loyalty to the Society. Gentlemen appealed to the constitution, to the chairman, to precedent, to the nine gods, to all that is holy and venerable,—with violent gestures. There was great facetiousness at times, sundry personalities and many merry jests. After half-past eleven the polling took place on a sudden. The amendment was carried by a vote of 169 to 75, a majority of 19 over the two-thirds required. The third clause of Mr. Young's amendment was referred to the General Committee. After a vote of thanks to the General Committee for arranging for the passage of the amendment through the College Council, the Society adjourned. President Milligan presided over a tumultuous and protracted meeting with admirable tact and firmness.

HISTORICAL AND POLITICAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.—On Wednesday afternoon, the members of this Association had the pleasure of listening to an able and most interesting paper by Mr. Thos. Hodgins, M.A., Q.C., entitled, "An Unpublished Chapter in the History of the Cession of Canadian Territory to the United States." (Mr. Hodgins is an old graduate of our University, and, during his student days, was one of the originators of the present Literary and Scientific Society of the College, some thirty-four years ago.) The territory in question, and about which so much secrecy has been manifested, comprises the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin and Michigan, and part of the State of Minnesota—that part of the (now) American territory lying between the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers. This territory formerly belonged to the British, but was given up to the United States about one hundred years ago as "back lands" of the Dominion of Canada. The speaker presented to the audience the correspondence relative to the giving up of the land in question, characterizing the whole proceeding as "negotiations conceived in secrecy and consummated in disgrace." He showed the spirit which occasioned this immense loss of territory, pointing out the laxity of the British Government and the stupidity of the officers sent out here to settle boundary disputes. One of these arbitrators was described as representing the acquisition of Canada in 1763, as detrimental to the interests of Great Britain. Instances were cited to show how much better fitted to transact their own affairs Canadians are, in cases where territory or territorial rights are in dispute, than are foreign officials, who know little or nothing about the geography of the country, and less, if possible, of the political importance of any particular part of it. At the close of the meeting a very hearty vote of thanks, moved by Mr. Hume and seconded by Mr. Russell, was tendered to Mr. Hodgins for his kindness in delivering before the Association so interesting and instructive an address. A number of visitors were present.

The regular fortnightly meeting of the University College Natural Science Association was held in the School of Practical Science on Thursday afternoon, the President, W. H. Pike, Ph. D., in the chair. E. J. Chapman, Ph. D., LL. D., delivered an address on "Underground Waters," giving an account of the origin of springs, and explaining the generally received theories of geysers and artesian wells. He then described the artesian wells in the neighborhood of London, Eng., and also some attempts made in Yorkville and near the Don to procure water by similar means, and pointed out the reasons of failure in the latter cases. At the conclusion of his paper—which was illustrated by numerous blackboard drawings and rock specimens—the speaker outlined a system of drainage much practised in England for clay soils, whereby the underlying strata of porous rock are made to serve as a natural receptacle for the accumulated surface-water of the fields. During the discussion which ensued, the President quoted an instance of a mine being drained of water by similar means. Dr. Ellis followed with an account of an artificial drainage system which imitated the conditions naturally obtaining in the two former cases. Mr. R. J. Hamilton then read a paper on "Nerve Force," being a synopsis of some work recently carried out on curarized animals, particularly the frog, cat and dog. After some discussion on this paper and on the points of difference between animal nerves and the so-called nerves of sensitive plants, etc., the Society adjourned.

At a meeting of the Glee Club held on Tuesday last, the following nominations were made for offices in the Society for the coming year:—Honorary President: M. S. Mercer, B.A. (elected by acclamation). President: J. E. Jones, F. B. Hodgins. Leader: N. Kent, J. E. Jones, N. Anderson. Secretary: E. A. Hardy, J. D. Spence, N. P. Buckingham, F. H. Suffel. Treasurer: R. J. Gibson, J. J. Ferguson. Committee, 4th year: F. H. Suffel, N. P. Buckingham, E. A. Hardy, J. A. Giffin, W. A. Bradey. 3rd year: H. S. Robertson, J. D. Spence, O. W. McMichael, H. W. C.

Shore, G. A. H. Fraser, H. F. Gadsby. 2nd year: J. H. Fawell, A. D. Thompson, J. O. Honsberger, W. C. Bremner, J. J. Ferguson. The annual meeting will be held on Tuesday next, at which the elections will take place, and the Treasurer's statement be made. A large attendance is specially requested.

The debate at the last regular meeting of the Trinity College Literary Institute shows a commendable interest on the part of the students in local affairs. The subject was, "Resolved, that the Fleming by-law lately passed by the City Council is prejudicial to the interests of the city." The affirmative was successfully championed by Messrs. Broughall and Houston. Messrs. McGill and Cayley upheld the negative side of the question. An essay on "Socialism" was read by Mr. Stephenson.

The same question was discussed in the Law Society at Osgoode Hall on Saturday night. Decision was again given in favor of the affirmative.

The Literary Society of the Toronto School of Medicine met on Friday evening as usual. Dr. McFarlane presided. A paper was read by Dr. W. H. B. Aikins on the germ theory. A number of specimens were exhibited and illustrations given. Dr. Ferguson delivered a lecture on magnetism and faith-cures. Nominations were received for officers for next term. Elections will take place at next meeting. A number of members were absent—presumably looking after their interests elsewhere.

The regular Thursday afternoon meeting of the Y. M. C. A., was conducted by Mr. L. E. Skey. The topic was "Witnesses for Christ," (Acts i: 8.) He pointed out that all men must bear witness, either in favour of or against Christ. In order to bear a true testimony, men must have the power of the Holy Spirit. Many other instructive points were made by Mr. Skey and the speakers who followed him. The meeting next Thursday will be conducted by Mr. T. C. Des Barres.

The Mathematical and Physical Society held its regular meeting on Tuesday afternoon, the Vice-President, Mr. Duft, in the chair. The programme was opened by Mr. J. H. McGeary, M.A., who addressed the audience on the subject of Quaternions. The speaker thoroughly explained the basis of the subject, and showed the consistency of its fundamental principles. Mr. L. H. Bowerman, B.A., gave some accurate experiments in Acoustics, after which the solution of a number of problems was discussed by the members. A few interesting details of business were then transacted, and the meeting adjourned.

The Wycliffe College Literary Society held a debate on Friday evening in the library, on a question much talked of at present; "That it is the duty of the State to provide distinctively religious teachings in her educational system." A short programme preceded the debate:—Chorus, by the students; Essay, Mr. T. R. O'Meara; Reading, Mr. W. R. Johnson; Trio, Messrs. Miller, May and Acheson. Messrs. F. J. Lynch and C. C. Owen, B.A., then opened the debate for the affirmative, and were followed by Messrs. J. M. Baldwin, B.A., and R. Sims, in the negative. A spirited argument was kept up for about an hour and a half. The chairman, Chief Justice Wilson, left the decision to the audience, a majority of whom favoured the affirmative. After a chorus by the students and the singing of the National Anthem, the meeting dispersed. The attendance was large.

The election of officers for the Knox College Metaphysical and Literary Society was held on the evening of Friday, 4th inst, C. W. Gordon, B.A., the president, in the chair. After the preliminary business had been finished, J. A. MacDonald and D. G. McQueen, B.A., were appointed scrutineers, and voting began. The result was the election of: Pres., J. C. Tolmie, B.A.; 1st Vice, A. R. Barron, B.A.; 2nd Vice, D. Perrie; Critic, J. McD. Duncan, B.A.; Cor. Sec., E. B. McGhee; Rec. Sec., T. R. Shearer, B.A.; Treas., S. J. Pettinger; Sec. Com., W. J. Clark; Curator, G. W. Logie; Councillors, M. P. Talling, J. Gill, J. Gilchrist. The most important part of the voting, however, came last, namely, the electing of the editorial staff of the *Monthly*, which will very likely be changed into a yearly paper and be continued throughout the summer months. The editors elected are: J. McD. Duncan, B.A.; C. A. Webster, B.A.; W. J. Clark; W. P. McKenzie, B.A.; D. McGillivray, M.A.; J. J. Elliott, B.A.; Geo. Needham, B.A., Bus. Man.; W. A. Martin, Treasurer. The campaign on the night of Friday, the 4th, by no means ended the elections for this year. Tuesday, the 8th inst., saw the combatants again ready for the fray, and the following were elected as officers of the Missionary Society for the ensuing year: Pres., A. J. McLeod, B.A.; 1st Vice, D. McGillivray, M.A.; 2nd Vice, W. P. McKenzie, B.A.; Rec. Sec., A. E. Mitchell; Cor. Sec., Geo. Needham, B.A.; Sec. Com., P. J. McLaren; Treas., P. Nichol; Councillors: J. G. Shearer, J. S. Gale, M. C. Rumball, B.A., P. McNabb, A. G. Jansen. The elections for the Glee Club and for the Football Club have not yet taken place.

Alfred Russell Wallace, F.R.S., inspected the College buildings, Library, etc., in company with Dr. Wilson on Thursday morning.



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I kissed her hand,—and oh! the thrill
Is warm within my memory still!
It stirred the sources of my blood,
That seemed to quench my heart's sad
drought,
And woke emotions in a flood;
I kissed her hand. She slapped my mouth.
—Ex.

Little Bess: "Tommy, do you think Noah
took bees into the ark?" Master Tommy:
"Why, of course he did." "But wouldn't
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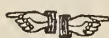
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THE VARSITY

A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.

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University of Toronto, Mar. 19, 1887.

No. 18.

TO CAROLA IN SORROW.

How often in the dusky twilight hour, dear friend,
When day grew faint and slowly yielded to the night,
I've sat where I could see thy winsome face
Lit in the gloom by starlight of thine eyes.
Then, as thy fair fleet fingers struck from ivory keys
Strains of that music that will ever heartward go—
"Songs without words," that yet so plainly speak—
How trouble fled and care obeyed the charm.
To-day, as dark of sorrow closes round thy life,
No witching music can I make to comfort thee :
This simple rhyme, to speak a thought that's true
And breathe a prayer, I send thee with my love.

Not pleasure's treble trilling on alone
Could make the music of thy life complete ;
And now comes mingling sorrow's minor tone
With deeper strains and chords more grandly sweet.

While thus the player makes full harmony,
With slow, sad movement following close the gay,
May one bright theme flow through it all for thee—
A peace the world can never take away.

Riverside, N. B.

R. H.

MR. STEWART'S VOLUME OF POEMS.*

It is as inspiring as it is unusual nowadays that a young poet, in his first book of poems, setting himself resolutely to disregard readers who "consider poetry a diversion," should devote all to the hazard of song instinct with imaginative vitality. Mr. Stewart's work gives evidence of a notable restraint from artifices of mere technique ; having within him the consciousness of a message to deliver, he will venture the lonely heights, and lift up his voice with at least a lofty purpose in his singing. There is not a line of *vers de société* in his book ; not a ballade, not a rondeau ; none of the sparkling, delightful, metrical trifles we have come to look for in new volumes of verse ; not the faintest echo suggestive of Swinburne either in form or theme.

Mr. Stewart's inclination is largely towards the classical, his singing most often a minor strain of sadness and melancholy. The first of the present collection of poems, the blank verse "Lines to my Mother," a train of musings in the shadow of past years, is marked by a fine union of intellectuality and delicate beauty. The characteristic harmonies of which suggestions comes to one's inner sense from all the poems, the chords which recur again and again to the last stanza of the "After-song," are in this prelude modulated up to and held by the poet's intense subjectivity. Of the succeeding poems, "Good Night," "De Profundis,"—the title of which was originally "Ocean Thoughts,"—"Keats" and "To a Winter Bird" are reprinted from THE VARSITY of last year. "At Sea," "Fame," "Morn," and "Home" will be familiar to those who remember the poem which won for Mr. Stewart the College prize three years ago.

The longest poem in the volume, "Corydon and Amaryllis," which is in blank verse, is taken up almost too largely with melancholy introspection. While certain conventions will always

be indispensable to art, it may well be doubted whether pastoral and descriptive poetry is not a form that has become outworn. Turner and Cimabue are not to be judged from quite the same standpoint, nor Wagner and Palestrina ; all art must take up with its life its line of advance, assuming what has been done in the past. Even in landscape "we have reached the stage where human feeling," as Stedman points out, "pervades the most favoured work." We want the objective portrayal and illumination of life ; individuals, men and women, various and real, striving for intense sensations and continuous development must be set before us in being and action,—above all in that mutual play on one another's destinies which results from what has been termed "the dramatic purport of life." As I have said, Mr. Stewart's work does not seem to have been environed by the conditions most favourable and helpful towards this. He is at all times supremely subjective.

But the springs of poetry are indeed perennial, and subject to no law ; and our poet's melancholy, in such lines as the following, moves the heart like the gathered grieving of Beethoven :—

"And thou,
O robin, with the mellow flute so full
Of melody, 'twas almost to forget
That this fair world of ours could know one pang
Or tear, it was so beautiful, so full
Of joy. How my young heart did wildly bound
With thee in warbling greenness of glad spring !
My youth hath been attuned to thy sweet song ;
We have together roamed by mossy streams
Whose gladness mingled with our own, through fields
Where buds and berries ripened into bloom,
And by the leafy greenness of cool woods.
Our lives were like a merry dream, serene
And shadowless ; passion and apathy
Were far away, when thou wert breathing forth
Thine ecstasy. With thee I drove the kine
Howeard along the lane, whose winding way
Left far behind the tangled trees and gloom—
That daisied lane, how like the tender thought
Of early home ! Then did the brown-armed maids
Come tripping with their ample pails, calling
The kine with simple names, until they drowned
In girlish laughter and low, sweet-lipped rifts
Of song. In happy rivalry we stood
With eager eyes, and linked our childish dreams
Unto the first-born star. The moonlight brought
Dim fairy tales and June's rose-heavy wreaths
By fragrant doors, and lingering good nights.
Thy merry song was wont to wake the morn
To eager-footed play and careless joy :
But time hath brought a spiritual change,
The light of sadder thought. Now, when I leave
The dream-paved palaces of sleep, thou art
A Dorian flute of wordless grief and pain,
A feathered memory of the vanished years.
One night I could not sleep, but knelt beside
The window sill. The red sun rose behind
The hedge ; thy song became an elegy
Of dying love. O God, how little do
We cling to what we have, how much to dreams !

Pale melancholy, faithfully thou lov'st
The human soul when youth and passion fail,
How precious all things grow beneath thy smile !
Sad sister of the poet's lonely hours,
Thy clinging arms embrace us all, thy feet
Are in all paths, and nature saddens 'neath
Thine eyes. The lotus and the poppy have
Thee in their dreamy veins, thine image dwells
For ever in the jewelled wine ; thou art
The hungry beauty of Love's crescent eyes,

* Poems. Phillips Stewart. London : Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.

The tremour of white hands, the ashy gleam
Of noble brows, and thou dost startle Love's
Young dreams into a dying swoon and strew
A flowery sadness on some new-made grave."

This passage—which does not at all surpass in beauty and power many others of equal length even in the same poem—may show the quality and artistic value of Mr. Stewart's work perhaps better than the many shorter passages I had also marked for quotation. "The Last Sleep," "To a Blind Singer," "The Poet," "Hope," "The Painter to his Picture," "Evermore," and "Love's Dream" are poems strong in motive and expression, and alive with emotion. I may be allowed to quote from the last stanza of the "After-song" the words which bring the book to a close:

"I came again and all were gone,
And I lingered there by the sea alone.
Why is the poet's pipe wed unto saddening thought?
O the unsung songs that might have been mine,
As the waves beat up in splendid rhyme.
Why beats the heart in the breast
Like the sea on the stones in unrest?
In feverish hands the foam of the waves I caught.
'Are we not more than foam in the hands of Time?'
I said, 'Is there not more for life's clinging vine
Than idols and dreams, more in death than dumb sleep?'
But the waves came in with their mighty sweep
And eternal cry, 'We are weary of toil and of strife,
We have toiled forever under a spell;
We have built the land where the nations dwell
And the mountains that dwell with the cloud,
Both the small and the great.
What is the use? Man ever threads the maze
Of life in the mists of fate,
While Beauty sits in desolate ways,
While Greed is king of th' ignoble crowd,
And the world is wan with the war of creeds,
Oppression, tyranny, martyr-filled flames,
Unsatisfied love, and forgotten dead,
Fields of war where the soldier bleeds,
And pillars sculptured with deeds and names
That tell of darkness and dragon dread.
We have toiled for ever under a spell,
We have built the land where the nations dwell;
We are weary of toil and of strife."

O wind-tossed waves that wander for evermore!
O weary waves by the winding shore!
The life that turneth no thoughtless eye
On the glories that round us lie,
On the myriad grandeurs of earth and sky,
And the wonder of changing sights,
Can feel that the lowliest worm hath rights,
And a broken shell on the beach
Hath sadness deeper than speech."

"Dreamy and inconclusive," in the words of a late writer, "the poet sometimes, nay, often, cannot help being, for dreaminess and inconclusiveness are conditions of thought when dwelling on the very subjects that most demand poetical treatment." Yet one could wish that the poet of "Corydon and Amaryllis" were a little less dreamy and inconclusive at times, a little less melancholy and despondent—for many moods of sorrow are reflected in his verse. Some of the poems thrill one with a note of desolate sadness, more exquisite than I can express.

W. J. HEALY.

HOW HRÔTHGAR CAME HOME AGAIN.

Beowulf, 1897-1914.

There on the sand was
A sea-worthy ship
Freighted with war-gear,
The iron-ring'd prow
With horses and treasure:
High the mast towered
Over Earl Hrôthgar's
Store of hoard-jewels.
He on the boat-ward,
Bounden with gold,
A broadsword bestowed;
That he was thereafter
More worthy on mead-bench
For that same heir-loom,

The relic of yore.
Then he boarded the sea-boat,
To plow the deep water,
The Danes' land forsook.
There was, the mast along,
One of sea-mantles,
A sail sheeted home.
On surged the ocean-tree,
Not there the wave-swimmer
Winds over water-floods
Stayed of her going;
On gat the sea-ganger,
Fleeted the foamy-necked
Forth o'er the billows,
The carven-stem ship
Over the sea-rivers,
Till that the Geat cliffs
They could descry,
The well-known coast-nesses.
Up drave the keel,
Sped up by the breezes
She shoaled on the shallows.

BOHEMIEN.

SLANG.

There is an art in slang. It is an embellishment or ornamentation; a sort of lower grade or detritus of poetical embellishment or ornamentation. Professor Masson has defined poetry to be the addition of secondary concrete to prior concrete. The same holds good with regard to slang. It differs from poetry in the character of the added concrete, and bears much the same relationship to poetry that folk-lore does to mythology.* A slang phrase is one torn from its original signification, fallen from its high estate, degraded. "Degraded?" perhaps you exclaim, "degraded, when slang, pure and simple, may be found in Shakespeare, in Juvenal, in Terence, in Aristophanes, in Plato† even?" What I mean is, we find it in comedy, not in tragedy; in satire, not in ode; in familiar colloquy, not in moral disquisition; in the mouth of Pistol, or Bardolph, or Falstaff, not in the soliloquies of Hamlet or Cato. Like detritus it is found on the lowly plain, not on the mountain-top.

Perhaps the essential difference between the secondary concrete of poetry and that of slang is the inappropriateness or inapplicability of the latter. Slanginess, in fact, varies inversely as appropriateness. "Bob up serenely" applied to the natatorial antics of visitors to Dieppe or Coney Island,—spots dear to the advocates of co-nation of the sexes—is scarcely within the confines of slang proper. But in the unauthorized version, even in the revised version, it would be worse than slang. "It makes me tired" is in some instances a very sensible remark; it is not until it becomes wholly inappropriate that it becomes slang. So in condoling with her Grace, the Duchess of So-and-So, on the occasion of some bereavement, one would hardly address her as "old girl," or request her to "come, come," or to "keep a stiff upper lip," and, "stand it like a little man;" and yet cases might occur when to some "dear old chappie" they would be the exact phrases used. The difference between slang and poetry is the difference between *Punch* and the *Times*. *Punch* gives the news always with a smile on his face, and never in the "grand" styles. The *Times* is always tremendously sober and serious. Poetry is the portrait; slang is the caricature. T. A. H.

A BRIEF COMPARISON OF THE PLATONIC AND KANTIAN VIEWS OF THE ABSOLUTE UNITY IN THE COMPLEX PHENOMENAL.

The history of Philosophy from the days of the Sage of Miletus to the times of the prince of German transcendentalists is but a record of the labyrinthine wanderings of the human soul goaded on as Io of old, by a maddening gadfly of necessity, to struggle through the mazes of the complex Phenomenal to the higher unity, all embracing. Down the ages can this toilsome path be traced, by the whitening bones of decayed philosophies, that have shed their dim, often uncertain light upon the ever-widen-

*See Max Muller, *Chips*.

† *Teste*, De Quincey.

ing expanse of the realms of thought. Baleful beacons are they serving well to warn the unskilled, or to deter with forbidding glare, the venturesome mariner for Charybdean reefs and whirlpool of Scylla. History repeats itself. In To-day already walks To-morrow.

The same ontological problems, the same enquiries into the capacities, the *δυναμεις*, the conceptions, the desires, the aspirations, yea the destiny of the soul, face the eager enquirer of the 19th century—so it would seem to us—which vexed the mind of the broad-browed philosopher of the Academy—for do not we find in the Theætetus a shadowing forth—in dim outline, it is true, and with at times imperfect apprehension on the part of its author—of the ideas that even now voice themselves in iron-whispers of the thinker, fearless and often discordant with the utterances of oracles received with reverence in the old world—and indeed they have taken root in the virgin soil of our own land. For why should it be doubted that it is given to prophetic souls, bringing forth with many parturition pangs it may be—conceptions big with promise of future development—realizing themselves in the minds of men on whom destiny has flung the mantle of their illustrious forerunner. Thus was it given to Plato—then whom, after the misconceptions of centuries have in large measure been cleared away, none shine in the world of thought with lustre more undimmed.

Let us proceed to give a succinct statement—and with diffidence we do so, as indeed we may—of the salient features of the systems of Plato and Kant.

Here we take high ground in the bold statement that their differences are few and often but apparent, while their points of agreement are fundamental and far-reaching. For instance, we find them essentially agreeing as regards the absolute necessity of the *a priori* element, thought, or idea, as a constituent of every practical cognition. This they agree in claiming to be universally and unvaryingly real, in the highest flights of the world-compelling philosopher, as in the first faint flutterings of the infantile imagination,—in other words, that “the *Ego* appears now as the pit in which the various sensations, perceptions, conceptions, ideas are put away—the *Ego* that is present with them all, that is the centre in which they all concur. Spirit as conscious individuality, as *Ego* is the object of the Phenomenology of consciousness (which in smaller compass reappears here as intermediate between anthropology and psychology). One feels the difficulty in treating a theme so lofty and abstruse, of expressing oneself with clearness and yet with accuracy. The alternative is forced upon one, of either expressing oneself in language technical but accurate, or of using forms of expression which, though they might be plainer and more popular, would necessarily be vague and inadequate. We have chosen the former.

Let us proceed to specify. And first, in the region of the Transcendental Æsthetic, we are at the outset met by a demand for definition. The former being, and both agree in this indeed, an epithet applied to any cognition which shows us how a certain synthetical knowledge *a priori* is first, possible, or second, capable of application to objects. The latter designates the capacity for feeling, as distinguished from the understanding (*verstand und vernunft*), the region of the higher faculty of the purely mental being excluded from the comparatively limited sphere of our ordinary apperception. The existence of *a priori* sense elements is indisputable—elements, namely, that are universal and necessary.

Into the shady walks of the Academy there fell a beam of glorious light. Again it shone with renewed lustre upon the stone-paved streets of Koingsberg, “a light which never was on sea or land,” thence deflected with united ray have they, through all the years shone even to the day in which we live; and now they stand arrayed with serried rank presenting an unbroken front to the seething waves of crass materialism and shallow experientialism, which rise malarious from the reeking fens of the philosophy of Mill and Spencer.

Secondly—The question—Can the knowledge of nature itself be a part or product of nature—must not be confused with that commonly supposed to be at issue between spiritualists and materialists. We have here to cross the line from a particular genus of Infinitude, belonging to a single attribute, to the absolutely Infinite; but in doing this, it emerges from parallelism and, through the perennial conflict and concurrence of mind, secures an ideal equilibrium. There can be no doubt that the general trend of philosophy is in the direction we have indicated, while it is but fair to state that the following is the opinion of Hegel—“We have a knowledge of a world that is

external to us, the thinking subject. When we analyse this knowledge we find that what we directly know are objective mental representations, formed of certain sensations related to each other. It is discovered, that these relations do not exist among the sensations *per se*. The impressions succeed one another. The subject must be timeless.” But even Hegel himself, in his later philosophy, found reason to recede from this position and to return to the more solid foundation of the philosophy taught by his two illustrious predecessors whose affinities we are now considering. For he says: “Spirit is absolute so far as it has returned from the sphere of objectivity into itself, into the ideality of cognition, into the perception of the absolute idea as the truth of all being.” We feel that we are warranted, at this point, in formulating our conclusions from these premises which we modestly submit are impregnable.

I. To know it, consciously, brings us into closer and nearer relation with the past—the whole past being a possession of the present.

II. The actual true is the sum of all these :

Large elements in order brought,
And tracts of calm from tempest made ;
And world-wide fluctuation swayed
In vassal tides that followed thought.

M. D. T. H. G.

NISI PRIUS.

THE LAWYER'S WOOING.

It is a learned old Q.C.
That on the threshold stands ;
And first of all he rings the bell,
And then he wrings his hands.
In dread suspense he waits until
The door is opened wide,
He wipes the sweat from off his brow
And then he steps inside.

And now before her doth he stand,
Nor speaks but to his purpose :
“ My heart is bound in passion's chains ;
Oh, grant its *Habeas Corpus* !
Need I—*de novo*—all relate ?
I loved you *a priori*,
And now again I view your charms
I love—a *fortiori*.
And now, my love, no more ado,
Your answer well I guess ;
Come, let us now adjourn this court,
With ‘ Yes ; oh, yes ! oh, yes ! ’ ”

The bright eyes smiled. “ Alas ! ” she said,
“ How fortune seems to try us ;
But, don't you see, your court must be
A court of *nisi prius* ?
For, not long since, there came to me
A bright-eyed lover, and I
Knew right at once, he came, my heart
With *animo furandi*.
Before the *forum* of my soul
He plead his case so strongly,
That *in futuro* I am his,
And, pardon me, not wrongly.
And now,—forgive me if I err—
We best had part, sir, *i.e.*,
We'd better close this useless court—
Adjourn it *sine die*.”

Sad, sad indeed ; alas ! how sad
His after annals are.
He tried to drown his bitter grief
By practice at the bar.
And, should you chance to question him,
He'd shake his whitening hair,
And tell you (privately) he thought
The fair 'un most unfair.

J. D. S.

THE VARSITY.

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All communications should be addressed to THE EDITORS, University College, Toronto, and must be in on Wednesday of each week.

Contributions when not accepted will be returned if accompanied with a stamp for that purpose.

A few weeks ago we took occasion to comment favourably upon the action of Harvard in securing the co-operation of thirteen of the New England Colleges in the creation of a permanent Commission to inquire into and report upon the mutual relations of the secondary schools and colleges in that portion of the United States. We also said that such a Commission was very much needed in Ontario, and that since Confederation was only concerned with the Universities of Toronto and of Victoria College, some of the good results of the measure, as originally intended, might be realized by some such combined effort on the part of all the Ontario Colleges, at the same time without interfering with the *status quo* of any existing College. At the last meeting of the Senate communications were received from Queen's and Victoria with reference to a uniform standard for matriculation. Though we are somewhat in the dark as to the precise nature of the propositions made by Queen's and Victoria, we welcome this evident desire to bring about a very useful change, as an indication that, with a better understanding of mutual needs and capabilities, the principal colleges of this Province, whilst remaining independent, may be able to raise materially the standard of university education. And not only will the establishment of an *entente cordiale* betwixt the Colleges be a desirable and a pleasant thing, but it will perhaps bring about a movement similar to that which promises such good results in New England, viz.: the bringing of the Colleges and secondary schools into more direct and sympathetic relation with one another. The creation of a Commission composed of representatives from the various colleges and secondary schools of this Province would do much to raise the general standard, to improve the condition of both, and to stimulate all to renewed endeavours to maintain in an efficient and worthy condition the whole educational system of Ontario. We shall be glad if the proposals of Queen's and Victoria anent matriculation may be taken as an earnest of a future policy of mutual trust and mutual help.

In our editorial on Schools of Science in the issue of the 26th of February, we referred amongst others, to the Worcester Technical Institute as being "devoted to the industrial training of young boys, who serve their apprenticeship, as it were, at this school." Our exchange the "W. T. I.," in a notice of our article corrects us, and goes on to say: "In the first place our students are not young boys, but are of the average age of those in any college in the country. The course here is one of three years for Chemists and Civil Engineers, but for Mechanical Engineers, in addition, six months' practice (seven hours a day) in the wood-room is required. After the six months have expired the Mechanics enter upon the term proper, at which time the Civils and Chemists join them and remain together until graduation. This six months' work in wood is what THE VARSITY refers to as the apprenticeship. In that, it is right; the class during that period being called the Apprentice class. But one of the main features of our school is the practice (of one whole day a week) which is required of each student—this feature being substantially credited by THE VARSITY to another institution." We gladly make the correction, and are indebted to our contemporary for putting us in the right with regard to the Worcester Institute. The "W. T. I." concludes as follows: "The cause THE VARSITY advocates is a noble one. The question of the expediency of technical education has ceased to be a debatable

one in the United States, and industrial schools are springing up on every hand. It was only a few weeks ago that news came that an institute modelled after ours is to be started in Atlanta, Georgia. If such a school can be carried on with profit in the south, how much more so in the more active manufacturing districts of Canada."

It seems to be a matter of some uncertainty whether or not there will be a Senate election this year. Some of the *quidnuncs* say that until the question of Confederation is settled, the elections for the Senate will be held in abeyance. If this be so, and, if Confederation means the re-organization of the Senate, perhaps a few words may not be out of place in regard to the constitution of that body. The Senate of the University of Toronto is composed of 49 gentlemen, representing three classes of members: (1) Those who are members *ex-officio*; (2) Those who are elected; (3) Those who are appointed by the Crown. Those who come under the first division, represent, for the most part, affiliated institutions, and as such, under existing circumstances, their presence on the Senate is desirable and proper. Those who are members by the suffrages of their fellow graduates represent perhaps the most important element, and one which is entitled to a proportionate increase every few years. It is difficult to assign any particular reason for the presence of the third class upon the Senate; they are good citizens, and some of them are public-spirited men, but they represent no section or class which is not already represented. The Senate may further be classified as follows: There are 22 members *ex-officio*, 15 elected members, and 12 appointed by the Crown. In our opinion, the most important elements represented upon the Senate are: the Council of University College, the High School Teachers of Ontario, and the Graduates of the University of Toronto. There are 2 to represent the first class, 2 the second and 15 the last; this makes 19 out of the 49. As the University of Toronto is at present constituted, it is merely an examining and degree-conferring body. The teaching is done by University College, but the requirements for degrees are settled by the University. This constitutes the real difference between the University and the College; a difference which has puzzled many people. Seeing then that there is such an intimate connection between the two corporations, it appears to us that the one which gives instruction should have some voice in the requirements prescribed for standing and for degrees. And so it has; but in what proportion? Out of 49 members there are 5 to represent the College Faculty; 3 of whom are on the Senate by virtue of their being on the staff of University College. Every member of the College Council should be, *ex-officio*, a member of the Senate. And the High School Masters find only 2 members out of 49 who are specially charged to represent them. The relation of the secondary schools to the University is a most important and close one; the very life of the University depends, to a large extent, upon the secondary schools. It is absolutely necessary that the mutual needs and requirements of the University and of the secondary schools should be constantly known and frequently adjusted. But how can this be done when the secondary schools find themselves with only 2 representatives on a Senate composed of a good half-hundred men, whose perception or acquaintance with the wants of these schools is of the most limited character? If any re-organization of the Senate takes place, we would suggest that special care be taken to see that the Council of University College, the Graduates of the University, and the High School Masters of the Province receive a much larger representation on the Senate than they at present possess.

THE YEAR BOOK.

THE YEAR BOOK OF THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO has now been issued to the public by Messrs. Rowsell & Hutchison, printers to the University. As the YEAR BOOK has been edited by two members of THE VARSITY staff, it is thought best to refrain from adulatory expressions, and let the book make its own appeal. It is to be regretted that two books, somewhat similar in aim should appear at the same time, since it has hitherto been found impossible to issue any publication of the kind. The two books are, however, before the University public; the price is the same in both cases; those interested in a publication of this kind must decide between the two.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Editors are not responsible for the opinions of correspondents.
No notice will be taken of unsigned contributions.

THE ANNUAL ELECTIONS' LITERARY SOCIETY.

To the Editors of THE VARSITY.

SIRS,—When last year I denied myself the pleasure of voting at our Literary Society's annual election, and gave up the excitement of its contest for the maintenance of my convictions, I was, I think, somewhat harshly adjudged guilty of selfishness, and recklessly charged with waywardness—a result not so much indicative of the eternal canons of truth and justice as illustrative of the innate cussedness of mankind in general, and one's friends in particular. Since my view is considered exceptional (which I know) and wrong (which I don't know) I must ask to be heard in defence of it.

Whether are we to have an election for the Society, or a Society for the elections? Is the dog to wag its tail, or the tail to wag its dog? The elections secure the fees, but securing the fees is not the Society's highest aim; it was not instituted merely for the pleasure of paying for it. "Party elections make men active and give excitement." Any one can see that by the very sleepy condition of Society at all other times. The Society, intoxicated by the wine of excess, spends next day in bed with a sick headache; and nature, by a year's sleep, retrieves the excitement of a week. Bears suck their paws and sleep during winter, eat a baby about March. "A little fighting keeps things going." No doubt of it. Courtesy is going. Good feeling is going. The Society is—, but, cheer up! even if Trelawney *does* die, we have the most reassuring promises, from one party at least, of a highly entertaining and satisfactory *post mortem*.

The elections are greedy. They're worse than Oliver Twist. They're eating up the Society—the vile anthropophagi. Once the whale swallowed Jonah, now Jonah's to swallow the whale.

"A certain young lady of Niger,
Went out to ride with a tiger;
They returned from the ride,
With the lady inside,
And a smile on the face of the tiger."

Gentlemen, "The lady or the tiger?"

The two parties are

"Brave as lions, wise as foxes,
With hoards of wealth in their money-boxes"

in March, and for the other eleven months are as tired as a fakir, who's stood for five years on one toe, as poor as a church society collecting for a village steeple, and possessed of eyes

"nor brighter, nor moister,
Than a too-long-opened oyster."

It is curious that parties should be formed to woo for those honours which are only honour when won unwooed.

It is strange for a Society to have a membership of hundreds and an attendance of tens.

It is humiliating to have its officers chosen by voters ignorant of its affairs and indifferent to its success.

It is shameful that the Literary Society, the father of all societies, should see in the advance of its children food for envy and omens of downfall—King Lear without Cordelia.

It is disgraceful that the Society select its officers by elections alike degrading to its members and false to its college.

The Society wants interest, not excitement.

Advantage to all, not honour to a part.

Members to attend, not martyrs to run.

Union, not discord.

Laughter, not ridicule.

Earnestness, not dullness.

Above all, it wants *this*, the presence of a hundred students of Toronto University College. If we cannot get this, let us bury our dead.

H. C. BOULTBEE.

DEGRADATION OF THE GOWN.

"I despise your new gown."—Alexander Pope.

To the Editors of THE VARSITY.

SIRS,—I used to admire the academic robe intensely. When I was a Freshman I had an extra fine gown made to order, and hastened to honour a city photographer by striking a classic pose in the focus of his camera, whilst the said functionary took the usual steps to perpetuate the said pose.

Nor was my vanity unpardonable. The academic costume is, in itself, (certain iconoclastic radicals to the contrary notwithstanding), a picturesque, if not a beautiful, thing. It is the established badge of the learned professions—*Divinity* and *Law*, and to these modern indulgence has added (perhaps not unwisely) *Medicine*. To these it has been hallowed by the usage of ages. We bow the knee to the sainted memory of our sires and fondly recall that they too were *gownsmen*.

As first prescribed by statute, and enforced by pains and penalties, and protected at the same time as a valuable privilege, this

costume grew into a part of our habit of life, and with it all the glorious memories of the fading past are interminably intertwined.

In the motherland, where custom is the mightiest law, and is subject to least variation by reason of its great age and firm establishment, no one ever dreams of the violation of such an historic patent. There, the significance of the gown is so universally known and so clearly understood that the rash adventurer who would encroach upon it only finds himself covered with ridicule for his unprecedented assumption. In a new country like our own, however, the gown has no place in popular tradition; its very appearance is an innovation, and an innovation, too, whose utility its first champions must have doubted.

Its use, brought about in a half-hearted, semi-surreptitious way, could not be expected to become general, much less to gain a certain recognition in popular notions. The consequence is that to-day many people have never seen or heard of the college cap and gown, and the great majority have only a hazy idea of its being proper for certain clergymen to be similarly arrayed in the pulpit, and, finally, only the *very few* (fewer indeed than the *wearers* of gowns) have a distinct apprehension of why we wear the gown, whence the custom, who prescribes it, and what rules should be followed in relation to it.

While all these considerations naturally present themselves to the reflective mind, I must confess that it was with a feeling of annoyance and disgust that I read in the daily paper (one day in my second year) that at the "—— Ladies' College," the girls had, at a meeting summoned for the purpose, resolved unanimously to adopt the "college gown"! To this, it was added, "The faculty offered no objections!"

What kind of consciences, thought I, can this *faculty* possess, who will allow those under their charge to strut in borrowed plumes and misappropriate a garb of whose mere meaning they are grossly ignorant? Fancy my surprise, moreover, on finding that the head of the aforesaid faculty was a certain reverend doctor.

Still, this was a trifling occurrence, and I hoped yet to see my fellow-students awake to the importance of preserving and sacredly cherishing our noble and historic badge. I like to see men wear their caps constantly around the College and encourage by their example the use of the gown among those entitled to it. In my opinion this community of dress tended to foster an *esprit de corps* whose absence we are so accustomed to bemoan.

But my feelings were still further lacerated on going down town one day and seeing prominently displayed in a shop window a great aggregation of persons (*yclept medicos*) pictured as wearing a costume to which they are, in their daily life, utter strangers, and with which their notorious lack of even the beginnings of a liberal education is so very inconsistent. Truly, methought, the gown is becoming very cheap.

An ardent conservator of gown traditions might ultimately have determined to put up with this much of vandalism, but, lo! the fever becomes epidemic (call it *Togatomania*); a collection of embryo horse-doctors next appears in a photographer's window, enrobed as a "graduating class" of a "Veterinary College," not one of whom ("faculty" included) do we find possessed of a liberal education. Some one should explain to these erring people that they are taking what is not their own: even though they should decline to be enlightened, and treat their informant ever after as a vindictive foe.

But the prostitution of the gown does not stop even here. The clerks in the drug shops and in the dentists' offices have clubbed together and have been photographed as the "graduating classes" of the "College of Pharmacy" and of the "School of Dentistry"—or, according to the revised version, the "College of Dental Surgeons."

It now only remains for the apprentices of city barbers and undertakers to combine and hie themselves (duly enrobed in *our* gown) to a photographer, and dub their picture a "graduating class" of a "College of Tonsorial Art" and of a "School of Embalming," respectively, and our humiliation will be complete.

But, we are asked, what is to be done? The tribunal of public opinion is notoriously incompetent (with us at least) to try these cases, and no prosecutor has yet been found who is willing to endure the rancour with which the defendants will ever after regard him.

The man who steals a coat-of-arms *may* have a conscience, but the positive dishonesty of a corporation which deliberately misappropriates the private badge of another vastly more honoured, is a thing we cannot too strongly condemn.

These people have just about as much right to wear the academic costume as a boot-black has to don the uniform of our A.D.C. to the Queen. The frightful parody on Her Majesty's uniform which is characteristic of the Salvation Army only provokes our mirth, for they do not profess to be real officers in the Imperial service, they only imitate; but, on the other hand, those mushroom concerns which we have mentioned actually profess to be entitled to the academic costume as a matter of legal right!

"*Quæ quum ita sint*," fellow students, let us preserve our dignity by abandoning that which is fallen, and which we do not possess the means of exalting again.

To be more precise, let us abandon the *undergraduate gown*, and cling only to the graduate until the further aggression of vandalism compels us to drop it also.

SPARTACUS.

ROUND THE TABLE.

In the issue of the 5th of March a mistake occurred in the printing of Mr. Campbell's poem, "Midwinter Night's Dream." The second line of the third stanza was rendered thus :

"Or soft wind blown through tattered pane."

The stanza should have read :

"'Tis not the voice of falling rain,
Or soft wind blown through latticed pane,
When earth will laugh with green again,
That makes me dream of summer."

The title of a short poem in the same issue, "To My Friend," was changed through some unaccountable vagary of the type to "To My Friends."

Our apologies are due to Mr. Campbell and "*Etudiante*" for these errors.

* * *

A year from the date of the present number of THE VARSITY Mr. Stewart's "To a Snow-bird" appeared in our columns. In his volume of poems the title is changed to "To a Winter-bird." Had it been left as it was originally the title of this poem would have been the only hint in the volume of things Canadian. The snow-bird is unknown in England.

There is not a word in Mr. Stewart's book to stamp his poems as Canadian; and when in addition to this, the book is brought out by a London firm of publishers, the advent of the new Canadian poet is not on the whole encouraging to those whose hopes are deferred until the coming national Canadian literature.

* * *

The ways of the poet are inscrutable. Browning in his last published work has much disturbed the critics and reviewers. In what, to some extent, are nonsense verses, the sage reviewer is bound to discover some deep meaning, or pretend to discover such. The peculiar ending of the colloquy between Apollo and the Fates has been much discussed. When the offending lines are quoted out of connection a ludicrous effect is produced, which vanishes when the connection is reproduced.

The Fates say:—

. . . . On his head be the stake.

Apollo.—On mine griesly gammers.

Clotho.— Bah!

Apollo.—Ye wince? Then his mother, well stricken in years,
Advances her claim—on his wife—

Lachesis.— Tra-la-la!

Apollo.—But he spurns the exchange, rather dies!

Atropos.— Ha, ha, ha!

(Apollo ascends, darkness.)

The ordinary newspaper cutting made these expressions of derision come in three consecutive lines :

Bah!

Tra-la-la!

Ha, ha, ha!

* * *

Browning may be harsh and obscure, though it is doubtful whether any of the true Browningites can be brought to admit the fact. A good newspaper story is told in this connection. A Boston lady called on a fair Browningite and after discussion, asked her if she was not confused by some of the vagaries of her favourite. The soft impeachment was denied. The visitor took a Browning, selected an example, read it with due emphasis, starting from the last line and ending with the first. The Browningite exclaimed in rapture at the end: "How beautiful and clear, from the opening to the closing strain the argument proceeds with irresistible rush," and much more to the same effect. The charitable narrator draws a curtain over the explanations that followed.

The following extract from a late number of the Harvard *Crimson* may be of interest to those who listened to Dr. Wallace's lectures in Convocation Hall last week :

"Some interesting facts about Darwin were told yesterday in one of the Philosophy courses, as showing how an observance of economic laws often leads to the discovery of natural laws, as well as *vice versa*. When Darwin was just beginning to develop his theory of species he received a letter from Wallace, who was then in the Greek Archipelago. Wallace told him (accompanying this letter was an essay, which Wallace told him contained a new theory on which he [Wallace] wrote) that as the essay was one which contained a new theory on which his thoughts had of late been running, he asked Darwin's advice as to its publication. Mr. Wallace confessed that he had been led to his opinions by a study of Malthus' 'Doctrine of Population.' Curiously enough, this theory was exactly the train of thought which Darwin himself had just been considering. He immediately took it to a great friend, a well-known historian, and told him of the strange coincidence. The friend advised him if there were any documents in proof of his own line of work at the time to publish them instantly. After much reflection and the conclusion that there were none to bring forward, Darwin suddenly remembered that he had once written a letter to Dr. Asa Gray, the famous botanist, of Cambridge, Mass., in which he had expressed the same views that Wallace had announced in his essay. The publication of this letter instantly set Mr. Darwin's claim to the equal right of the authorship of the 'Doctrine of the Origin of Species' on a firm basis. And, most strange of all, in the 'Life and Letters of Mr. Darwin,' now in press, he declares that it was Malthus' 'Doctrine of Population' which first suggested the theory to his mind also."

* * *

In reading Professor Clifford's "Lectures and Essays," it is difficult to believe that a man whose thought was so original and mature died before reaching his thirty-fifth year. Our regret at the early death of a thinker of such promise and power is heightened by the reflection that it was partly brought on by his neglect to take proper care of his health. The very abundance of his vitality and strength was fatal to him. His biographer remarks that "when he took his degree there was a paragraph in 'Bell's Life' pointing out for the rebuke of those who might suppose manly exercises incompatible with intellectual distinction, that the Second Wrangler, M. Clifford, was also one of the most daring athletes of the University. This paragraph gave him far more lively pleasure than any of the more serious and academical marks of approval which he earned." A friend testifies that his nerve at dangerous heights was extraordinary: "I am appalled now to think that he climbed up and sat on the cross-bars of the weather-cock on a church tower, and when by way of doing something worse I went and hung by my toes from the bars, he did the same."

* * *

This foolhardiness seems unfortunately to have characterized some of his feats of brain power. At the University he habitually sat up all night working and talking. One of the best of his essays, that on the "Unseen Universe," (18 printed pages) was written "at a single sitting, which lasted from a quarter to ten in the evening till nine o'clock the following morning"; and similarly with the 26-page article, "Virchow on the Teaching of Science." Such feats, of course, were only possible to a man who had his thoughts previously arranged in his mind, as was the case with Mozart when he wrote the "Don Juan" overture in one night. And, like Mozart, Clifford soon suffered the penalty of his imprudence; trips to Italy, Spain and Algiers gave him but a brief respite.

* * *

The ingenious man read an interesting piece of verse :

"The poet had written an 'Ode to Spring,'
Full of purling streams and the gentle zephyr,
And the joyous songs of the birds that sing,
And the gamboling pranks of the playful heifer,
Of the flocks that graze, and the 'dreamy haze,'
And the 'perfect days,' and the 'vernal rays,'
And every phrase used by bards since Chaucer.
And just then the cold snap came on, and while chopping
his morning kindling wood his left ear was frozen;
and it swelled up afterwards as large as an old-fashioned saucer."

HH.

UNIVERSITY AND COLLEGE NEWS.

All reports from Societies must reach us by noon on Thursday to insure insertion.

DR. WALLACE'S LECTURES.

II. THE ORIGIN AND USES OF COLOUR IN NATURE.

Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace delivered his second lecture to a large audience on Friday evening. The Hon. G. W. Allan, Chancellor of Trinity College, presided, and in a few introductory remarks referred to the distinction Dr. Wallace had acquired for himself as a naturalist and as a scientific writer.

Dr. Wallace first proceeded to show the fallacy of different current theories of colour, and said that it is only recently the rich development of colour found in nature has been ascertained to have any close connection with the well-being of animals. He defined colour as the normal product of complex chemical elements; variations of colour resulting from the differentiation of external structural changes. Colour must, therefore, be expected in nature and its presence need not be accounted for. What we require to give an account of is the variations of colour and the uses of these variations.

The Darwinian theory gave the first impulse to scientific enquiry as to colour and its different variations, for according to that theory, it is held that the presence of colour in nature is not meaningless—that colour has its uses. These uses Dr. Wallace classifies thus: (1) Protective; (2) As a means of recognition; and (3) Mimicry. (This last division falls properly under the first.)

One of the first things that attract attention when we examine the colour of animals is that there is a general harmony between colour and environment. For example, in Arctic regions the prevailing colour is white; in tropical climates the bright colours are developed, green predominating; in temperate zones we have the more sombre shades and tints; while in desert regions the colour corresponds with that of the arid sands. Stereopticon views were exhibited in illustration, showing land and sea animals, birds and insects. A very curious adaptation of colour to surroundings and circumstances is seen in the "Venus' Girdle," which is not only beautifully tinted green, but is also quite transparent, so as scarcely to be distinguished from the sea water in which it is found. The animal commonly known as the Sea Horse, too, illustrates the same thing. It takes on the same colour as the sea weeds among which it swims, and from its peculiar external structure is with difficulty distinguished from these. Similar adaptations of colour are found on land. Spotted cats inhabit places where trees abound, the spots corresponding to the shadows thrown by the foliage. Animals of the same species in deserts are not spotted. The tiger furnishes the best specimen in colour-marking in the cat tribe. Its colour serves as an extraordinary means of protection. Living, as it does, in hot climates, its habit is to roam among the long grass which is, for a great part of the year, burnt up and browned by the intense heat of the sun. The marking of the tiger corresponds so closely to the light and shade of the grass that it is quite possible to be within a very short distance of the animal and still be unable to distinguish it.

Insects show best the uses of colour for protective purposes. Many species of beetle are accustomed to take on the colour of their habitat, or to frequent places where the colour of the surroundings is identical with their own. These may be taken as exemplifying the directly protective use of colour in nature. The indirectly protective use of colour is seen in different species of spider, which inhabit flowers of the same colour with themselves, and thus allure and catch their prey. Other kinds of spider have the faculty of assuming the form of flowers which they resemble in colour, or of the excrements of birds on which butterflies light. None can know the habits of these different insects without recognizing the utility of colour.

Another example of this wonderful adaptation of colour for useful purposes is found in the pigeons of the Malay Archipelago. These birds, commonly called the "banded" pigeons from the dark coloured band which engirdles their breasts, are regularly marked, being white and dark brown—approaching black. When flying or on the ground they are as readily seen as any other bird, but once in the trees among which they are found, it is almost impossible for even the most experienced hunter to see them. The reason of this is that the shadows cast by the limbs of the trees, and the marking of the bird are so nearly identical, while the bark of the tree is very light in colour, corresponding to the white parts of the bird.

Colour, the lecturer said, is a purely subjective phenomenon, caused by different waves of light. Different objects absorb different parts of the white light and that which is not absorbed is reflected. It would be difficult to prove, however, that light has any direct action in producing animal colours, for the colouring in tropical climates is not much more highly developed than in other climates, except in particular species. His opinion regarding the different colours in animals of the same species is:—Some colour is always to be expected; then, all development, chemical and structural, is accompanied by changes of colour. This is shown

by the fact that in wild animals, as a rule, colour is fixed and symmetrical; but when these animals are domesticated their colour changes greatly. Certain animals, caterpillars, butterflies, &c., are of the same colour as the leaves upon which they feed. This is a natural result, and at the same time serves a purpose. The animal is protected by its colour. Several examples were given to illustrate these facts.

Passing to the higher animals, Dr. Wallace said that colouring for protective purposes is comparatively rare. He instanced one exception to this—the resemblance of a certain species of antelope to anthills among which they feed. Exceptions to the rule of colour in particular climates were also given. The raven is the most northerly of all birds. It remains throughout the entire winter at a higher latitude than any other bird and still retains its jet black colour. There is no necessity for a change of colour for protective purposes. The same is true of the sable. Again, the humming bird of tropical countries is of the richest and most varied hue. Its source of protection is its power of rapid flight. It appears, however, that where there is need of protection or concealment, other means not being provided, suitable colour is found. A very useful form of colouring is that which enables an animal to recognize a member of its own species. The rabbit is accustomed, when running, to hold its short tail erect. This being always white serves as a warning or summons to its fellows, who follow and thus escape danger. One species of gazelle is particularly marked in this way for protective purposes. This form of colouring is useful to animals which herd together, for purposes of travel and defence.

Mimicry was the next phenomenon explained. Certain animals are inedible and consequently do not need any special colours for purposes of concealment. They are highly coloured, on the contrary, their colours serving as a warning to the enemy. Other animals which have no peculiar means of protection gradually obtain similar markings, and in time become almost indistinguishable from the inedible species. This is exemplified in butterflies, beetles and in one or two species of snake. In the case of butterflies it is remarkable to note that the imitating fly along with those they imitate. The difference in colour between the male and female was also noted by the lecturer, and reasons given why such difference occurs, and why sometimes the female is more highly coloured than the male.

The lecture was both interesting and instructive, and was much appreciated by all who heard it. At the close the chairman thanked Dr. Wallace, on behalf of the University and Institute, for the great favour he had done them by his two lectures.

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"K" Co. with its usual enterprise is having a \$3.50 photograph taken at Bryce's.

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Miss Bauld, B.A., graduate of 1885, who has for some time taught in the High School at Essex Centre, has been appointed to a position in Brantford.

Prof. R. Ramsay Wright is completing the course of lectures in the Veterinary College which the late Dr. Barrett was engaged in delivering previous to the time of his death.

Last Wednesday afternoon the committee of the Inter-Collegiate Literary Union had to be adjourned for want of a quorum. The committee will meet again next Wednesday at 5 p.m., and the evident importance of completing the constitution as soon as possible should induce a larger attendance on that day.

The examination for the McCaul medal in classics will be held on Friday and Saturday, March 25th and 26th, and on Friday and Saturday, April 1st and 2nd. The librarian has kindly consented to the use of the library for the occasion. Two papers will be set each day, one at 9.30 a.m. and one at 1.30 p.m.

ASSOCIATION FOOT BALL CLUB.—At the annual meeting of the club on Tuesday, 15th, the following officers were elected: Hon. Pres., D. R. Keys, B.A.; Pres., F. McLeay; Vice Pres., W. P. Thompson; Corresponding Sec., R. J. Gibson; Rec. Sec., Wm. Prendergast; Treasurer, B. M. Aikins; 4th year Councillors, H. F. La Flamme, E. C. Senkler; 3rd year Councillors, F. Cook, J. R. Blake; 2nd year Councillors, R. E. Jamieson, G. A. Ball.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE Y. M. C. A.—The question, "What must I do to be saved?" Acts xvi. 30, was discussed at the Thursday evening meeting this week. The leader, Mr. T. C. DesBarres, opened the meeting in his easy, though forcible style, by a ten-minute speech, dwelling especially on the importance of accepting the Bible as a plain, simple message, easy to be understood. He was followed by a number of speakers who suggested different

views of the subject. Mayor Howland will address the next Thursday evening meeting, at which a large attendance is expected.

The students of Trinity College Medical School have persistently shown a rebellious and destructive spirit during all the present academic year. This week another row has occurred, and the furniture has been made to suffer. Several men are threatened with expulsion in consequence, and it is understood steps have been taken by the proper authorities to prevent the said men from being admitted into other medical schools in case of expulsion. The years are alarmed and are adopting conciliatory measures. Exams are threatening too.

The annual meeting of the Glee Club was held in Moss Hall on Tuesday afternoon. The following officers were elected: President, J. E. Jones; Leader, N. Kent; Secretary, J. D. Spence; Treas., R. J. Gibson; 4th year Committee, N. P. Buckingham, E. A. Hardy; 3rd year Committee, H. S. Robertson, O. W. McMichael; 2nd year, J. J. Ferguson, A. D. Thompson. The Club is in a prosperous condition, and has had a very successful year. With the committee elected to direct its affairs, it may expect as great a success next year.

The Engineering Society held one of the most successful meetings of the year in the School of Science on Tuesday, the 8th inst. Mr. W. J. Withrow read a thoroughly scientific paper on petroleum, dealing with the localities and strata in which it is to be found and the different methods of boring. A paper contributed by Mr. E. A. Stern on the subject of iron bridges was also read. Mr. Stern, who is a graduate of the School of Science in this city, is now in the employ of the Passaic Rolling Mill Company. He is thoroughly conversant with bridge building in all its details, and furnishes information which it is impossible to obtain from others than practical men. The Society extended to Professor Galbraith hearty thanks for the gift of several valuable publications which he has added to the library of the institution.

The Literary and Scientific Society's nomination meeting this evening promises to be more quiet than usual. The old party lines have seemingly dissolved, and coalition is the order of the day. For the sake of the treasury it is to be hoped that there will be a spirited election.

The last meeting of the Society was largely a business one. W. H. Hodges read an essay by G. Waldron. There was no debate. The periodicals for the Reading Room were discussed and a very good list decided on. J. A. Duff and T. A. Gibson were appointed auditors. A. Stevenson, B.A., and W. H. Blake, B.A., were appointed a committee to examine such essays as had been handed in.

MODERN LANGUAGE CLUB.—The regular German meeting was held on Monday afternoon. An essay on Rueikert's poetry was read by Mr. Buckingham, after which Miss Clayton gave a selection from the same author. Miss Knox, who was unable on a former occasion to read when asked to do so, favoured the Club with an excellent rendering of "Magdalena," a touching Spanish tale. In response to a hearty encore, a recitation requiring the imitation of birds' voices, excited the admiration of the audience, and called forth the loudest applause. Nomination of officers was next proceeded with. Dr. Daniel Wilson was elected by acclamation to the Honorary Presidency, and Miss Eastwood to the Vice-Presidency. Elections will be held on the 28th. A series of recommendations regarding next year's work was introduced by Mr. Jeffrey, all but one of which were adopted after considerable discussion. The first public meeting will be held in the Y.M.C.A. building on Monday next, the 21st inst., at 4 o'clock. The following programme will be presented: Programme—1. Chairman's Address, J. Squair, B.A.; 2. Piano Solo "I. Puritani," (Leybach), R. J. Read; 3. Essay, "Mrs. Browning," Miss Robertson; 4. Violin Solo, "Cavatina" (Wieniawski), Miss Keys; 5. Reading, "How He Saved St. Michael," F. McLeay; 6. Flute Solo, C. E. Saunders; 7. Paper, Subject, "The Adventures of Pere Jogues," Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D.; 8. College Chorus.

Missionary day at McMaster Hall, for February, was observed on Friday, 18th ult. In the morning Mr. J. Goforth, of Knox College, stirred all hearts by an earnest address on the needs of China. A more than ordinary interest was excited because of Mr. Goforth's intention of soon going to China as a missionary. In the afternoon Mr. J. M. Munroe, one of this year's graduating class, recited his two years' experience as an evangelist and pastor to the fishermen of North Scotland. The fishermen were so eager for the Word, that he was frequently called upon to preach twice in an evening. Mr. H. F. Laflamme then gave an account of the Y.M.C.A. convention at Kingston. At the close of the day's meeting it was announced that, owing to the return of two of the Foreign Missionaries from the Telugu field, Samulcotta Seminary, the Theological College for training native preachers would be closed for a year; and that another missionary was needed to go out in August. Two of the students have already offered themselves. Mr. J. N. For-

man, B.A., of Princeton, N.J., at the after-breakfast prayer meeting, Sunday, 27th ult., made an appeal for volunteers to Foreign Mission work. Three of the students responded. Some seven of them in all have the foreign field in view. On Thursday, 3rd inst., Rev. Dr. Crafts, of New York, gave a thoroughly stimulating address on the two-fold life of a Christian, and advanced the opinion that the Apostles were not converted before the day of Pentecost. Saturday morning last Dr. Philip Schaff, the celebrated Biblical scholar, and Professor of Historical Theology at the Union Theological Seminary, New York, addressed a large audience of students and professors from the different colleges on the "New Revision." As Dr. Schaff was a member of the American Revision Committee, his account of the revision was most interesting. He traced the work from its inception in Feb. 1860, in the Convocation of the Province of Canterbury, the most conservative in the world, through the different stages to the completion. During his visit, Dr. Schaff presented the College with four sets of the new edition of his Church History, a very valuable and costly work. The Literary and Theological Society has decided to join the Debating Union of the City.

The University Senate met on Thursday night and resumed their sitting on Friday night. Several matters of importance were considered. A communication was received from Queen's and Victoria Universities relative to a common matriculation. Referred to a committee. Communications were also received from Dr. Nevitt, Secretary of the Women's Medical College, with reference to affiliation of that Institute, and from students in Hebrew respecting overwork in that department. The Vice-Chancellor presented the report of the committee appointed to consider the classification of pass candidates, which proposes the words "special" and "general" be substituted for the words "honour" and "pass" in designating undergraduates, and that the general course be graded. Referred back for further consideration.

Livy II. was substituted for Livy I. in 2nd year Latin for 1888. The report of the committee on the amalgamation of matriculation and teacher's examinations was adopted. There will now be a common examination for junior matriculation and second-class certificates, and for senior matriculation and first-class certificates.

Dr. Oldwright's motion *re* admission of students to the arts' course at stages later than that of senior matriculation, was deferred to a committee. The question brought up by Mr. Houston of printing the curriculum annually was also referred to committee. Notices of motion were given by Mr. Houston that certain changes be made in the text books in the department of Civil Polity, and in honour French of the third year.

A committee was appointed in pursuance of the motion introduced by Prof. Galbraith for Mr. Falonbridge, to consider the establishment of a School of Medicine in closer relation to the University than are those already affiliated with it. The object in view is to amalgamate Toronto and Trinity Schools of Medicine, and to establish one thoroughly equipped institution.

The following gentlemen were admitted to degrees: M.D.—S. S. Murray, B.A., and R. P. Dougan, B.A.; C.E.—J. H. Kennedy.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE VARSITY is conducted by undergraduates of the University of Toronto, and will appear every Saturday of the academic year. It aims at being the exponent of the views of the University public and will always seek the highest interests of our University. The Literary Department will, as heretofore, be a main feature. The news columns are full and accurate, containing reports of all meetings of interest to its readers.

CONTENTS OF THE PRESENT NUMBER.

- To Carola in Sorrow. R. H.
Mr. Stewart's Volume of Poems. W. J. HEALY.
How Hrothgar Came Home Again. BOHEMIEN.
Slang. T. A. H. Nisi Prius. J. D. S.
A Brief Comparison of the Platonic and Kantian Views of the Absolute Unity in the Complex Phenomenal. M. D. T. H. G.

Topics of the Hour.

Communications.

- The Annual Elections' Literary Society. E. C. BOULTBEE.
Degradation of the Gown. SPARTACUS.

Round the Table.

University and College News.

Di-Varsities, &c., &c.



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DI-VARSITIES.

THE WAY OF IT.

"All this being in night, is but a dream,
Too flattering sweet to be substantial."
—(*Romeo and Juliet.*)

The lights were burning dim and low,
And all was still;
The distant murmuring, soft and low,
Of far-off rill
Mingled with louder music bright,
In joyous strains,
Lent sweet enchantment to the night
When fancy reigns.

A pair of eyes of "Heaven's own blue"
Looked coyly down
With tender, witching glances through
The lashes brown.
Two manly hands with loving care
Held flower face dear;
The golden curls and darker hair
Were very near.

Then wisest of Eve's daughters wise,
The little maid
Glanced shyly in the deep dark eyes
Her heart obeyed,
And to his whispered "Kiss me, dear,"
The pouting lips
Were archly, quickly raised, I fear,
For nectar's sips.

Then some one's heart beat fast with joy,
And bending low,
"Dost love me, sweet?" Came answer coy—
The red lips show
The parted pearls, and laughing say—
"How can I tell?
I've loved so oft in life's short day,
And loved so well."

—(*Greta in the Telegram.*)

HUGGING.

"The lights burned low,
And all was still;
And soft and slow
The far off rill—"
That sort of thing
Worked up a bit,
Before I sing
The way of it.

With "Heaven's own blue,"
And "coily down,"
And "witching," too,
And "lashes brown";
And "flower face dear,
With love-light lit,"
And "Kis me dear."
—The way of it.

"Dost love me, sweet?"
And "answer coy;"
Fast his heart beat,
The wicked boy.
But *what a crime,*
With shocking wit
That *she* should rhyme
The way of it!

"The red lips show
The parted pearls;"
O face aglow,
O flower of girls!
O red lips' pout!
—Well, when they quit,
She wrote it out,
The way of it!

With "golden curls"
And "darker hair;"
"O pearl of girls,
Beyond compare,

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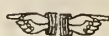
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THE VARSITY

A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.

Vol. VII.

University of Toronto, Mar. 26, 1887.

No. 19.

MEMORIES.

No portrait of my dearest one have I,
By skilful artist hand on canvas lined :
Such counterfeit mine eyes need not to find
Of her sweet face, to bring the vision nigh ;
For as rich jewels in golden casket lie,
Bright mem'ries safely dwell within my mind ;
And when mine eyelids close and I am blind
To things anear, the clasp wide open fly.

And then thy radiant face upon me beams
With kindness and with chastity alight ;
Thine eyes more pure than clearest mountain streams
Shine clear with innocence like diamonds bright ;
Precious and fair the visions that I see
When thought looks back on memories of thee.

M.

IN DIVERS TONES.*

Last year Mr. Roberts contributed to THE VARSITY a short poem of remarkable beauty called "The Pipes of Pan." The poem describes a scene in the vale of Tempe.

"Tempe, vale of the gods, deep-couched amid woodland and
woodland,
Threaded with amber of brooks, mirrored in azure of pools,"

and relates how to this spot comes Pan, where his piping flags,
and how he

"Fits new reeds to his mouth, with the weird earth-melody in
them,"

and how the old outworn pipes, discarded, float adown the
stream, with a whisper—

"What the god breathes on, the god can never wholly evade.
God-breath lurks in each fragment forever. Dispersed by Peneus
Wandering, caught in the ripples, wind-blown hither and there,
Over the whole green earth and globe of sea they are scattered.

And mortals

Straying in cool of morn, or bodeful hasting at eve,

Spy them, and set to their lips ; blow, and fling them away !"

The legend is suggestive. In that poetical Pentecost, that dispersion of poetical tongues, as it were, the beautiful Acadian land was not unrepresented. Mr. Roberts has richly proved his possession of one of the Pipes of Pan,—not that his muse is confined to the few notes of the simple oaten pipe, but that the purity and freshness of his verse leave this impression ; not that Mr. Roberts has outgrown his love of the pastoral scenes and bucolic pleasures of which some of his previous songs gave us such happy glimpses,—for Mr. Roberts' new volume has in it many delightful little touches which proclaim the lover of nature and rustic simplicity. This characteristic of Mr. Roberts' muse is seen at its best in "The Sower," "The Footpath," "Birch and Paddle," "The Blue Violet," and "On the Creek." Speaking of the feeling of restfulness one

experiences in changing the turmoil of the city for the summer quiet of the country, the poet says :

"Dear Heart, the noisy strife
And bitter carpings cease.
Here is the lap of life,
Here are the lips of peace.

Afar from stir of streets,
The city's dust and din,
What healing silence meets
And greets us gliding in !"

And again, the poet describes a charming little pastoral scene thus, in "The Sower" :

"A brown, sad-coloured hillside, where the soil,
Fresh from the frequent harrow, deep and fine,
Lies bare ; no break in the remote sky-line,
Save where a flock of pigeons streams aloft,
Startled from feed in some low-lying croft,
Or far-off spires with yellow of sunset shine,
And here the Sower, unwittingly divine,
Exerts the silent forethought of his toil.

Alone he treads the glebe, his measured stride
Dumb in the yielding soil ; and tho' small joy
Dwell in his heavy face ; as spreads the blind
Pale grain from his dispensing palm aside,
This plodding churl grows great in his employ ;—
God-like, he makes provision for mankind."

Mr. Roberts' diction is simple, and even terse in places, and again displays a copiousness of phrase and a lavish ornamentation that is surprising. For his intense desire to realize appropriateness of diction, Mr. Roberts, in some few instances, sacrifices the rhythm. But this is a trifle after all, and the writer has no intention of offering an opinion upon the relative merits of subordinating the idea to the form, or the form to the idea.

As an example of simple and direct verse, "Birch and Paddle" is one of the most noticeable. The poet delights in the open air, and tells how :

"... with souls grown clear
In that sweet atmosphere,
With influences serene,
Our blood and brain washed clean,
We've idled down the breast,
Of broadening tides at rest,
And marked the winds, the birds,
The bees, the far-off herds,
Into a drowsy tune
Transmute the afternoon."

and asks :

"A little space for dreams
On care-unsullied streams,—
'Mid task and toil, a space
To dream on Nature's face !"

As showing Mr. Roberts' command of diction, metre, and of decorative and descriptive epithets, the "Pipes of Pan" may be cited, in the writer's opinion, as the poet's *pièce de resistance*. The readers of THE VARSITY are already familiar with this poem, and will acquiesce in the truth of this statement regarding it.

*In Divers Tones. By Charles G. D. Roberts, author of "Orion, and Other Poems." Boston : D. Lothrop & Co.

There is a wonderful vigour and freshness in a little piece entitled "Salt." It is as bracing as the breath of the sea air, or a dip in the salt-water :

"O breath of wind and sea,
Bitter and clear,
Now my faint soul springs free,
Blown clean from fear !

O hard sweet strife, O sting
Of buffeting salt !
Doubt and despair take wing,
Failure and fault.

I dread not wrath or wrong,—
Smile, and am free ;
Strong while the winds are strong,
The rocks, the sea.

Heart of my heart, tho' life
Front us with storm,
Love will outlast the strife,
More pure, more warm."

There are some pretty love songs and dainty conceits scattered through the volume, and though Mr. Roberts is clearly not a poet of passion, there are pieces here and there that show him not to be deficient in the portrayal of power and pathos and intense emotion.

The examples of society verse are few and rather below the average, for a writer of Mr. Roberts' reputation. "The Poet is Bidden to Manhattan Island" is clever and pointed, but "La Belle Tromboniste" should not have been admitted.

Mr. Roberts is patriotic and full of a national feeling. There are several spirited pieces in praise of Canada, and they display much more than the usual amount of good taste, poetic feeling and expression than is to be met with in national and patriotic measures, as a rule. Whatever may be the reader's views on the political destiny of Canada, there are few who will not respond with quickened pulse to the lines :

"O child of nations, giant-limbed,
Who stand'st among the nations now
Unheeded, unadorned, unhymned,
With unanointed brow.

How long the ignoble sloth, how long
The trust in greatness not thine own ?
Surely the lion's brood is strong
To front the world alone !

.
But thou, my Country, dream not thou.
Wake, and behold how night is done,—
How on thy breast and o'er thy brow,
Bursts the uprising sun !"

The author contributes some graceful lines in honour of Louis Fréchette,

"Who first of all our choir displays
Laurels for song."

and laments the death of Sidney Lanier, the gifted poet-critic.

Mr. Roberts has chosen his title admirably. In his dedication to his friend, Edmund Collins, he speaks of his little volume as containing :

"Themes gathered far and near,
Thoughts from my heart that spring,"

and says :

"In divers tones I sing,
And pray you, Friend, give ear !
My medley of song I bring
You, who can rightly hear."

If Mr. Roberts will permit us to say it, there are many who, unknown to him, will take the dedication to themselves, and who will always be glad to listen to the message he has to deliver, sure to

"Gather a magical gleam of the secret of life"

from his singing, and certain to be charmed with the grace and beauty of his songs "in divers tones."

FREDERIC B. HODGINS.

MORNING.

Aurora ushers in the dawn,
Driving night and sleep away,
Apollo shows his glorious face
And it is day !

The dew-washed flowers their faces lift,
The birds their joyful anthem raise ;
All Nature takes up the refrain,
To God be praise !

REBECCA.

THE GERMAN ELECTIONS.

To anyone who has witnessed an election campaign in Canada, with all its variety of incident and the choice assortment of spicy editorials displayed by the party press during its progress, an election in Germany, even one in which is virtually involved the question of peace or war, must prove to a certain extent disappointing. The elections of the German Reichstag and those for the Dominion Parliament have just been held almost simultaneously, and I will venture to say, from past experience, that in Canada, with its comparatively diminutive population, there has been more visible and audible excitement than throughout the whole German Empire. The people here have taken an intense interest in the issue of the polls, but there have been few "rousing" political meetings held, where the opposing candidates meet on a common platform, such as are the rule in Canadian elections. There are so many different political parties in Germany, that in a large number of constituencies three candidates have been in the field, and as any one of these, to be elected, must obtain a majority of the total number of votes polled, several Stichwahlen, or decisive second balloting, have been necessary. That the preliminary part of the campaign is carried on so quietly here, is probably owing to the fact that the German elector is entirely a stranger to that almost unbounded liberty of speech, which the Canadian elector so freely uses, and, we may add, often misuses.

In Germany the individual is entirely merged in the State. There are endless limitations upon his personal freedom. That independence of action which every citizen of Canada or the United States considers as his birthright, the German is to a large extent deprived of. Or, perhaps it would be more accurate to say that he never possessed it. Germany with its Reichstag has not yet by any means reached the most advanced form of constitutional government, and there are still to be seen plentiful traces of former more despotic times. The electoral contest just past has been one between the Crown, or rather the Chancellor of the Empire, and the Parliament ; the question at issue was, whether the army shall be Parliamentary or Imperial.

Foreigners can scarcely realize how high a place Prince Bismarck occupies in the affections of his countrymen. And surely Germans have cause to be grateful to the man who has done so much for them. He has succeeded, at least, in making Prussia and the German States nominally, if not yet really, a united nation. Opinions may differ, and they do, as to the commendability of the means by which he has brought about this result. His political career has been marked by a series of successful wars, though his ostensible object has always been, and still is, to preserve peace. He has, as an able writer in the *Fortnightly Review* says, played for high stakes and won. It has remained for the people of the latter half of this enlightened nineteenth century to see worked out in all its grandeur the theory that peace can only be effectually preserved by nations being always ready for war, and Prince Bismarck, more than any other statesman, has succeeded in bringing about such a political situation as will allow this theory to be displayed in practical operation. No one who is at all acquainted with recent German history can fail to acknowledge the success of his straightforward policy regarding the Vaterland. It will take time to tell whether the immense changes he has wrought are destined to be for the permanent good of Germany and the rest of Europe.

The present historical position of the Empire that Bismarck has formed is an anomalous one. Amongst the nations of Europe Germany is a mere infant, from a literary as well as

from a political point of view. England saw her brightest star arise in the genius of Shakespeare more than a century before modern German literature begins; and, in comparison with England, Germany is, politically speaking, much younger still. It is only when we keep in view the sudden rise of the German Empire to its present exalted position as a chief factor in European politics, that we can account for the existence of so much individual conservatism and non-progressiveness alongside of great national advances. The Government is nominally a constitutional, but really a despotic one. And events have shown that a despotism such as Prince Bismarck has exercised, beneficently and with patriotic moderation, is the sort of Government best suited to the present condition of the German people. If they were to be suddenly presented with the same amount of freedom enjoyed by citizens of the British Empire or the American Republic, they would not know what to do with it.

Anyone who has visited Germany since 1870 knows well the sentiments of that nation as regards France. German newspapers (which, by the bye, are poor both as regards their contents and general style), all talk of "the coming war" and abound in editorials upon the French cry of *revanche*. The average editor seems to be incessantly haunted by a nightmare that carries him across the Rhine. Since the time when Frederick the Great first laid the foundation of the Prussian Kingdom, from which as a nucleus the German Empire has gradually arisen, until the present day, the German has almost without intermission been the avowed enemy of the Frenchman; and this spirit of animosity to all things French has been so intense that it appears even in the National Anthem, which we should expect above all to be cosmopolitan in its nature, and suitable to be sung by all the generations of Germans to come, whether France continues to be Germany's bitterest enemy, or in the course of time becomes her closest friend. But now at all events the national sentiment is far from cosmopolitan, as is shewn by the words which are daily sung with so much gusto:

Lieb Vaterland, magst ruhig sein,
Fest steht und treu die Wacht am Rhein!

Patriotism of this kind is one sided. But it is in the white heat of enmity towards France that the loosely-connected parts of the new German Empire are being firmly welded together, and numerous States which have been until lately divided, promise soon, by virtue of a common interest, to be permanently joined in one united nation.

G. H. NEEDLER.

Leipzig, March 4th, 1887.

A MALCONTENT.

The wintry winds are blowing free
With shrill and icy breath,
And all the earth lies still and cold
In a fleecy shroud of death.

Such wintry scenes, so bare and bleak,
Fill me with sore distress;
With longing soul I deeply sigh
For summer's happiness.

The climbing honeysuckle's scent,
The crimson blushing rose,
The humming bird, the wandering bee
All tell of sweet repose.

On cool veranda, hammock-tossed,
Still sad and sore at ease,—
For she has sped to the gay seaside,—
I sigh for winter's breeze.

SAMUEL D. SCHULTZ.

THE VARSITY SPECIAL.

A GREAT RUN BETWEEN KING STREET AND COLLEGE AVENUE.

Precisely at half-past three, or as near to that hour as human foresight and diligence could contrive, a hand-cart laden with papers moist with the tears of the proof-readers who had wrestled with crabbed "copy" and irate typos for four weary hours, dashed along Bay Street and headed for the Pulp Tower. At the western end of that building stood Street Car 28, well supplied with seating capacity and standing room. The Car was manned by Conductor Smith (no relation of the genial Senator of the same name) and Engineer Jones (no connection of the esteemed Deputy Registrar, James-Edmund-Hyphen). The Car was horsed by two stalwart animals, loaned for the occasion from the Corporation Stables, and noted for their staying powers. Neither men nor horses came from Hamilton, as a malicious contemporary has insinuated. The Car was built at the Jones Car Manufacturing Works, Schenectady, N.Y., and is of superior construction, being intended especially for heavy work—similar to that of conveying VARSITIES from place to place in the metropolis. Ten minutes before the hour for leaving THE VARSITY hand-cart drove up, and almost as quickly as it takes to tell it, the huge bundles of papers were shot in through the plate glass windows (insured for full value), and were piled up in profuse but picturesque confusion on the richly-straw-strewn floor of the Car. Two active little "devils" (a technical phrase in typographical terminology) sorted the different bundles, and got them ready for distribution at Wycliffe College, Knox College, Moss Hall, St. Michael's College, the School of Science and the University Residence. On either side of the Car huge placards were displayed bearing the legend:

"VARSITY SPECIAL."

"King Street, 3.30 p.m.; Moss Hall, 4 p.m."

This announcement caused some Street Arabs to call "Rats," and otherwise to blaspheme, but the disturbance was immediately quelled by one of "the finest," who took the offenders into custody. Everything being in readiness, Conductor Smith tolled the bell twice, and Engineer Jones applied his hand to the lever (a brand new whip), and the Arabian steeds dashed forward as one man. On past the hundreds of drays and waggons and pedestrians the Car carefully ran, till the Rossin House was reached. Here an order was received from Superintendent Franklin at 3.35 to "Go slow," and to pass "downtown" Car No. 50 at the Sign of the Three Golden Balls on York Street. No order was received prohibiting the Driver or Conductor from having a "snifter" at the Rossin, and they obeyed instructions to the letter. After leaving the Rossin, the oscillations of the Driver and Conductor became very great, and the way that things went bobbing past, according to their sworn statement, was perfectly marvellous—to them. Osgoode Hall was reached at 3.45, the Car having passed No. 50, side-"tracked" at Rothschild's by the detectives. Some papers were thrown at the crew of the other Car. The whisking of lanterns, or the lanterns of whisky, showed that the men were picking themselves up, but like a flask the contents disappeared as the Special sped away westward. At 3.50 the Special rounded the corner of McCaul Street, and came to a standstill for a minute, to give the horses breathing time,—Engineer Jones having assured Conductor Smith from the snow-bank that they were "doing their best." Meanwhile the Representative of THE VARSITY amused himself by reading the notices in his palace car, to the following purport: "Please put the exact fare in the box—fare five cents;" "Passengers will please put their fare in the box upon entering the car;" "The driver will furnish change to the extent of \$2.00, but is neither allowed to receive or to deposit fares in the box;" "Children under twelve half-fare." The perusal of these and other gems of thought served to while away the time until the Car slowed up at Baldwin Street at 3.55 p.m., where it was to make close connections with a car going south. The remaining run, to the head of McCaul Street, was made in four minutes, and THE VARSITY Special drew up at Wycliffe College Siding at 3.59 p.m. sharp—just one minute ahead of time. Quickly the papers were unloaded, and distributed amongst a crowd of unpaid subscribers, who run a good chance of being "black-listed" unless they settle with the Treasurer very soon. *Verbum sap!*

TRISTRAM,

THE VARSITY.

THE VARSITY is published in the University of Toronto every Saturday during the Academic Year, October to May inclusive.

The Annual Subscription, including postage, is \$2.00, payable before the end of January, and may be forwarded to THE TREASURER, T. A. GIBSON, University College. Applications respecting advertisements should be made to J. A. GARVIN, Business Manager.

Subscribers are requested to notify the Treasurer immediately, in writing, of any irregularity in delivery.

Copies of THE VARSITY may be obtained every Saturday at McAlinsh & Ellis's, corner of Adelaide and Toronto Streets; at J. P. McKenna's, 80 Yonge Street; and at Alex. Brown's, cor. Yonge and Carlton Sts.

All communications should be addressed to THE EDITORS, University College, Toronto, and must be in on Wednesday of each week.

Contributions when not accepted will be returned if accompanied with a stamp for that purpose.

The report presented to the Senate on the 18th respecting a Medical Faculty for the University—a summary of which will be found in another column—raises a question that will interest the medical profession and University men generally. The proposition, in brief, is to consolidate, if that be possible, the two existing Medical Schools, and to create the teaching body so formed into a Faculty of Medicine in the University of Toronto. At present the Medical Faculty is one in name only. Under the proposed union it would become one in reality. Under existing circumstances the two medical schools of the city are proprietary institutions, under the control of individuals who are responsible to no one in particular for the management of affairs. Each is in affiliation with the University of Toronto, and in addition Trinity Medical School is in affiliation with Trinity College, while the Toronto School of Medicine is in affiliation with Victoria College, of which it may be considered the Medical Faculty.

If we glance at the report we shall discover what changes are contemplated by the proposed union. The name of the consolidated school will be the University Medical College, and it will be the Medical Faculty of the Provincial University. It is to have a governing Board which shall hold in trust for the purposes of the College all properties belonging to the institution, shall have general charge of the finances, determine all fees, control examinations, and make all appointments on the teaching staff. The Governing Board will consist of certain members of the Council of University College, two members nominated by the Government, six members elected by the Senate of the University, and the chairman and one other member of the hospital trust. The new school is also to have a College Council of its own. This Council will have the control of purely educational matters, including the conduct and discipline of the students in the College, in accordance with the curriculum of the University of Toronto. The Council will consist of the Professors of the Medical College, including such professors in the School of Practical Science as are giving instruction in the subjects of the Medical curriculum.

In considering the details of such a scheme as the one outlined above, due regard must be paid to what may be termed vested rights. It must be remembered that in an amalgamation such as is proposed, there will have to be a great deal of give and take—a great deal of compromise. We are not sure whether the new school intends to provide positions for all the present members of the teaching faculties of both schools. The report, however, seems to provide for this by saying that if either or both of the Medical Schools accept the scheme, their lecturers shall hold, as far as possible, the same positions in the new college as they hold at present. Salaries will be maintained *pro rata*, and the scale of salaries now in force at Trinity Medical School is accepted as the standard. It is also intended to make suitable provision for retiring allowances for professors—a manifest improvement on existing arrangements. Should neither of the present schools accept the proposal, then the professors will have to be appointed in some other way, and those so appointed will be the Medical College Council. Although the new Medical School will be an active Faculty of the University, it is proposed that the governing Board shall seek from the Ontario Government the power to raise a sufficient sum of money to purchase or erect, and equip, suitable buildings in or near the hospital grounds.

Such in brief is the proposal which is now made to the University, to the Government, to the Medical Schools, and the Medical profession generally. Now that the scheme has been formulated, and is receiving influential support, it cannot but have a modifying effect upon the consolidation scheme about to be brought into practical effect. The new Medical Faculty will have to be represented in the proposed University professoriate, and perhaps in this way provision may be made for all those at present holding positions as professors and lecturers in the existing schools. The advantages to be derived from such a policy as is outlined in the report we have given seem to us to be overwhelming in favour of its adoption by the University and by the Medical Schools. From a University point of view there is hardly anything against the scheme, and there appears to be almost everything in its favour. The creation of such a close relation between the Medical Schools and the University cannot but benefit the former very largely. It will bring to its side the great majority of the medical profession throughout the Province, who will share, indirectly, in any advantages which accrue to the Provincial Institution in times to come, and who will thus be brought to take an active part in the management of the affairs of the University, to the mutual advantage of each.

From the point of view of the Medical Schools, while we are free to confess that there are difficulties in the way, yet we are convinced that a little generous feeling on both sides will do much to overcome them. There is necessarily a rivalry between the two schools, and not a little pride will have to be swallowed before the two can agree upon a basis of union. But that the ultimate benefit to the profession and to the community at large consequent upon a union of forces in connection with the University, and the mitigation of a species of rivalry that is calculated to do great harm, will, we are sure, compensate for any sacrifices which may be rendered necessary by the present proposal. The University has great advantages to offer in her scientific equipment and staff—all necessary in the professional study of medicine, and this is a fact that should weigh materially in favour of the proposed scheme for consolidation. The control of fees, of the curriculum, of requirements for degrees by one central body, uninfluenced by local feeling, will do much to raise the standard of the medical profession, and to place its students upon a level with those pursuing other professional studies.

There is one sentence in the report to which we are prone to give our own meaning. We hope we are not wrong. The report provides that all medical examinations shall be conducted by the professors in the Faculty of Medicine, *and such other examinations as may from time to time be associated with them by appointment of the Senate*. If this is meant to provide for some system whereby medical students will be enabled to take advantage of a course in liberal or arts' studies we are sure that the profession and public will join with us in hailing with delight the advent of some such provision. Under the present system, the only training other than strictly professional which the average medical student receives is that obtained previous to matriculation. This is usually of a preparatory and limited character, and should not be the only adjunct to the mental furnishing of the future physician's mind. There are few professions in which a greater amount of culture should prevail, and yet, we are forced to confess it, there is scarcely one in which so little attention is paid to its acquirement. We sincerely hope that the new scheme will provide some workable system of conjoint medical and arts' study. In conclusion, as far as we are entitled to speak, we are most heartily in favour of the proposal to unite the Medical Schools of this city, and to create a Medical Faculty in the University of Toronto. Such a Faculty is much needed for many reasons, not the least important of which is the good that will result to the present schools themselves and to the community at large. We sincerely hope that wise counsels will prevail, and that when the Jubilee year is complete, another advance may come to be recorded in the history of our Provincial University.

The following is the petition of the students of the School of Practical Science to the Honourable the House of Assembly of

the Province of Ontario, in Parliament assembled. It is an admirable presentation of the case :—

The petition of the students in Engineering of the School of Practical Science in Toronto, March 17th, 1887, humbly sheweth : That the School of Practical Science in Toronto, being a Provincial institution, should be placed upon a permanent basis, and that we as engineering students should have proper facilities for pursuing our studies in the School. For this purpose we should have assistant professors in engineering.

As students of the School we think it would be to our advantage if there were more flexibility in the course. We are of the opinion that options should be allowed, so that a student taking one of the regular courses in engineering should not be obliged to take all the subjects at present laid down in that course, but only such of them as bore directly upon the course he intended afterwards to follow. Lectures at present are given on fourteen subjects by one professor and it is utterly impossible for him to give each the time and attention it should receive.

It being impossible for one professor to do justice to all branches in engineering, the mechanical students do not receive a fair share of the benefits which they should derive from their attendance at the school. Were there proper facilities provided for giving instruction in mechanical engineering, the number of students attending in this department would far exceed those in any other department of engineering. The necessity of developing this branch of the school should be at once apparent.

Lecture rooms are very much needed. The students in engineering have not a room which can be used for that purpose alone. The lectures at present are given in one of the draughting rooms, which is almost wholly taken up with drawing tables and is unprovided with seats, in consequence of which the students do not derive the benefit from the lectures they otherwise would if proper lecture rooms were provided for them.

Another draughting room is also required. The present draughting rooms are too crowded. The number of students attending is annually increasing, and, judging from the number of applications already sent in, the coming year will be larger than any previous year, if accommodation can be provided for them. The different years should have separate draughting rooms. The work of the various years is entirely different, and it would be to the benefit of the students if separate draughting rooms were provided, thereby keeping each year entirely to itself and preventing interruptions which unavoidably occur when more than one year occupies the same room.

Also in the Mineralogical Department more laboratory room is required. The room at present used for that purpose will only accommodate half of the present class, which greatly interferes with the lectures on other subjects owing to the class being divided.

The mechanical students are greatly in need of workshops wherein they can obtain the practical knowledge which is absolutely essential to a thorough acquaintance with the requirements of a mechanical engineer. For this purpose a carpentry and pattern shop, a moulding and casting shop, a blacksmith's shop and a machine shop should be provided in order to give the students manual instruction in the various kinds of work in their department of engineering. A competent foreman should be appointed to superintend the work in each, the whole to be under the direction of the Professor in Engineering. As a civil engineer should possess the practical knowledge these shops are designed to furnish, they are necessary for students in civil as well as mechanical engineering.

An engineering laboratory should be provided for the use of the students of the higher years and for graduates who wish to take advantage of it. It should be equipped with machines for testing the strength and other properties of materials of construction. It should be furnished with an experimental steam engine which could be worked under all possible conditions and used to instruct the students in methods of making engine tests, etc. The laboratory should also be furnished with working mechanical models to illustrate the lectures. A demonstrator should be appointed whose duty would be to take charge of it and prepare the various appliances for the use of the class.

We also require a library and reading room. Almost all institutions are provided with a library and reading-room in which may be found works of reference bearing on the various subjects of the regular courses. That this was considered essential by the Educational Department will be seen on referring to the prospectus of the school in which the following occurs :—"The library of the school is well provided with works bearing upon the more technical parts of the regular courses." The room originally designed for the purpose of a library it has been found necessary to convert into a draughting room. A reading room is also required in which to keep our periodicals, journals, etc.

The work of the course cannot be satisfactorily accomplished in three years, it should be extended over a period of four years in order that the students may obtain practical knowledge in the workshops and laboratory, and also to satisfactorily complete the work laid down in the curriculum.

All of which is respectfully submitted, and your petitioners will ever pray.

(Signed by 51 Students.)

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Editors are not responsible for the opinions of correspondents. No notice will be taken of unsigned contributions.

RE-ORGANIZATION OF THE GLEE CLUB.

To the Editors of THE VARSITY.

SIRS,—I might commence by the stereotyped statement that "no college organization is more worthy of support than" the Glee Club. But that goes without saying. Since its formation, some eight years ago, the Club has striven more or less hard, and with varying success, for a respectable place as a student and public amusement factor. That it has not always attained to that place, is due largely to apathy, as much on the part of the students without, as on the part of the students within. There has also been that indispensable and most grave element of failure—mismanagement.

I claim, and I apprehend that I am not alone, that the public performances of the Club during the past two years have been sufficiently discreditable to the Club itself, its college and its conductors, to warrant, on the part of those who have its best interests at heart, enquiry into the question as to what should be done towards remedying existing evils.

I would point out that the conductors during the past two years have been leaders of societies which stand in the front rank in the execution of vocal music, respectively with and without orchestral accompaniment. Neither scored a triumph. The fault, then, is with the Club itself.

I should suggest a complete re-organization. The number of active members should be limited to between twenty-five and thirty. Each should have at least the rudiments of a knowledge of music as applied to singing. To speak plainly, men who cannot sing, should not be included in the list of active members, a rule which, unfortunately, has not prevailed in the past. The result of this limitation would be to increase enthusiasm among the members and the possibility of holding during the year more than one full practice. The parts would be evenly balanced, and four first tenors of no extraordinary merit would not be obliged to pit themselves against a dozen lusty-throated second basses. The conductor would be training men who would have something more than an approximate idea of the meaning of his instructions. This scheme would not of necessity possess the element of exclusion. In the old days there were many non-singing members, and in the old days the club was undoubtedly at its best.

The limitation of membership would of course result in a raising of fees. This is where the Literary Society should be heard from. For the consideration of more and better music at society meetings it should guarantee a substantial increase on the present grant.

As for the conductors, the Glee Club has been content with none but the best, and, presumably as a professional consequence, the most costly. With better voices, it should be able to get on with less costly tuition.

J. A. GARVIN.

CRICKET.

To the Editors of THE VARSITY.

SIRS,—I happened to join a group of students the other day, and found to my delight that they were talking cricket. Since then, I have spoken to several players about our cricket club, and I have come to the conclusion that the reason why university cricket lacks the interest and support it should have arises from the number of students who, although they play the game, do not join the club, chiefly for the two following reasons, viz.: That the season is too short; secondly, that, as they do not play well, they are diffident about practicing on the lawn. Those whom the former reason deters take a very narrow view of the subject. Supposing it is short, still during that time they get a certain amount of practice, they will become acquainted with the best cricketers in the University, and by their attendance at the practices will render valuable assistance to the team. Who knows but they themselves may be chosen for the Eleven. With regard to those who do not play well or do not like to begin, all I can say is they throw away a good chance to learn the game, as they are not likely after they leave college to be again thrown among companions who will take as much interest in teaching and helping them. Let us, then, see the students of all years who play or would like to learn cricket take a practical interest in the "old game" this year.

J. J. HUGHES.

ROUND THE TABLE.

One of the TABLE might be seen this week rushing round with the uneasy smile of a candidate on his youthful features. Of course I am loyal in my support, testifying my devotion by making sundry valuable suggestions in private and by carefully refraining from talking in public. It is too early as yet to disclose any of the neat devices that have occurred to us—and after the day of polling I fear that their interest being so ephemeral will forbid me referring to the subject again. But one aid to canvassing that will ever possess a value I am generous enough to preserve from oblivion. You have seen, I presume, the article on "Composite Photography" in the century, you also know how exasperating a thing it is to select by a study of his appearance a free and independent elector for your blandishments and then find that you have caught a Tartar. Suppose, by way of illustration, that you are canvassing in the Liberal interest; you have been accustomed to associate a mild speaking eye and broad smooth philanthropic brow with all that is liberal. You approach your victim with confidence and find him a red-hot Tory. Naturally you feel annoyed. Canvassing by the aid of Composite Photography becomes mere child's play. You have a composite picture of Grit features in your pocket. You compare it with the countenance of the man on whom you are minded to try your powers of persuasiveness. If the prominent land-marks of the human face—the nose and eyes, fail to correspond, you bestow on him your blessing and depart, feeling assured that he is immovably Tory—(*patent applied for*).

* * *

A favorite subject of remark with pessimistic sociologists is the supposed decay of intellect in these latter days. In support of their doleful bodings they refer us to the great sweep of unfounded social theories that find congenial support in our day. Occasionally men of highly cultivated intelligence lend the assistance of their brilliant abilities and broad sympathies to the wildest plans of social organization. The philosophers of the pessimistic school explain this fact, for fact it seems to be, by asserting that our day has lost the power of patient thought. An easier, truer, nobler explanation lies on the surface. Whenever a thoroughly educated man advocates schemes that do not find favor in the sight of the more sober part of the community, you may be sure that it is his great heart beating in tireless sympathy with the lowly amongst us that prompts his zeal and his sacrifice. The emotional tendencies of man have been partially diverted from religious into humanitarian channels. And who as yet may venture to say whether for good or evil?

* * *

In 1865 a small conference at Boston issued a circular, which resulted in the first annual meeting of the American Social Science Association. From that day the Association has steadily grown in numbers and influence, and now is a very important factor in the politics, not party politics, of the United States. During these twenty years and more many great changes in condition and government of the nations of the world have afforded the Association material for investigation. That period has seen the "reconstruction of the American republic on a new theory of labour and political rights," the destruction of Imperialism in France, the rise of the German nation, the unification of Italy, the experiment of Confederation in Canada, and the pressure of Socialism in the Old World. The great mine for the sociologist and his ally the statistician is the volumes of the American Census. A patient analysis of the carefully recorded data collected therein has produced much useful result in the past, and may be expected to continue to yield valuable illustration and corroboration. Not least among the services the association has rendered the American people was the initiation of that Civil Service reform which, though vehemently assailed even now by angry politicians, may be regarded as practically assured. In Ontario, the Canadian Institute is working in the same path, and its usefulness might be extended by devoting a section to the study of social science.

The following advertisement appeared in the *Telegram* last week :

"FOR GENTLEMAN OR STUDENT,—a furnished room, with board. 11 ——— Street."

A fine distinction seems to be drawn here.

* * *

I have long been waiting for a hymn with more feeling and beauty in it than this waif of plaintive melody, almost forgotten by the ebb-tide of time,—this simple, touching song of the freed-man, "De Massa ob de Sheepfol'":

"De massa ob de sheepfol',
Dat guard de sheepfol' bin,
Look out in de gloomerin' meadows
Whar de long night rain begin—
So he call to de hirelin' shepa'd,
Is my sheep, is dey all come in?

"O, den says de hirelin' shepa'd,
Dey's some dey's black and thin,
And some dey's po'ol' wedda's,
But de res' dey's all brung in,
But de res' dey's all brung in.

"Den de massa ob the sheepfol',
Dat guard de sheepfol' bin,
Goes down in the gloomerin' meadows
Whar de long night rain begin—
So he le' down de ba's ob de sheepfol',
Callin' sof, come in, come in,
Callin' sof, come in, come in,

"Den up t'ro de gloomerin' meadows,
T'ro de col' night rain and win',
And np t'ro de gloomerin' rain-paf',
Where de sleet fa' pie'cin' thin,
De po' los' sheep ob de sheepfol'
Dey all comes gadderin' in,
De po' los' sheep ob de sheepfol'
Dey all comes gadderin' in."

* * *

Here is a story about Swinburne, which I tell as it was told me. He was spending the summer in the Isle of Man. All readers of his poetry need not be informed that he is an enthusiastic swimmer. One early summer dawn he swam out to meet the rising sun as it comes forth from the ocean. The poet was borne along in an inspired mood; fronting him was a golden road over the water to the brightness of the halls of the sun-god, whose wild team, in their career towards the world of men, were

"Shaking the darkness from their loosened manes,
And beating the twilight into flakes of fire."

For a glorious space of time his was the elemental freedom of the wind and the sea; but when the god-like hour was past, and he felt the exhaustion that never suffers us long to lose thought of our weakness as men, he found himself far from shore; and, though a powerful swimmer, his strength was almost spent. He floated some time, and was at length picked up by a fishing smack. Standing naked in the bows, he declaimed a chorus from the *Ajax*, *ore rotundo*, and with wild gestures,—the fishermen staring the while in breathless astonishment at this strange inhabitant of the deep, mouthing out the Greek of Sophocles. The affair had a rather ludicrous end; for when they came to shore one of the fishermen called out to a friend on the wharf, "Look at this, Jem, for a jabberin' idjit we picked up out there!"

* * *

The ingenious man remarked that Swinburne should have slightly amended Tennyson, thus:

"I hold it best whate'er befall,
I feel it when I sorrow most,
'Tis better to have hugged the coast,
Than never to have hugged at all."

He then calmly proceeded to relate what he called a "merry jest." "I was swimming once," he said, "out beyond the Island in a gaudy, giddy swimming suit with bright stripes of black and red. Well, there was a yacht race that afternoon; and the whole fleet came along, and, having rounded me, sailed back again. I felt annoyed."

HH.

UNIVERSITY AND COLLEGE NEWS.

All reports from Societies must reach us by noon on Thursday to insure insertion.

FIFTH OF MAY.

It's coming, the merry,
The mad month of May;
The light-footed fairy!
It's coming, the merry—
With blossom and berry,
With sprig and with spray,
It's coming, the merry,
The mad month of May!

This little triolet of Mr. C. H. Patterson's appears in the last issue of the *Tuflonian*. Excellent as are the lines in themselves, our present state of mind is not such as to enable us to sympathize with their sentiment.

Elections to-night!

The next Missionary concert will be given in the Y. M. C. A. building, on the first Tuesday in April.

Any gentleman in arrears to Glee Club would confer a favour by leaving his fee (accompanied by name) in the janitor's room, addressed to the treasurer.

W. B. Nesbitt has been called home by the death of his father, Dr. Nesbitt, of Angus. The sympathy of the students is with Mr. Nesbitt in his bereavement.

The Cricket Club will hold a meeting in Moss Hall on Wednesday, at 4 o'clock. A large attendance is requested. Let all who are interested in cricket attend.

The question of removing the Theological College of the Congregational Church from Montreal to Toronto was discussed at the Conference of that body on Wednesday afternoon. Truly Toronto is fast becoming the educational centre of the Dominion.

A deputation of gentlemen who are promoting the bill now before the Legislature for uniting Woodstock College with the Toronto Baptist College in one institution with university powers, waited upon the Attorney-General on Friday morning, to present their claims more fully than they have hitherto done.

These claims, in substance, are: (1) A natural proclivity for organization peculiar to Baptists; (2) Strong desire for Christian education under the direct control of the denomination; (3) Pecuniary ability independent of extraneous sources.

ENGINEERING SOCIETY.—The Engineering Society held its last regular meeting of the session in the School of Science on Tuesday afternoon. At this meeting a paper, written by E. B. Herman, on the "Micrometer," was read. Mr. Herman is a graduate of the school, now engaged in Government surveys in British Columbia. Herbert Ward, B.A., dealt with the subject of mining in North Hastings. The writer handled this subject in a thoroughly scientific manner, and showed what might be done by a few enterprising capitalists toward developing the mineral resources of that part of the Province.

At a meeting of the Toronto Medical Society, held on the 17th inst., the following resolution was moved by Dr. Cameron and seconded by Dr. Machell: "That this Society has learned with satisfaction of the efforts now being made to establish a medical faculty in connection with the University of Toronto, and hopes that by a judicious combination of the facilities afforded by the University, the School of Practical Science, the Hospital and the teaching power of the schools now existing, a school of medicine may be established in Toronto worthy alike of the Queen City and the Province of Ontario. Moreover this society is of opinion that the schools could in no wise more profitably or appropriately celebrate this jubilee year than by the heartiest confederation of their forces for the attainment of this result."

LITERARY SOCIETY.—Friday evening, the 8th inst., was nomination night. After routine business the following nominations were made:—President—Prof. Hutton. M.A. (*withdrawn*), W. F. W. Creelman, B.A., LL.B., (*elected by acclamation*), T. C. Milligan, B.A. (*withdrew*). 1st. Vice-Pres.—H. J. Crawford, W. H. Hodges. 2nd Vice-Pres.—T. C. DesBarres, G. A. H. Fraser. 3rd Vice-Pres.—A. A. Macdonald, G. B. McClean. Recording Sec.—J. N. Dales, J. W. McMillan. Corresponding Sec.—W. J. Healy, E. Lyon. Treas.—E. C. Acheson, J. W. Henderson. Curator—S. J. Radcliffe, F. J. Steen. Sec. of Committees—J. E. Bird, L. Boyd. Councillors: 4th year—T. M. Higgins, J. G. Witton. 3rd year—

W. N. Allen, F. Messmore, W. McCann, G. M. Ritchie. 2nd year—G. A. Ball, H. E. T. Haultain, J. P. Kennedy, E. A. Sullivan.

The Historical and Political Science Association held its closing meeting for this term in McMillan's Hall on Wednesday afternoon. The chief order of business was the election of officers for '87-88, resulting in the return of the following gentlemen: President, Wm. Houston, M.A.; 1st Vice-President, G. Cross; Recording Secretary, H. A. McCullough; Treasurer, T. M. Harrison; Fourth-year Councillors, Messrs. J. G. Harkness and R. McKay. A hearty vote of thanks was tendered the President for his energetic interest in all that pertained to the welfare of the Society throughout the year. A recommendation was also made to the incoming committee to have the essays read before the Society published. The Society adjourned, after congratulating itself on the large measure of success which has attended its efforts throughout the past year.

At the last regular meeting of the University College Natural Science Association, in the School of Practical Science, the president, W. H. Pike, Ph. D., read a paper on the C. G. S. system of units. Opening with a few words on the manifest insufficiency of a system which measures lands by chains, a horse by hands and a man by inches, he related how a committee of the Royal Society in England arbitrarily selecting the centimeter as the unit of length, the second as that of time, and the degree centigrade as that of temperature, deduced therefrom those of weight, volume, force, electricity, etc., producing a system which has been accepted by men of science throughout the world. In the course of the paper, and during the discussion which followed, the advantages of the new system were well illustrated by calculations in both systems. At the close of the programme the society adjourned, having decided to hold its annual meeting on the 7th of April.

A largely attended and enthusiastic meeting of the supporters of baseball was held in Moss Hall on the afternoon of Tuesday last, Franklin McLeay in the chair, and A. N. Garrett, secretary. It was unanimously decided that a Varsity Baseball Club be organized. After speeches from several of the gentlemen present, the meeting proceeded to the election of officers with the following result:—Hon.-Pres., Douglas Armour, B.A.; Pres., Charles P. Clark, B.A.; Vice-Pres., P. B. Wood; Sec.-Treas., S. D. Schultz; Curator, E. C. Senkler; Captain, A. N. Garrett; Committee, Franklin McLeay, J. W. Edgar, fourth year; J. H. Senkler, E. G. Rykert, third year; J. D. McLean, Ivan Senkler, second year. The fee was fixed at fifty cents, and Mr. Schultz, the Sec.-Treas., took in fees on Tuesday to an extent that warrants the assurance on the part of the friends of baseball that when the grass is green again the click of the willow and the leathern sphere will be heard on the Campus.

MATHEMATICAL AND PHYSICAL SOCIETY.—The regular meeting of the above society was held on Tuesday afternoon, March 22nd, the president in the chair. Mr. J. M. Clark, M.A., read a very interesting and instructive paper, on the Development of the Theory of Energy. After enumerating the various kinds of energy, he gave an historical sketch of the theory of Conservation of Energy, and explained Thomson's theory of the Dissipation of Energy, showing that it depended on the fact that no physical process is exactly reversible. He concluded by indicating some of the problems which Physicists will soon have to consider, particularly those in connection with the properties of the luminiferous ether. Mr. J. A. Duff then gave some interesting experiments with the gyroscope. After the solution of problems, the nomination of officers for the ensuing year was proceeded with. Those elected by acclamation were Mr. T. J. Mulvey, B.A., re-elected President, and Mr. L. H. Bowerman, B.A., Corresponding Secretary. A special committee was appointed to confer with the committee of the Canadian Institute respecting affiliation with that society.

At the mass meeting of friends and ex-pupils of Upper Canada College and Royal Grammar School (as one of the speakers pointed out its proper name) held on Tuesday night to oppose the movement that is on foot to disendow the College, Dr. McLellan moved the following resolution:

Whereas, A truly national and complete system of education must meet the needs and requirements of all classes of the community, and whereas there is a large and increasing class of citizens of this province who are forced to send their sons from home for an education, and who contribute cheerfully towards the maintenance of their local schools, but who for want of properly supervised boarding schools are unable to place their sons there;

Whereas, If the College is abolished there will be no institution in the province responsible to the public for its proper management to which boys may be sent who cannot be educated at home; therefore be it;

Resolved, That this meeting, while protesting against any interference with Upper Canada, would rather be prepared to support the original intention of its founders, and suggest the establishment of similar additional residential schools in other sections of the pro-

vince, so that the benefit now conferred by the present institution may be even more largely distributed throughout this country.

Speaking in support of his motion, Dr. McLellan remarked that true educational power emanates from the teacher's heart and the teacher's brain, and that, therefore, the more he is brought into contact with the student the better. But notwithstanding this fact none of our High Schools have residences in connection with them. This he maintained, is the weak point of our High School system.

Senator Allan seconded the resolution. He said that the great advantage of Upper Canada College was that the pupils were trained in residence. Boys were sent to college not only to receive instruction but to have their characters formed. In no place could that be done except where they were boarded.

The resolution carried unanimously.

Among the gentlemen who spoke in favour of Upper Canada College were Chief Justice M. C. Cameron, Judge McDougall, Col. G. T. Dennison, Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, and Rev. Dr. Scadding.

The following has been received regarding a prize competition for the best poem on the Queen's Jubilee :—A prize of \$50 will be given by the Graduates' Society of McGill University for the best poem on the Queen's Jubilee, to be read at the annual University Dinner on the 30th April, 1887. The following rules will govern : 1. The competition shall be open to any British subject residing in Canada or elsewhere. 2. All manuscripts are to be addressed to the Secretary of the Graduates' Society, University Club, 8 University Street, and must be in his hands on or before the 15th April, 1887. 3. The writer's name must not appear on any part of the manuscript. Each manuscript must have a motto, which must also appear on the outside of a sealed envelope containing the writer's name and address. 4. The Judges will be Professor Moyse, Samuel E. Dawson, Esq., and Rev. Canon Norman, and their decision shall be final. The prize will be given only in case the Judges report that some one of the poems submitted is of sufficient merit to justify its being awarded. 5. All manuscripts shall belong to the Society, which shall reserve the right, besides that of reading the successful poem at the Annual University Dinner, of publishing the successful or any or all of the poems. No manuscript will therefore be returned. ARCH. MCGOWN, Jr., President ; WILFRID SKAIFE, Acting Secretary. Montreal, 26th February, 1887.

THE MODERN LANGUAGE CLUB.—Monday afternoon marked an era in the history of the Modern Language Club, being the occasion of the first public meeting given by its members. The Y.M.C.A. building, in which the ordinary meetings of the Club are held, was crowded, every available space of parlour, reading-room and auditorium being occupied. Mr. Squair, Honorary President of the Association, occupied the chair, and in his opening address gave a resume of the primary objects, principles, etc., in its organization six years ago, and of its progress since. He pointed out that an important influence had been exerted by the spirit engendered in the Club in modifying the University curriculum in modern languages. Books about languages are not so much read as formerly ; more attention is given to the authors themselves. The address was short, as a chairman's address ought to be.

Mr. R. J. Reid gave an excellent rendering of Leybach's "I. Puritani." This is the first time Mr. Reid has had the opportunity of appearing before the University public in the capacity of an instrumentalist, in which he so much excels. It is to be hoped this will be but the first of many appearances. The third number was a reading, "How he saved St. Michael's," by Mr. F. McLeay. Miss M. Robertson read an essay on Mrs. Browning, reviewing her works and relating the incidents in her life. Miss Keys' violin solo, "Cavatina," (Wieniawski), with piano accompaniment, rendered with highest excellence, was greeted with a hearty encore, to which she responded in an artistic number. Next on the programme was a reading, "The Bobolink," by Miss Knox, an undergraduate and occasional student of the College—our favourite reader. Her first number was comic and imitative, her second a war piece in response to an encore. Mr. C. C. Saunders was unable to be present to render the flute solo announced. Miss Lawler favoured the audience with a piano solo. A paper was then read by the Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., subject : "Adventures of some of the Jesuit fathers in their early missionary work among the Indian tribes of North America." The self-sacrificing labours of these early missionaries and the persecutions to which they were submitted at the hands of these savage tribes formed the burden of the paper. Owing to the lateness of the hour the remainder of the programme was dispensed with.

During the past season the works of Byron, Ruskin, Lowell, Poe, Burns and Matthew Arnold ; of Victor Hugo, Gautier, Daudet, Merimee, Labiche, De Musset, etc. ; and of Heine, Richter, Schiller, Heyse and Ruckert have formed the work of the Club.

SENATE MEETING.—A meeting of the Senate of the University of Toronto was held last Friday night, at which important business was transacted. On motion of Dr. Wilson, seconded by Dr. Caven, the following statute received its first reading : That first-class certificates be accepted *pro tanto* in lieu of the senior matricu-

lation or first year's examination : and the teachers holding grades A and B be allowed the options granted as honour men in the subject or course in which these certificates are granted : provided always that all candidates for scholarships on relative standard shall take the full season matriculation on first year's examination.

Dr. Wilson presented the following report of the committee on the establishment of a new medical faculty. The committee to whom the proposals for placing medical education in its connection with the University of Toronto on a more efficient basis, beg leave to report as follows : "It is desirable to establish a Medical College to be known as the University Medical College, which shall be the medical faculty of the University. The College shall have a governing board which shall consist of the members of the College Council (as hereinafter specified), two members nominated by the Government, six members elected by the Senate of the University, and the chairman and one other member of the hospital trust. There shall be a college council, which shall consist of the professors of the Medical College, including such professors in the School of Practical Science as are giving instruction in the subject of the medical curriculum. The governing board shall hold in trust for the purposes of the college all properties belonging to the institution, have general charge of the finances, determine all fees, and make all appointments in the teaching staff. The college council shall have control of all purely educational matters, including the conduct and the discipline of the students in the college in accordance with the curriculum of the University. If the faculty or faculties of the Toronto School of Medicine, or Trinity Medical School, Toronto, decide to suspend their charter or charters and accept the proposed scheme, the members of such faculty or faculties shall hold as far as possible the same positions in the new college as they hold as professors or lecturers in their present schools. The present salaries of professors shall be maintained *pro rata*, and for the purpose of defining what is understood by salaries the scale at present existing in Trinity Medical School shall be taken as a basis, and a practicable scheme for retiring allowances for the professors shall be arranged. The governing board shall seek from the Ontario Government the power to raise the sum of — dollars for the purpose of purchasing or erecting suitable buildings in or near the hospital grounds. All medical examinations shall be conducted by the professors in the faculty of medicine, and such other examinations as may, from time to time, be associated with them by appointment of the Senate."

On motion of Dr. Wilson, seconded by Dr. McFarlane, it was decided that this report be received and printed with a view to its being submitted to the members of the faculties in the medical schools in Toronto, and to the trustees of the Toronto General Hospital. On same motion and seconding, it was decided that Vice-Chancellor Mulock, Mr. Falconbridge and Dr. Wilson be a committee to communicate with the representatives of the medical schools and the trustees of the General Hospital, with a view of giving effect to the scheme set forth in the report, or to suggest such modifications as may render it generally acceptable and of practicable efficiency.

Dr. Wilson presented a report of the Committee on the Classification of Pass Candidates, which was received. The report recommends that the course hitherto designated the honour course, be called the special course, and be ranged in first, second and third classes in honours, and that the course hitherto designated the pass course be called the general course, and be ranged in first, second and third grades, the per-centages being sixty-six, fifty and thirty-three.

The following statute received its first reading : That first-class teachers' certificates be accepted *pro tanto* in lieu of senior matriculation on first year's examination, and that teachers holding grades A and B be allowed the options granted to honour men in the subjects or courses in which those certificates are granted, provided always that all candidates for scholarships or relative standing shall take the full senior matriculation or first year's examination.

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Contended with the Ithacan,
And to win the armour tried.

And he, when eloquence prevailed
O'er his valour great and strong,
Mad, cast himself upon his sword,
And thus avenged the wrong.

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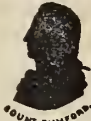
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THE VARSITY

A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.

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No. 20.

TWO POETS.

A poet would be famous, so he caught
(In long, hot chase, as boys catch butterflies)
Fancies, light-winged, and marked with curious dyes ;
These into strange fantastic webs he wrought,
And with them snared the semblances of thought,
Echoes of feeling, simulated sighs,
Shadows of passion, and unfelt heart-cries ;
Then when the critics' final word he sought,—
"Exquisite art," they said ; "a wondrous rhythm."

Another poet bowed his head and prayed,—
A raptured agony whelmed him like a flood.

Now, when the first died all his verse died with him,
But of the second not a line shall fade,
For this man's verse was writ in his heart's blood.

A. ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

A PRINCETON CANE-SPREE.

It was the good fortune of the writer of this sketch to be a student of Princeton College during the session of '77-'78. No member of any of the four classes then at College will be likely to forget that memorable year—the year of the great hazing sensation, when Atterbury of '80 was shot and so many sophomores and freshmen were suspended ; the year when Princeton retained the football championship, beating Harvard and playing a draw with Yale ; the year when Earle Dodge was Captain of the football team, left-field on the baseball nine, and President of the Philadelphian Society ; the year of that celebrated chapel-stage, at which the oratory of "Sally" S convulsed the house, and won for the speaker the tribute of a bouquet, consisting of a cabbage head covered with rose buds. How the old scenes and faces rise as one looks back ! Never will the memory fade, of the marches round the "triangle," while we freshmen sang with might and main :

"Here's to eighty-one, drink her down ;
Here's to eighty-one, drink her down ;
Here's to eighty-one, for she'll always have her fun ;
Drink her down, drink her down, drink her
down, down, down."

And the rushes ! How we of '81 formed in solid phalanx and met with a shock the like array of '80 men, we smaller fellows at the back knowing little of what was going on in front, (where the men were piled in heaps, with occasionally a broken limb) only being well aware that we had to push with every ounce of force we possessed ! With what awful expectation we looked forward to our initiation into Hall ! With what humble deference we looked up to the grave and reverend seniors ;

and how far away seemed the day when we, too, should be seniors and wear plug hats ! How we laid our plans for class-day, and speculated as to who should have the various orations ! And now, that class-day has come and gone, very few of our prophecies were fulfilled. And they, who, in closest intimacy, talked over the things to come, have been scattered far and wide. Some are teachers, some preachers, some lawyers, some doctors, and some are dead.

Well, well ! I was to tell about the Cane-Spree of '77, and if I keep on sentimentalizing in this fashion, I shall have used up my space before I get fairly begun. So, to plunge into the midst. It has been an unwritten law from time immemorial in Princeton (and in other American colleges), that freshmen are not to carry canes. And it is a law that is well observed. A freshman who carries a cane is looked on with disfavor by the members of his own class. In fact, it is a fresh thing for him to do. At the same time, each freshman class feels bound to assert the rights of its members to carry canes if they choose. They refrain of their own free will (so they allege) and not because ordered or constrained by the senior years. Especially, does a Princeton freshman maintain that no sophomore has a right to forbid him to carry a cane. Hence, on a certain night chosen by mutual consent, the freshman class undertakes, yearly, to assert this right as against the sophomores. And the manner in which the right is asserted is as follows :

A convenient night is agreed upon by the leading men of the two classes. (When I speak of leading men, of course, I mean the men who led in the really important interests of College life—athletics and sport of all kinds. In affairs of this sort no thought is given to a consideration of such secondary importance as position in the class-list). The night chosen is usually about three or four weeks after the beginning of the term. Then each freshman, who purposes entering the cane-spree, proceeds to secure for himself a second. A freshman's second is always chosen from the junior class, *i. e.*, the third year. Similarly, the sophomores choose their respective seconds from the senior year. The combatants are matched, man against man, and an effort is made by the seconds to have them as evenly matched as possible. A majority of the matches are thus made before the eventful night. Others are made on the ground.

Now let us mount the winged steed, imagination, and transport ourselves across the miles and the years that separate us from Princeton, N.J., on the night of the cane-spree of 1877. We alight here on the sidewalk of the main street—Nassau—in front of the University Hotel. We are in a town of 4,000 inhabitants, including five or six hundred negroes. This town evidently has grown and was not made. For its streets run in every direction, except at right angles to one another. A quiet, sleepy old place it is, with a quaint beauty of its own. The streets are wide and shaded with grand old trees, some of which, we would almost believe, must date, like a few of the buildings, back to revolutionary times. Princeton, we will not forget, was one of the scenes of action in those stirring days ; and old North College has gazed on sterner fights than the conflict on which its grey tower will look down to-night.

It is the first week in October—a perfect autumn night. The moon is shining clearly and the katy-dids are fiddling away on every side. We walk eastward a few steps and are at the gate of the College grounds. As we enter, a novel sound strikes our ears. Three hurrahs ! and a "tiger, 'sst, boom, ah !" That is Princeton's famous old cheer—the Nassau rocket. The fun has begun, then, and we must hurry. A couple of hundred yards from the gate and we are on the East

campus, a good sized square, surrounded on three sides by trees, bounded on the remaining side partly by the stone wall of East College. Here are a number of groups of various sizes—college men, towns-people, and a few ladies in nearly every one. Each of these groups is a *ring*, and in the centre of each ring are two young men both clinging to a stick which they hold between them, and in most cases *mixed*, arms, legs, heads and bodies in apparently inextricable confusion. Between the groups are passing other *pairs* of men, one of each pair calling "Hello Smith," "Oh Brown," or "where is Jones?" These shouting men are seconds trying to find the parties with whom their principals have been matched.

We are acquainted with Brown, one of the freshmen, and we shall try and have a look at his fight. Oh! here he is, just going to begin. His opponent, Robinson, and he have just stripped and one can see at a glance that they are well matched. The sophomore has a slight advantage in weight, but his opponent is wirier. Young Brown's second, holds the cane, and, all being ready, he passes it to that hero. He grasps it so near each end, that his opponent will not be able to get an "outside hold." The seconds each keep a hand on the cane till Robinson has secured as good a hold as possible, then "all ready" is the word, and "go."

"Then hand and foot and eye opposed,
In dubious strife they darkly closed."

During the last week or two Young has been initiating Brown into the mysteries of "hip-throws," "twists," and "jerks." So our freshman is not unprepared for the wiles of his antagonist. There are no rules in this sport, except that blows and kicks are tabooed; yet there is abundant opportunity for the display of skill. Tripping is perfectly fair; and it is not long before the sophomore, watching his opportunity, in this way takes Brown's feet from under him. He does not get his shoulders down however, for the freshman clings to the cane and struggles to his feet again. Now Brown tries the hip-throw and lifting his opponent from the ground actually wrenches the cane from one of his hands. But before he can follow up his advantage, Robinson snatches at it again, and, Brown's hand having slipped somewhat towards the middle, secures an outside hold. "Now then, Robinson," cries Van Dyke, his second, "you have him." "Hang on, Brown," says Young, "he is getting winded." And truth to tell our freshman does seem to be in better training. Upon this, Brown begins to force the fighting, twisting, pulling, leading a merry dance over a wide circle. The sophomore feels that he cannot stand it long at this pace, and making a mighty effort, brings the freshman fairly to the ground. Falling on his back, Brown wriggles over and gets the cane beneath his chest. Robinson, thinking to shake him up, kneels upon his enemy, but Brown gathers himself together and drawing up his knees, fairly sends his antagonist over his head. But he is not yet shaken off. The positions are reversed. Robinson gets the cane beneath his chest and lies thus while Brown reposes on his opponents back. The sophomore is really exhausted. He makes a feeble effort or two to rise, but is crushed remorselessly to the ground. His face is pressed into the trampled sward and his arms are cramped. "Van," he calls. The second stoops down. "I think I'll have to let her go." "All right, old man, if you must. Young, Robinson gives up." The gladiators rise. Brown waves his cane about his head, yells "eighty-one"; and is borne off on the shoulders of some class-mates. That fight is over.

We have watched a fair sample of the encounters that go to make up a cane spree. The result, of course, varies in different cases. Sometimes, as we have seen, the freshman keeps his cane. Sometimes, the sophomore captures it. Sometimes, after a very protracted struggle, the affair is declared a draw and the cane is divided. On the night of this particular contest, the freshmen claim to have beaten their opponents by about a dozen canes.

As to our acquaintances, Brown and Robinson, they have met for the first time to-night; but they are to meet again. Looking into the future, we see them boarding at the same club, members of the same society, intimate and congenial friends. Nor does the sight of the cane, which hangs on the wall of Brown's room, tied with the college colours (orange and black) at one end, and the class colours (cardinal and navy) at the other, ever throw a shadow across their friendship.

Would that the conflicts of later years (sometimes well-nigh as purposeless,) might be waged in as generous a spirit, and leave as little heart-burning.

Riverside, N. B.

ROBERT HADDOW.

TO MY VALENTINE.

O'er the wood's untrammelled ways,
In the dawn's dim, golden glow,
Comes a sunbeam, flits and strays,
In the stream, whose ripples show,
By their little upward heaves
Noisy joy at this surprise;
Then the sunbeam, laughing, leaves,
And with artful, smiling guise,
Gazes in the flamer's eyes.

Piercing life's dull, even days,
Comes a sunbeam, flashed from eyes
Whose gaze, ling'ring, steady, stays
While they laughingly surmise,
All our wilful hearts would keep,
'Neath the shadows of the night;
Still we stubbornly will sleep,
Till the eyes, love-lit and bright
Wake us, in love's land of light.

E. A. D.

RECENT EDUCATIONAL REPORTS.

I. REPORT OF THE MINISTER OF EDUCATION.

We have received from the Minister of Education for Ontario a copy of his report for 1886, containing the school statistics of the Province for the year 1885. The Report is very complete, and we doubt not accurate, but it is not systematically arranged. The enquirer after knowledge has to wade through pages of statistics with very meagre explanations thereon, and the work of discovering information of interest and encouragement is tiresome in the extreme. Still, we have endeavoured to find some valuable information, which, though largely statistical, will not be found unprofitable reading. The part of the report which especially interests us refers to the condition of the High Schools and Collegiate Institutes. Let us, however, take a glance at the Public Schools first. We find that the school population, with a small majority of boys, is 583,137. Of these, only 48 per cent. represented the average attendance—a state of things which causes the Minister very justly to say: "Under our free school system the taxpayer who is rated without his consent for school purposes for the public good, has a right to expect that those for whose education he is compelled to provide should be obliged to attend school, at least during the time required by the School Act."

In other words: That if the compulsory clauses of the School Act are not enforced, A may very reasonably object to being compelled to pay for the education of B's children. To this Mr. Herbert Spencer would say, "Hear, hear;" and would go even a step further—in objecting to the principle of State control of education at all.* But seeing that our school system is supported by the State, and indirectly by the people, the Min-

*Vide: "The Coming Slavery," by Herbert Spencer.

ister of Education is quite right in insisting upon the compulsory clauses being faithfully carried out. The number of public school teachers is 7,218, of which the great majority are women. About a third of the teachers have been trained at the Normal Schools. With regard to the question of salaries, we find that the highest salary paid is \$1,200. The average salary for males throughout the Province is \$427 per annum ; and for females, \$281 ! There is surely good ground for complaint here. It is simply preposterous that the School Boards of this Province have the effrontery to offer any man or woman a salary, inferior by a long way, to the wages which any able-bodied day-labourer could earn with ease ! And, moreover, no discrimination should be made on account of sex. If a teacher does good work, he or she should be paid a fair price for it. By this unfair discrimination against female teachers, the whole average of salaries is kept at a miserably low figure. We are sorry the Report does not record any improvement in respect of salaries. The total amount of money expended on the Public Schools in 1885 was \$3,312,700, by far the largest amount of which came from the receipts of the old Clergy Reserve's Fund. The receipts show a balance of about half-a-million over expenditures.

So much for the Public Schools. Now let us examine the records for High Schools and Collegiate Institutes. And here we find about the same proportion between the school population and the average attendance which we noticed in the case of the Public Schools. The total High School population is 14,250 ; the average attendance is 8,207, or just 58 per cent. If we keep on at this rate we shall certainly furnish Mr. Herbert Spencer with very strong arguments in favor of the conclusions which he draws in his "Coming Slavery." There are 107 secondary schools, of which 18 are Collegiate Institutes. Of these 107 institutions 64 give free tuition, and 43 charge fees. The average number of teachers in Collegiate Institutes is 7 ; Toronto and Hamilton employing the largest staffs—of 12 and 15 respectively. The average salary paid to Head Masters is \$1,200 ; the highest, at Toronto, being \$2,350 ; the lowest, at Beamsville and Strathroy, being \$750. Of the 107 Head Masters, 105 have had a University training : 61 are from Toronto University, 20 from Victoria, 11 from Queen's, 7 from Trinity, 2 from Albert, 2 from Aberdeen, and 1 each from Dublin and Queen's (Ireland) ; 2 hold certificates from the Department. The destination, or occupation chosen by the pupils on completing their High School course, is shown by the following table :

Matriculated,	290
Mercantile,	856
Agriculture,	636
Professional,	639
Miscellaneous,	1,481

From the above it would appear that the number who entered the learned professions, and those who chose agriculture, was the same last year ; a slightly increased number chose a mercantile life, while but 290 matriculated in the different Universities of the Province. We confess that this last fact surprises us. The number of matriculants at University College last year was 128 (*vide* President's Report). Thus it appears that University College does about 50 per cent. of the College work of the Province. The average cost per pupil at High Schools is \$28 ; at Collegiate Institutes, \$33. Some interesting figures are those which represent the numbers of pupils taking the different subjects set down in the school curriculum. English Grammar, Composition, Reading, History, Geography, Mathematics, and Drawing, are studied by about 90 per cent. of all the pupils ; Latin by 35 per cent. ; Greek by 6 per cent. ; French by 39 per cent. ; German by 8 per cent. ; Music by 25 per cent. ; Chemistry, Botany, and Physics by about 50 per cent., on the average. Only 5 per cent. are preparing for junior matriculation, and but $\frac{41}{100}$ per cent. for senior matriculation. This last figure would seem effectually to stand in the way of raising the standard of the first year, or of relieving the Universities of preparatory work. The statistics are discouraging so far as the evidences of increased popularity of higher education are concerned. After looking over the statistics we are quite willing to admit—though with sadness—that the first year work is not "popular with school Boards" ! The Department urges, with propriety the claims of Music and Art to a place in every school curriculum. We

have thus devoted, we hope without being tedious, a good deal of space to the Report of the Minister of Education. It is an interesting document, containing a vast deal of information of an exceedingly valuable nature. The present outlook is good, though there are disappointing records to be found. The present state of educational affairs in Ontario will have a material influence, we hope for good, on the next Annual Report.

II. MISCELLANEOUS REPORTS.

We have received from the Deputy Minister of Education for this Province a copy of Parts II. and III. of the Special Report of the Bureau of Education, Washington, on the Educational Exhibits and Conventions at the World's Industrial Exposition, at New Orleans, 1884-5. Dr. Hodgins, it will be remembered, was the Honorary Secretary of the Educational Congress held at New Orleans during the Exposition, and in his capacity as an International Juror, also represented Canada at New Orleans. The Report before us contains a full and most interesting account of the proceedings of the Congress, and includes all the papers read there, or furnished by prominent educationists in Europe, America and Japan. The Congress was divided into sections, which comprised the following sub divisions : (a) Elementary Instruction ; (b) Secondary Instruction ; (c) Superior Instruction ; (d) Instruction of the Defective, Dependent, and Delinquent classes ; (e) Architecture and Hygiene of buildings for instruction, Libraries, and Museums ; (f) Miscellaneous. The volume before us is a remarkable one in many respects, containing as it does papers and reports upon every conceivable aspect of educational work by specialists in each department. The chief feature of the work, as regards Canada, is the number of papers contributed by educationists in Ontario. There are no less than nineteen papers contributed from this Province, representing every feature of our educational work. They are to be found in the several sections, and contain admirable presentations of our work properly viewed in the light of the past and of the present. The result is most creditable to Canada and to Ontario especially. It is impossible to overestimate the value of the Report, which is a lasting memorial of the educational history and work of the country represented.

The Dominion Department of Agriculture is doing good work in publishing circulars of information regarding agriculture. We have received from the Department a copy of their Bulletin No. 1, containing a report by Wm. Saunders, the Director of the Central Experimental Farm, which includes an account of the Director's visits to Manitoba, the North-West, British Columbia, and the Maritime Provinces ; with a view of locating Experimental Farms, and of collecting information relating to the condition of agriculture as well as its special needs in these Provinces. Those desirous of obtaining copies of the report may do so by sending their names and addresses to the Experimental Farm, Ottawa.

The Education Department has furnished us with a copy of the Report of the Commissioner specially appointed to try the now somewhat noted case of John Idington, Q.C., *versus* Wm. McBride, M.A., of Stratford. The report is a voluminous one, giving a very full *resumé* of the evidence submitted, with the Commissioner's rulings thereon. The complainant brought 29 specific charges against Mr. McBride, and the Commissioner's report is that none have been substantiated. The suit was the result of a personal feud of long standing, and now that it has been settled the town of Stratford will, no doubt, resume its wonted quiet—so far as its educational interests are concerned. Educationally speaking, the chief point of value brought out was that touching a Head Master's right to reduce pupils from one form to another, "those who showed no signs of improvement, and whose conduct was not satisfactory." The complainant, as a member of the local School Board, refused to recognize this undoubted principle, and practically laid down the rule, which, as the Commissioner says, "would be to tie the hands of a Master, and to make the pupils the judges of their own attainments, and the tribunal by which their status in a school should be determined." From an educational point of view we believe this decision to be a sound one, as it underlies the whole question of discipline in schools.

THE VARSITY.

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All communications should be addressed to THE EDITORS, University College, Toronto, and must be in on Wednesday of each week.

Contributions when not accepted will be returned if accompanied with a stamp for that purpose.

REPORT OF UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.

We have received from the President a copy of his last annual report of University College. While it is largely statistical, much interesting matter is contained in the report. It is highly gratifying to note the increased number of students in attendance at College. The returns, which have been most carefully compiled, show a still larger attendance, with a greater number of new entrants, than has been admitted to the College in any previous year. The number of matriculants last year was 128, and the total number in attendance on College lectures during the academic year was 462; of these 321 were undergraduates pursuing the full courses prescribed by the University for proceeding to a degree in Arts. Last June, eighty-two students, who had pursued their undergraduate studies in University College, were admitted to degrees as follows: M.B., 6; LL.B., 1; M.A., 7; and B.A., 68. The figures are exclusive of those admitted to degrees, but who came from other Colleges, or were exempted from attendance on lectures.

The College has received several gifts during the past year, which have been appropriated to the foundation of scholarships, to the purchasing of apparatus, and for the encouragement of various branches of study. The sum of \$7,000 has been received, of which \$5,000 goes to found scholarships, endowed by private benefaction, and the remaining \$2,000 for the better equipment of the department of Physics. Several individuals have established medals for competition in different courses, and Mr. Frederick Wyld has endowed a prize of the value of \$25 in books for the encouragement of English composition. These gifts are most gratifying, and seem to indicate that the friends of University College are becoming more interested in her welfare, and more jealous of her prosperity. We believe that in future years the stream of private liberality will be more largely directed towards the Provincial College than hitherto. In the meantime we are pleased to record such practical evidences of the confidence and regard with which her own friends and the public generally have rewarded her faithful labours in the past. Some other statistics are given which it may not be out of place to mention here. Since the reorganization of the University and College on the basis of 1853, a total of 1,401 degrees have been conferred upon those who pursued their undergraduate studies in University College, and who proceeded to their respective degrees in the various faculties of the University. These are distributed as follows: L.L.D., 10; LL.B., 53; M.D., 19; M.B., 71; M.A., 251; B.A., 997. In this enumeration, the report says that no graduates are included in the numbers here reported who, after completing their course in Arts, have proceeded to a degree in another faculty of the University; and that the results are based on the University Examiners' reports as confirmed by the Senate. So that the number 1,401, represents the actual number of separate degrees conferred by the University since 1853.

The number of teachers actively employed in University College at present is 23, distributed as follows: 7 Professors, 7 Lecturers, 1 Demonstrator of Physics, and 8 Fellows. Another classification may be made thus: There are three gentlemen engaged in instruction in Classical Literature; 5 in Mathematics and

Physics; 2 in Oriental Literature; 4 in Modern and Romance Languages; 1 in History and Ethnology; 2 each in Mental and Moral Philosophy, Mineralogy and Geology, Chemistry and Biology. The whole instruction in English Literature and Language is left to one Lecturer, who is burdened in addition with Italian. This is certainly worthy of amendment, and shows the scant esteem in which this department is held. The report contains other interesting information with regard to additions that have been made to the different laboratories and museums, and recommendations are made for further equipment in much needed departments of work. The report is most gratifying on the whole, and we only regret that it is so condensed and brief in character. The subject and the College are worthy of a more extensive review year by year, and a large and comprehensive report, widely circulated, could not but be of immense service to University College. Perhaps this may be done in future years.

REPORT OF THE SCHOOL OF SCIENCE.

The Report of the School of Practical Science also accompanies the preceding Report. It includes part of the current academic year, viz.:—the Michaelmas Term of 1886-7. No better plea in behalf of the School of Science has been presented than that which the Chairman of the Board makes to the Minister of Education. For this reason, and because the report comes directly from those who know its requirements and present limitations best, we shall avail ourselves of the large amount of information of interest which it contains. And first of all, let us get rid of statistics. I. *Department of Engineering*.—The total number of graduates of the School since 1881 is 22, the majority of whom are now engaged in the active practice of their profession. The number of regular students who presented themselves for examination in the Easter Term of 1886 was 41, of whom 31 passed. The number of students in engineering now in attendance is 45, of whom 8 expect to graduate this year. The number of special students is 9; total number of students in the Engineering Department, 54. II. *Mathematics and Physics*.—The number of students in Engineering taking these courses is 48. III. *Chemistry*.—The numbers taking this course are as follows: University students, 79; Engineering students, 45; Medical students, 90. IV. *Biology*.—University students, 29. V. *Mineralogy and Geology*.—University students, 117; Engineering students, 25. The amount in fees paid to the Provincial Treasurer was \$1,490, being an increase of \$525, as compared with last year.

The above are all the statistics of interest in connection with the School of Science. Now let us turn to the present state of the work. We are told that among the special facilities provided since last year, is a workshop, attached to the Department of Physics in University College, and furnished with lathes and other useful appliances for practical instruction. It seems rather strange that a workshop of this description should have to be erected in a cellar in the University buildings, at such a distance from the School, but the overcrowded state of the present School building probably accounts for such a state of things. The report goes on to enumerate the additions which have been made to the staff and to the various laboratories in connection with the School. As regards the staff, but one addition has been made. A Fellow in Engineering was appointed to assist the Professor—and the duties assigned to him are concerned with giving practical instruction in the drafting-room, and in the field. We quote the words of the report here, including a recommendation from the Professor of Engineering:—

"The assistance provided to the Professor of Engineering by the appointment of a Fellow, while adding greatly to the general efficiency of the department, has in no degree diminished the amount of work devolving on the Professor, as will be seen from the following list of the subjects on which he is required to lecture:—

- I. *Mechanical*.
Applied Statics and Dynamics.
Strength of Materials and Theory of Construction.
Hydraulics.

Thermodynamics and Theory of the Steam Engine.
Principles of Mechanism and Machine Design.

11. Geometrical.

Geodesy and Practical Astronomy.

Surveying.

Descriptive Geometry (including the principles of mechanical drawing, map projections, topography, stone cutting, lineal perspective, shades and shadows, etc).

Special Trigonometry.

"In addition to the amount of lecturing here specified, and the practical work which together occupy both Professor and Fellow for seven hours each day, a large amount of correspondence and routine business has to be attended to. In view of the disproportionate amount of work thus thrown upon a single instructor, the Board beg leave to invite the special notice of the Minister of Education to the requirements of this important department, as, with the annual increase of the number of students entering the School of Science, it must be obvious that the above requirements are more than can be undertaken by any single professor, either in justice to himself or to his students. They submit herewith, for the consideration of the Minister, the following recommendation of Professor Galbraith, with a view to providing adequate teaching in the several branches of this Department:—

"The Professor of Engineering would strongly urge the appointment of an Assistant Professor to take the subjects under head II. (Geometrical). The requirements are that the person appointed shall be a good mathematician and draftsman, and also a practical surveyor. His mathematics must include a thorough knowledge of the Differential and Integral Calculus. There is no other Engineering School in the world where such a variety of work is thrown on one professor as in the School of Science."

Such a recommendation shows the necessity of immediate action on the part of the Government, and the absurdity of considering claims of other cities until the obvious and crying needs of the present School are satisfied in a generous manner. So much for the state of the work. The reports as to equipment are of a somewhat more encouraging nature. The additions to the different departments have chiefly been made in consequence of the liberality of the Board of Trustees of the University. Still, much remains unsupplied.

Now let us turn to accommodation. On every hand the same complaint reaches us. We will quote various portions of the report showing the urgent need for increased lecture and laboratory room. The chairman says: "The attention of the Minister of Education is earnestly requested to the necessity for greatly increased accommodation, if the School of Science is to be maintained in efficiency, and to prove adequate for the increasing number of students." In the Department of Applied Chemistry, Dr. Ellis reports that

"The accommodation in his laboratory is quite inadequate for the number of students now working there."

Professor Chapman also says:

"The small lecture room that I had at one time exclusively for my own classes, is now shared by nearly all the professors and teachers in the school, so that it is not possible to make preparations for lectures . . . as the room is constantly occupied. . . . The room will not hold conveniently more than forty-five students. If more than that number are crowded in, the students cannot take notes, or sit with any comfort. My students of the second year now amount to at least seventy. It is not possible to get this crowd into the room . . . and if you will visit the school any afternoon from three to four o'clock, you will find many students sitting or standing in the hall around the open door."

Professor Chapman's laboratory is so small, that the students in his department have to be divided into three or more sets, and the same work has to be repeated several times in the day. "The Professor of Engineering is no less urgent in his complaints of impediment to instruction in all branches of his work, owing to the want of adequate accommodation. During the past year, the only room available for meetings of the Board has been given up as an additional room for engineering drawing. But this is a mere temporary makeshift." Owing to the urgent need of a new drafting-room and a new lecture-room,

"Lectures have to be daily given in the crowded drafting-rooms to one class of students at the same time when another class are engaged there in drawing, to the inevitable annoyance and distraction of the latter."

Now if we turn to the needs of the school, irrespective of increased accommodation, we find the heating apparatus and the sanitary arrangements of the present building are very defective.

"The annual breakage in the laboratories and the bursting of pipes, on a sudden fall of the temperature, is, in itself, an urgent reason for the remedy of this defect as speedily as possible," and again, "Special attention is invited to the extremely defective sanitary arrangements of the School, which are such as to endanger health."

These, and other facts which the report before us discloses, make a most formidable bill of indictment against the present building.

The report urges upon the Government that "they should give instructions for the preparation of plans on a scale adequate to the prospective growth of the school, so that anything now done may form part of a scheme to which further additions may be made from time to time, with a view to the ultimate establishment of a School of Practical Science in all respects worthy of the Province of Ontario." The report also makes mention of a desire on the part of the Board to provide for instruction in a new department, to wit, Architecture, and says:

"Nearly all the important branches required for a well-trained architect, in construction, strength of materials, acoustics, sanitary engineering, etc., are already taught in the school. It only requires the addition of instruction in the branch of architectural drawing, with this addition, if proper accommodation for classes is secured, the additional fees would probably cover the charges involved."

This is an exceedingly valuable suggestion, and one which it is to be hoped the Government will not overlook in their consideration of the present needs and future possibilities of the school of Science. Enough has been said, and sufficient proof has been given of the pressing necessities of the School of Practical Science to make it apparent that its claims for re-organization and increased support is well founded. The Government is now well aware of the actual state of the case, and we are sure they intend to act generously and fairly in the matter; but we have deemed it but just and proper to go so much into detail, in order that the general public, and especially those who are clamouring for schools of Science all over Ontario, may know of the absolute requirements and just claims which the present school has upon the Government; which claims should, in all fairness, be met before those of outsiders are considered.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Editors are not responsible for the opinions of correspondents.
No notice will be taken of unsigned contributions.

THE JUBILEE ADDRESS TO THE QUEEN.

To the Editors of THE VARSITY.

SIRS,—Since the Jubilee rage has become so widespread it is not to be wondered at that it should have reached the University.

We ought, perhaps, to be thankful that it did not exhibit itself in a worse form than that of sending an address to that noble Lady who has, for so many years, worn the British crown.

But is it not a little absurd to send her an address which she will never see, and very likely never hear of?

It will be opened by some lackey in Her Majesty's service who will toss it into a pigeon-hole and return it to us with Her Majesty's thanks.

I do not think we should sign this address, and for this reason. The address says that we wish to show our gratitude to her for the progress education has made "under her fostering care."

If these words mean anything at all, they mean that credit is due to her personally for that progress.

Surely no one will suppose for one moment that the Queen, herself, has ever assisted in any way in furthering the cause of education in Canada.

In signing the address, we are saying what we know is not true. If the promoters of this scheme would only prevail upon our worthy Senate to celebrate the Jubilee by declaring all examinations off this year, they would be accomplishing something far more satisfactory to the undergraduates; to this one at least.

UNDERGRAD.

ROUND THE TABLE.

Mr. Houston, the indefatigable librarian of the Legislature, is once more stirring up our University Fathers to re-model the Civil Polity course. He points out that of one text nothing but the title has ever been heard. The TABLE formed itself into a deputation to examine the curriculum with a view to ascertain the conditions for examination. The deputation found "Bayne's New Analytic Method" on, and fearing a mountainous work, rushed over to the library to be relieved by the much-abused assistants saying that a most rigid search had not even obtained a clue to the existence of our fear

* * *

In art circles, the dispersion of the Stewart Gallery has excited much interest. The total amount realized was \$513,750, which was more than the Seney collection brought, but less than that obtained at the Morgan sale. The chief attractions were Meissonier's "1807," and Rosa Bonheur's "The Horse Fair," which were sold for \$66,000 and \$53,000 respectively. It was reported that the purchaser of the great Meissonier, a son of Judge Hilton, intended to present it to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, which is very rich in art treasures. Ceanola's Collection of Cyprian Antiquities have rendered this Museum world-famous. "The Horse Fair," through the generosity of Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, has passed into the possession of New York City. It is a graceful act on the part of Mr. Vanderbilt to so recognize the city in which his fortune was acquired.

* * *

It is not often that the realm of science becomes the arena for party conflicts. But one singular instance is on record. Benjamin Franklin, best known in the United States as the author of "Poor Richard's Almanack," was the inventor of conductors to defend buildings from lightning. The weight of his authority was on the side of points. It happened that Kew Palace was to be ornamented in this way. George III., from his animosity to Franklin, directed that his conductors should be blunt at the ends. Sir John Pringle, the President of the Royal Society, was invited to support the Court in the dispute. On remarking that the laws of nature were not changeable at Royal pleasure, he was informed that as he entertained such opinions he ought not to hold his position as President of a Royal Society. The hint was taken, and Sir John Pringle ceased to fill the chair of President of a Society of which he was the chiefest ornament.

* * *

A Dakota minister writes to *The Independent*: "The Severity Bill, which is now law, is hailed by those of us who are on the border-line of observation, being near neighbours of these wards of the nation, as a step in the right direction. I find the general frontier opinion has been that 'a good Indian is a dead Indian'; but the success with the living which Alfred Riggs and Thomas Riggs (supported by the American Missionary Association) have had at Santee and Oahe, shows what can be done by religious industrial training; and we hail the school at White River Camp as another link in the chain of good influences which will help to bind these dusky brethren in the restraint and freedom of Christian civilization, and citizenship. The school is an elevated object lesson, not only for the pupils but also for the 'children of a larger growth,' who watch at its portals, not only at the beautiful lives, words, and influence of the teachers, but in the whole outflow from that school building. It is evidently the influencing centre of the whole camp for old and young, bringing not only new words into their vocabulary, but new thoughts, new aspirations, and a new life."

* * *

Some of the curiosities of newspaper statistics are worth a paragraph. There were, according to the *Printing Press*, 700 religious

and denominational newspapers published in the United States last year, and nearly one-third of them are printed in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and Chicago. New York is far ahead in this respect, but Chicago leads Boston. Three newspapers are devoted to the silk-worm, six to the honey-bee, and not less than thirty-two to poultry. The dentists have eighteen journals, the photographers nine, and the deaf and dumb and blind nineteen. There are three publications exclusively devoted to philately, and one to the terpsichorean art. The prohibitionists have 129 organs to the liquor-dealers' eight. The woman suffragists have seven, the candy makers three. Gastronomy is represented by three newspapers, gas by two. There are about 600 newspapers printed in German, and forty-two in French. The towns which have most French periodicals are New York, New Orleans, and Worcester, Mass.—four apiece. There are more Swedish prints than French. Two daily newspapers are printed in the Bohemian tongue. Strange names are found among the Polish, Finnish, and Welch press; for instance, the *Dzienswiety* and the *Przajciel Ludi* of Chicago, the *Yhdyswalla in Sanomat* of Ohio, and the *Y Wawr* of Utica, New York. There is one Gaelic publication, one Hebrew, one Chinese, and one in the Cherokee language.

* * *

In a leading German review, the *Unsere Zeit*—if we are to esteem and value at all the body of knowledge got together by the aid of shears and mucilage, from the accumulation of esteemed and valued exchanges—occurs the following remark from a competent observer:

"A large head and a small head indicate differences in temperament. The former usually possesses a cold, the latter a fiery temperament. . . . If we could imagine two persons whose bodies were exactly alike, but one with a larger, the other with a smaller skull, the pressure of the blood would be very unequal in the two—moderate in the larger, stronger in the smaller head. It is self-evident that the greater pressure of the blood would have an exciting influence on brain and soul."

Once more Germany, "learned, indefatigable, deep-thinking Germany," comes to our aid. A large head, writes our learned German, "usually possesses a cold." The present writer can bear witness to the truth which pervades these words. As for the rest, one could wish for the deeper insight, the wider view, of the German sage; to those whose standing-place is on a lower level than his, he cannot hope to make himself wholly intelligible.

* * *

It may be that the German is merely a variety of the class Phrenologist—of which I may not speak my mind freely, out of deference to a correspondent to the columns of this paper. I cannot refrain from saying, however, that in Aristotle, where he speaks of ends, and in Cicero's tractate *De Finibus*, I have found nothing to convict either of these two illustrious ancients of a leaning towards the doctrines held by the correspondent hereinbefore mentioned. They say you can find everything in Shakespeare; there is certainly one side reference to the *cultus* of phrenologists—for the "divinity that shapes our ends" is, or surely ought to be, the divinity to whom their devotions are due.

* * *

This application of a line from Shakespeare reminds me of a saying of the ingenious man's. We were on King street, coming west towards Yonge, between midnight and dawn—at the hour when the *Globe* special is making itself ready for its utter annihilation of the time and space relations. The night was clear and bright; and as we came in full sight of the Dominion Bank, the ingenious man said in a voice trembling with emotion:

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!"

HH.

UNIVERSITY AND COLLEGE NEWS.

All reports from Societies must reach us by noon on Thursday to insure insertion.

THE CURRICULUM IN "CIVIL POLITY."

To the Editors of THE VARSITY.

SIRS,—As I have been frequently asked by students what changes I am proposing to the Senate to make in the work prescribed under the head of "Civil Polity," in the Arts curriculum, I take the liberty of requesting you to insert, for the information of all concerned, the following brief statement of the suggested alterations, and of the reasons for making them.

I need not dwell on the extremely unsatisfactory character of the present arrangement of work in "Civil Polity," the special work for the Blake Scholarship included. It is so defective as to suggest the question, whether those who, years ago, selected the text books and fixed the order of their sequence, had ever read either those or any other books on the subjects dealt with. To make the curriculum anything like what it should be, it is necessary to add greatly to the amount of work prescribed, as well as to substitute more useful treatises for some whose usefulness is now gone, and for others that never had any. But this remedy cannot be applied without creating a new graduating department of Historical and Political Science, and though the Senate, at my instance four years ago, affirmed the desirability of such a department, I have never been able to secure its consent to the change in the curriculum which the creation of such a department implies. Last year I proposed a less effective, but, as I thought, more feasible remedy for the evils complained of. This was to draw the Special Blake work within the regular curriculum of the third year, make a corresponding increase of work in the "Civil Polity" of the fourth year, improve the course by re-arrangements and substitutions, and then make it optional by allowing honour students in Mental and Moral Science to take in lieu of it English or some other one language in the third and fourth years. I am still of the opinion that this would be the best solution of the difficulty, short of creating a new department; but my proposal was side-tracked by a reference to a special committee, which never met and which has become defunct through efflux of time.

What I now propose is to make certain changes in the "civil polity" course, including the special Blake work, and as this involves a diminution rather than an increase, I cannot see why it should not be granted by the Senate. It may be said that the curriculum will soon be dealt with by a new Senate under the federation scheme, but apart from the pertinent fact that this scheme is not yet accomplished, it is quite certain that no curriculum framed by a new Senate can possibly come into force inside of two years, and it is asking too much of students to require them to spend their valuable time for even two years on such books as they have now to read. Moreover, quite a number of minor changes have been made this year in the Arts curriculum, rendering necessary the issue of a supplement, and this makes the time opportune for asking the Senate to grant other desirable concessions. The following table will give a clear idea of the changes proposed in the resolution of which I have given notice, and which will come up for discussion at the next meeting of Senate in the second week of April.

PRESENT CURRICULUM.

PROPOSED CURRICULUM.

Third Year.

PASS—Rogers, Manual of Political Economy.	PASS—Walker, Political Economy.
HONOUR—Creasy, Rise and Progress of the English Constitution.	HONOUR—Creasy, Rise and Progress of the English Constitution.
"Lorimer, Institutes of Law.	"Holland, Elements of Jurisprudence.
"Fawcett, Manual of Political Economy.	"Fawcett, Manual of Political Economy.

Fourth Year.

PASS—Smith, Wealth of Nations	PASS—Jevons, Money and the Mechanism of Exchange.
"Cox, British Commonwealth.	"Bagehot, The English Constitution.
HONOUR—Cairnes, Character and Method of Political Economy.	HONOUR—Mill, Principles of Political Economy (Laughlin's Edition).
"Maine, Ancient Law.	"Maine, Ancient Law.
"Bayne, New Analytic of Political Economy.	"Bourinot, Parliamentary Procedure and Practice in Canada (Chapters I. and XXII.)

Blake Work.

Rogers' Manual of Political Economy.	Walker, Political Economy.
Fawcett, Manual of Political Economy.	Fawcett, Manual of Political Economy.
Lorimer, Institutes of Law.	Holland, Elements of Jurisprudence.
Taswell-Langmead, Eng. Constitutional History.	Taswell-Langmead, Eng. Constitutional History.
Broom, Constitutional Law.	Dicey, Law of the Constitution.
Maine, Early History of Institutions.	Cooley, Constitutional Law in the United States.

The reasons for the particular changes proposed may be very briefly stated. Rogers' Manual never was a good text-book, and it is now completely out of date. Many of the statements made in it have become quite incorrect and misleading, and they are not even corrected in later editions. Walker is, by common consent, the foremost living writer on Economical questions in the English language. His book is the best Elementary text-book on the subject I know of in any language, especially for Canadian Colleges. It is the work of an American of the school of John Stuart Mill, whose special treatise on parts of the subject have won for him a high place in the esteem of English teachers. Creasy's and Fawcett's works are good and useful, but Lorimer's should never have been prescribed as part of so limited a course. It is, even from the point of view of those who believe in a "Law of Nature," a bad text-book, but the chief objection to it is that it gives no idea whatever of the nature of jurisprudence as that term is understood in all English-speaking communities. We have in Canada two systems of law—the Roman Civil Law in Quebec, and the English Common Law in the other Provinces. For students of either of these great systems, Holland's "Elements" would be very useful; Lorimer's serves no useful purpose whatever in relation to the legal system of this or of any other country.

Adam Smith's work can never be ignored by any student of Political Economy, but it is entirely unsuited for becoming part of a limited course, especially for pass. It began a revolution in the Science, but the revolution did not end with it, and it is absurd to use as a text book in one of the most progressive of the sciences a work more than a century old. For one who has gone over the whole ground of Political Economy in such a manual as Walker's, the currency question is, for many reasons, the most interesting and important, and Jevons' book—one of the International Scientific Series—is, on the whole, the best for our purposes that has yet appeared. Cox's "British Commonwealth" is a curious mixture of a discussion of political principles with a description of political institutions, but both are alike antiquated, and, moreover, the book is, and has long been, out of print. Cox himself produced a more elaborate one to supersede it nearly twenty-five years ago, and anyone who takes his idea of British institutions from our text-book will be as effectually misled as if he were to depend on the Union Act of 1840 for a knowledge of the political institutions of the Dominion of Canada. Bagehot's work is just what is needed for the place. It gives a correct view of the principles underlying the constitutional machinery—principles which remain comparatively unchanged amidst all the changes of the machinery itself. Cairnes' treatise on method is still a most valuable work, and if it is to be kept on the course I would suggest that it be substituted for Fawcett's Manual. Mills' great work—the greatest that has appeared in England since Smith's time—ought to be on the course, and Professor Laughlin, of Harvard, has made it much more useful than it formerly was for the Canadian student, by doing even more for it than McCullough and Rogers have done for Smith's "Wealth of Nations." He has modernized it and supplied many useful illustrations of Mills' positions from the economic conditions of this continent. Maine's great work is the best book on the historical treatment of jurisprudence, and it should remain where it is. Strange to say, there is no such book as Bayne's "New Analytic," so far as I can find out. It would be interesting to know who originally proposed it, and still more interesting to know on what grounds its presence on the curriculum for ten years or more can be defended. Such treatment of a great subject by the Senate seems to me little sort of scandalous. My proposal is to put in the vacant place a short treatise on the history and law of the Canadian Constitution, prepared by Mr. Bourinot, clerk of the Canadian House of Commons, as an introduction to his valuable work on Parliamentary Procedure. Both Mr. Bourinot and his publishers intimated to me some time ago their willingness to have this introduction republished in separate form if there should appear to be a reasonable prospect of a remunerative circulation for the book, and such a prospect would be opened up by its adoption as a text-book in Canadian Universities. I may add, that years ago, the late Chief-Justice Moss, then Vice-Chancellor of the University, gave me as his reason for the non-introduction of this subject into the curriculum the fact that there was not then in existence a good text-book; any one who takes the trouble to read Mr. Bourinot's work will see that this objection is no longer valid.

For the special Blake work, I suggest only two changes—the substitution of Dicey's "Introduction to the Law of the Constitution" for Brown's "Constitutional Law," and of Cooley's "Constitutional

Law" for Maine's "Early History of Institutions." I have no desire to depreciate Brown's work, but it is not at all suited for students of an Arts course, and it is not sufficiently modern. An intelligent view of the English constitution is possible only to him who can compare it with other constitutions, and especially with our own. Prof. Dicey's work is precisely what we want in this respect. It furnishes comparisons with France, Switzerland, Canada and the United States, and as the last three countries have federal constitutions it is easy to understand how valuable such comparisons may become. In fact, Dicey's "Introduction," in spite of its small compass and modest title, runs to the dignity of a treatise on comparative constitutional law, and it is the only book I know of that does so. Maine's valuable work should be dropped because it is entirely out of place at this stage of a student's course. It is a sequel, not merely to his "Ancient Law," but also to his "Village Communities," and is almost unintelligible to one who has not read these works. The absurdity of putting it on in the third year while the "Ancient Law" comes in the fourth must be apparent to all, and any one who tries to read it will be convinced that a torso of this kind, however valuable in itself, is not a good text-book. The work I propose to substitute for it is a model text-book on the subject, and no one can deny the importance to Canadians of a knowledge of the United States Constitution. Upon it our own was, to some extent, fashioned in 1866; and it is impossible to comprehend the more recent federation without giving some attention to the old one. Mr. Cooley is one of the most eminent jurists in the United States, and his work is the text-book in almost all the colleges on the subject of which it treats. Permit me to add that I see no good reason for omitting Creasy from the work for the Blake Scholarship. His book is a good one, and it forms an excellent companion volume to that of Taswell Langmead.

WM. HOUSTON.

LITERARY SOCIETY ELECTIONS.—The election contest this year was fought out between two recently formed coalitions, calling themselves the "Affirmative" and "Opposition" parties, respectively. The result shows a decided majority on the Committee for the "Affirmative" ticket. Over 300 votes were cast. The officers for the coming year are as follows:—

President—W. F. W. Creelman, B.A., LL.B. (acc.)
 First Vice-President—W. H. Hodges (Opp.), maj. 3.
 Second Vice-President—T. C. DesBarres (Aff.), maj. 2.
 Third Vice-President—G. B. McClean (Aff.), maj. 16.
 Recording Secretary—J. W. McMillan (Opp.), maj. 2.
 Corresponding Secretary—E. Lyon (Aff.), maj. 7.
 Treasurer—J. W. Henderson (Aff.), maj. 29.
 Curator—S. J. Radcliffe (Aff.), maj. 8.
 Sec. of Committees—L. Boyd (Opp.), maj. 1.
 Fourth Year Councillor—J. G. Witton (Aff.), maj. 22.
 Third Year Councillors—W. N. Allan (Aff.), maj. 6; F. Messmore (Aff.), maj. 3.
 Second Year Councillors—J. P. Kennedy (Aff.), maj. 11; E. A. Sullivan (Aff.), maj. 10.

The following University College-men are to read papers at the Canadian Institute during April:—

4th.—H. R. Wood, B.A., "Study of Rocks."
 9th.—D. J. Loudon, B.A., "Left-handedness."
 " —A. B. Macallum, B.A., "Origin of Hæmoglobin."
 11th.—Dr. McCurdy, "The Place of Philology in Education."
 16th.—W. B. Nesbitt, "The Volumetric System."
 " —A. C. Lawson, B.A., "Diabase Dykes at Rainy Lake"; in *Materia Medica*.

23rd.—D. C. Sullivan, LL.B., "Fortuitous Events."
 25th.—Rev. Dr. MacNish, "Umbrian Inscriptions."
 May 7th is the annual meeting of the Institute, at which A. McGill, B.A., will read a paper on "Tartaric Acid in Admixtures."

UNIVERSITY CRICKET CLUB.—At the annual meeting of the Toronto University Cricket Club, held on Wednesday afternoon, in Moss Hall, these officers were elected for the ensuing year:—President, Dr. Daniel Wilson; First Vice-President, Prof. Pike; Second Vice-President, W. P. Mustard; Secretary-Treasurer, J. F. Snetsinger; Curator, H. Senkler; Field Captain, A. G. Smith; Committee, J. J. Hughes, E. C. Senkler, W. P. Thompson, J. D. Maclean and E. A. Sullivan. A resolution was passed, approving of the proposed tour of the Canadian cricket team through Great Britain and Ireland.

To Mr. George Lindsey, B.A., 1882, is due the credit of originating the idea of taking a team of Canadian cricketers on a tour through Great Britain. The arrangements for the trip have all been satisfactorily completed, and the team will sail from New York on the 1st of July. The following gentlemen will represent Canada: G. W. Jones, St. John, N.B.; W. Henry, jr., Halifax, N.S.; W. C. Little, Ottawa; A. C. Allan, W. W. Jones, D. W. Saunders, W. W. Vickers, Toronto; R. B. Ferrie, A. Gillespie, Hamilton; F. Harley, Guelph; Dr. E. R. Ogden, U. C. College, Toronto. Mr. H. P.

Ferry, of Trinity College, Port Hope, accompanies the team as umpire, and Mr. R. C. Dickson goes as scorer. Of the above Messrs. Vickers and Lindsey were formerly members of the Toronto University Cricket Club; A. C. Allan, W. W. Jones, and D. W. Saunders, are Trinity College men; and E. R. Ogden and A. Gillespie, are old Upper Canada College boys. A series of 15 two-day matches has been arranged with the best clubs in the British Isles, including matches at Lord's and the Oval, against the Marylebone Club, and the Gentlemen of Surrey, respectively. The Canadian team has received assurances of a cordial reception from cricketers in the old land, and the prospects for the tour promise that it will be a most pleasant and successful one. The best wishes of all lovers of true sport in Canada will accompany the team, whose pluck and enterprise are deserving of the highest praise. Mr. Lindsey is to be congratulated upon getting together such a strong and representative team of Canadian cricketers, and his indefatigable labours in their behalf will, it is hoped, receive a substantial reward in the successes of the team against their English opponents.

Y. M. C.A.—Mr. W. P. McKenzie, B.A., an old President of the Society, gave a very interesting talk to the students at the usual Thursday meeting this week. The subject was the simile of the relation existing between the Vine and the Branch, as portrayed in John xv. The relation is a vital one, the result of which should be fruit. A mistake is sometimes made as to the nature of the fruit of the Spirit. It may not consist of religious bluster. During the open part of the meeting, appropriate remarks were made by General Sec'y Mr. A. T. McLeod, B.A., who presided at the meeting.

In the current *Old Testament Student* the leading article is by Lecturer J. F. McCurdy, of University College, Toronto, on "Popular Uses of the Margin in the Old Testament Revision." The author points out the value of the marginal readings, claiming that, in many cases, they are much preferable to those found in the text itself. He also pleads for a more extended use of the Septuagint in determining the meaning of Old Testament texts.

A perfect recitation is called a "tear" at Princeton, "squirt" at Harvard, "sail" at Bowdoin, "rake" at Williams and "cold rush" at Amherst. A failure in recitation receives the title of "slump" at Harvard, a "stump," at Princeton, a "smash" at Wesleyan and a "flunk" at Amherst.—*Amherst Student*.

It is said on good authority that Spies, the condemned Chicago anarchist who is engaged to Miss Van Zandt, of Chicago, is a graduate of Yale.—*Crimson*.

Hereafter *The Northwestern* will be issued by a stock company composed of students, owning the entire outfit of presses, type, etc. The compositors are also students.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE VARSITY is conducted by undergraduates of the University of Toronto, and will appear every Saturday of the academic year. It aims at being the exponent of the views of the University public and will always seek the highest interests of our University. The Literary Department will, as heretofore, be a main feature. The news columns are full and accurate, containing reports of all meetings of interest to its readers.

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 Report of the School of Science.

Communications.

The Jubilee Address to the Queen.

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University and College News.

Di-Varsities, &c., &c.



Owing to the persistent attempt of numerous cigarette manufacturers to cope in part the Brand Name of the "Richmond Straight Cut." Now in the eleventh year of their popularity, we think it alike due to the protection of the consumer and ourselves, to warn the public against base imitations and call their attention to the fact that the original Straight Cut Brand is the Richmond Straight Cut No. 1, introduced by us in 1875, and to caution the students to observe that our signature appears on every package of the Genuine Straight Cut Cigarettes.

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The Varsity Book.

PROSE AND POETRY.

Copies of this book—containing the choicest selections from the columns of THE VARSITY since its first year—can be obtained upon application at this office. Price, 50 cents. As but few copies are left, those graduates and students who have not yet subscribed for THE VARSITY Book should do so at once, as the edition will soon be exhausted.

DI-VARSITIES.

An English journal says no poet has yet worn the garter. The Sweet Singer of Michigan demolishes this assertion by declaring that she wears two.

A man is very like a gun,
That fact please try to fix,
For if he finds he's charged too much,
Why that's the time he kicks.

Lady Visitor—"Oh, that's your doctor, is it? What sort of a doctor is he?" Lady Resident—"Oh, well, I don't know much about his ability; but he's got a very good bedside manner."

She was young and had a pretty face and a Gainsborough hat, but when she asked if an aviary was not a place where they kept monkeys, the spell was broken and the charm vanished.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS TAUGHT.

Mark Twain contributes to the April *Century* under the above title, some examples of the curious answers made by pupils in our public schools. We quote a few as follows:

- Aborigines*, a system of mountains.
- Alias*, a good man in the Bible.
- Amenable*, anything that is mean.
- Assiduity*, state of being an acid.
- Auriferous*, pertaining to an orifice.
- Ammonia*, the food of the gods.
- Capillary*, a little caterpillar.
- Corniferous*, rocks in which fossil corn is found.
- Emolument*, a headstone to a grave.
- Equestrian*, one who asks questions.
- Eucharist*, one who plays euchre.
- Franchise*, anything belonging to the French.
- Idolater*, a very idle person.
- Ipecac*, a man who likes a good dinner.
- Irrigate*, to make fun of.
- Mendacious*, what can be mended.
- Mercenary*, one who feels for another.
- Parasite*, a kind of umbrella.
- Parasite*, the murder of an infant.

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THE VARSITY

A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.

Vol. VII.

University of Toronto, Apr. 9, 1887.

No. 21.

SPRING.

The Poet, by way of a beginning, dwelleth upon the memory of an unfinished poem on the Autumn woodlands;

"This is the gold of October,
But where is the green of May?"
In the woodland, songless and sober,
I pondered a pensive lay.

And the day was dead at sunset,
And the faint-streaked sky was chill.
The golden flaming banners
Were fallen from every hill.

* * * *

And setteth himself then to devise, after the manner of poets, a rare and dainty conceit; viz., of the coming of Spring,

At dawn to-day a rider came,
Carolling merry lays,
Adown Spring's footpaths through the fields,
Adown the woodland ways,—

A belted, green-clad, singing boy,
With yellow floating hair,
With plume, and scarf, and pennoned lance,
Upon a brave destrere.

Whereby all the world is made glad. But

All the world was domed with blue
Over the singing child;
And a wild bird filled and thrilled the morn,
Singing sweet and mild.

And far across the level lands.
White rain in sunlit showers
Flashed in among the tender trees,
And brimmed the wild field-flowers.

Having quitted Aristotle, his Ethics, for a space of time to indite these rhymes, the Poet is straight way appalled by a most horrible Vision.

But the blue-domed sky o'erhead, the vaulted range
Of streaming cloud-scarves, hath put on a change
Undreamed of e'er before, most wonderful,—
A roof with beams and carvings rich and strange.

Above the sky-rim where the deep tints fall
Deeper,—see windows blazoned over all!
The knots of early crocuses and tulips
Are sweet girl undergraduates in the Hall.

And where the hill was, with its seven trees,
Sit the Examiners, in gowned ease,
On the dais in the Hall of Convocation.
A voice is lifted up, "More paper, please!"

The rustlings of the morn—my senses swim—
Now are the scratchings of pens with frenzied vim,
And the yellow-haired rider, heralding the spring,
Ah, Gods! he is grown aged,—he is McKim!

W. J. H.

A MONOLOGUE.

SCENE.—*Rouen, the painted salon of the Maison d'Or; within the arch of the huge-throated chimney is a low table with glasses and a flask of Burgundy; two travellers are outstaying a storm; the younger is moody, his companion—an old courtier—rallies him. Senex loquitur.*

You are a cheerful comrade! Here we have been since sundown, and you answer me in monosyllables. Come, you have been silent long enough! Your toast?—A long night and dreamless sleep! (*Setting down his wine untasted.*) So, at five-and-twenty we are quite tired of life? Rather a reflection on our elders; but let that pass. Of hale body and easy in place and fortune? Strange that you can have exhausted thus early all of varied hap that the world affords! The weather? Well, yes; it is dirty weather, and the town has no business to look so slatternly, even in such rain. How it pours! Soaking into every cranny, and gathering up in muddy rills the dust that flies the besom of that good housewife, the wind. What a surge of wind and rain that—sweeping by into the night! The old tavern stands it bravely; the gable still trembles—whoever built it did honest work in his day. It has taken five generations of loungers to impart their gloss to those clumsy settles. Set down in the road books as a favourite house of call, and reason enough! The bouquet of this wine is delicious—eh? Pardon my enthusiasm. Of course there is much in the world that should be otherwise; and though the remedy is past our skill, we loathe the dull herd who feed and are content. Once, as I remember, we walked beneath the star-strewn vault and wondered at the beauty, as of fine seed pearls, that made lustrous the robe of night. Patiently have they shone since the birth of time expecting the golden age. Man then may afford to wait and to hope! But dare man hope? you would say, thinking of your Philosophy. For many wise men have done things in general the honour of proving them this or that, yet what two ever thread the maze alike?—Let me tell you a little incident of my own student days.

In the sombre lecture hall attached to one of our universities sat one who was just entering on early manhood. The great carven beams and dark woodwork, as of a temple, suited the gloom of his thoughts. From the rostrum a gray old professor, in square cap and gown, was expounding the limits of human reason. Before the logic of that serene old man the systems of bygone sages one by one tumbled into ruin. No echo in that bare chamber lent volume to his thin, impassive voice. The occasional turning of a leaf, or harsh stroke of pens, was in melancholy keeping with that spoken record of futile striving to win a glimpse of the coy goddess who will not lift her veil.—Our student was given over to sad musings. Where so many had been deceived how be sure that there was aught to attain? Man, lured by a false show of knowledge, was stumbling blindfold on his way, the sport of destiny. Through the high arched casement he could see the sunshine glancing as in mirth. In his troubled mood it seemed bitter mockery. When all at once he marked the song of some thrush carolling the fresh notes of spring-tide from his perch curiously cut spout or gargoye; for so had memories of bird loves and of nestings prompted him to strain his untaught throat in melody. Hegel and Schopenhauer were forgotten, and in very weariness of soul the student gave ear to the thrush as to the clearer and wiser teacher.—There is a glint of starlight—the storm is breaking! Come, your toast!

W. H. H.

"SCISSORS AND PASTE."

A STUDY.

How many people invariably employ the term "Scissors and paste" as indicative of a certain "plentiful lack of originality!" It would almost appear that these two most necessary adjuncts of the editorial sanctum were the trade mark under and by virtue of which every member of the Fourth Estate conducted his business. And this is true of some editors. Reviews dignified by the name "eclectic" are in reality nothing but a cloaca for "selected matter," and the term "eclectic" is but a pleasing euphemism for "a thing of Scissors and Paste." But I digress. Almost everyone uses the phrase in a contemptuous sense. But this erroneous use of the term respecting these two important articles of sanctum furniture is not borne out by the facts of the case. True, Scissors and Paste *can* be used for evil purposes by unscrupulous editors and news-mongers. But they are in themselves good and true weapons; and when properly used by discriminating and upright men are their chief glory. They are an index of character. But let me explain. Now the Scissors indicate firstly, Incisiveness. This is shown by their sharpness and by their cutting capabilities. Incisiveness is a virtue which editors and literary men generally would do well to cultivate. It is the spirit of the age. Newspapers should lead the age and mould public opinion, and "hence accordingly" should foster a spirit of incisiveness. The Scissors, secondly, indicate Strength. This is a characteristic that is invaluable to the editor. Weak, pusillanimous conduct in an editor is most reprehensible; it is unpardonable. Again, the very material out of which Scissors are made, suggests the very essence of all that is requisite in newspaper men—truth. "As true as steel" is a proverb that admits of no doubtful application. In the next place, the Scissors indicate the possession of a temperate disposition. This is a quality which, in this age, is somewhat rare. Everybody is a violent partisan of some political party; or a too ardent disciple of some new creed in art or social science; or else an uncompromising iconoclast, a philistine, an outcast. Very few are gifted with that evenly-balanced, judicial and temperately enthusiastic cast of mind, which can acutely, readily and almost intuitively discover the strong and weak points in what they look at, write about, or discuss. Now the Scissors are usually made of a finely-tempered metal, which suggests the possession of such characteristics as have been just mentioned in the man who not merely possesses a pair, but who knows how to use them discreetly. Also, the Scissors denote utility. In a country editor, which capacity often is made to include those of business-manager, reporter, advertising agent, compositor, proofreader, press-man, and "devil," the great advantage of being able to play, what the stage bills call "utility," is at once apparent. Lastly, the Scissors is a weapon of defence. Should subscribers or readers feel aggrieved at any remarks which an unlucky or intrepid editor may chance to make, and should they desecrate the reposeful quiet of the sanctum, with blood and thunder unmistakably concealed about their persons, and should they go so far as to threaten to do "grievous bodily harm" to the "utility man" who runs the paper, the quietus of such a reader or subscriber can be made as easily and effectually with a pair of Scissors as with the more orthodox Shakspearian "bodkin." Thus it will be seen that the much-maligned though invaluable Scissors has a use, and possesses inherent and intrinsic virtues, which, though they do not appear to the casual observer, are none the less real, valuable, and worthy of attention.

And now, what shall be said of Paste? Before passing a hasty judgment upon this compound, the very name of which is suggestive of unpleasantness, would it not be well to analyze it? And in these days of research, comparative anatomy, and vivisection, it is but right and proper so to do. And what are the constituents of Paste? Flour and Water! And what are these but the two elements—especially the former—which minister so frequently and successfully to the ever-recurring wants of our human nature? Are they not the very essence of simplicity and purity? Are they not wholesome and refreshing? Then why look with aversion upon their combination? When properly mixed and compounded together, their resultant indicates pliability, without instability, a certain firmness combined with elasticity, and, finally, a reasonable consistency—the con-

sistency of Paste! Its adhesiveness is strong and unyielding, its "personal magnetism" certain and lasting.

So much for Scissors and Paste. Henceforward let no one abuse them, or use the phrase as one of contempt. Both have their place, both are useful, and both are the consecrated weapons, and the true allies of that much-abused, important, and honorable, though little-appreciated member of Society—the Editor.

TRISTRAM.

THE WATER FAIRIES.

From Heine.

The tide plays over the lonely beach,
The moon, new risen, beams;
On the white sand a rider rests
Enwrapt in pleasant dreams.

The water-sprites, in gauzy robes,
Come up from the midst of the deep.
They lightly approach the dreaming youth;
They think he is asleep.

The first one toys with curious hands
The feather that waves in his cap;
Another creeps close to his breast-plate hard,
And leans 'gainst his shoulder-strap.

The third one smiles and her bright eyes dance;
She draws his sword from its sheath,
And leaning upon the naked blade,
With joy eyes the knight beneath.

The fourth one dances lightly about,
And whispers with blushing face:
"O that I might thy darling be,
Thou flower of the human race."

The fifth one kisses with passionate warmth
The Knight's white finger-tips;
The sixth hangs back, but just touches at last
The cheek and half-opened lips.

The Knight is cunning, he does not see
Why he should open his eyes;
He quietly lets himself be kissed
By the fairies sweet, as he lies.

J. H. M.

THE STUDY OF ENGLISH.

In the current number of *Scribner's Magazine*, Professor Adams Sherman Hill makes some rather new reflections and suggestions, in a direct, forcible manner, on the subject of "English in our Colleges." Taking it for granted that English should form an important part of every college curriculum, and should be a prescribed study for all students in every college in which any subject is prescribed, the writer asks whether the objective point towards which the work as a whole ought to tend should be English as language, English as literature, or English as a means of communication between man and man. "Not that it is either practicable or desirable to teach English in one sense without teaching it in the other senses also. Students of a language cannot go far without

taking up the literature in which that language finds its most characteristic expression ; students of a literature cannot fail to note some of the peculiarities of the language it is written in, and are likely to have some curiosity as to points in the history and development of language ; students of the art of composition will be greatly helped to handle the language in a practical way by knowing the exact meaning of the words, and by familiarizing themselves with the classics of their native tongue. Students, whether of language or of literature, can do little with the results of their labours, unless they are able to communicate them to others clearly and effectively." It must be borne in mind that what the writer advances as desirable has reference to a course in English prescribed for all.

Students who choose to pursue the history of the English language as far back as books will take them, and those who choose to devote themselves to the study of English literature, whether in its broad outlines or in its minutest details, should, of course, have all the opportunities and all the facilities for their specialty that their college can supply. But a prescribed curriculum, which is necessarily limited on every side, can contain only those courses which the authorities believe to furnish the greatest good to the greatest number. Among these courses one on the art of composition should surely be included, rather than one in philology, or in literary history, or even in literature. What should be striven after, as the result of such a prescribed course, is not a knowledge of English as philologists know it, or as literary historians and critics know it, but as it is known by those who can say what they wish to say in such a fashion that others shall readily and fully and exactly understand what is meant, and shall see what the writer desires them to see as vividly, follow a narrative or a piece of reasoning as closely, or feel the force of argument or of emotion as strongly and deeply as it is in the power of language to make them.

After a summary of the methods most in favour among teachers of "that onerous and often thankless subject," English composition, Professor Hill closes with an interesting account of an admirable plan he has adopted this year with an elective class of thirty juniors and seniors—the writing in the classroom, of papers a page long. Each student chooses his own subject. "Having no space for prefaces, or digressions, or perorations, the members of the class usually begin at the beginning and go straight to the end. Having no time to be affected, they are simple and natural. Theme-language, which still haunts too many of their longer essays, rarely creeps into the ten-minute papers."

MALCOLM : A STORY OF THE DAYSPRING.*

Our year of Jubilee has opened auspiciously ; the Anglo-Saxon race is already lifting up its heart and voice with felicitous notes in honour of its Queen and Governor, and, through her, of its own power and prosperity. In this strong heart-throbbing, the maiden pulse of our own land joins—perhaps a little feebly, but still audibly and harmoniously. And, as in the days of our Augustan age, a great enthusiasm spent its after-math in poesy, so it seems that the rejoicing of the national heart is, for us Canadians, about to issue in a jubilee of song. Readers of THE VARSITY will have seen noticed lately in these columns new volumes of poetry by two Canadians, Messrs. Roberts and Phillips Stewart. In addition to permanent contributions to literature, it is to be noticed that there has of late been a marked advance in the quality and amount of occasional verse by our own writers, which is no insignificant sign of progress, and there is reason to hope that a good deal of this fugitive poetry may soon be collected and published. The signs are at least encouraging ; every new attempt breathes the spirit of promise for higher fulfillment in the approaching future ; and this is saying much among a people small and separate, whose hands are as yet horny with necessary and incessant toil.

Mr. Mackenzie's "Malcolm" is a short poem of some forty pages, issued in *souvenir* style, from the press of Messrs. Rowsell & Hutchison. A special word of praise is due to the publishers for the excellence of their work. Nothing is to be desired so far as they are concerned. The book itself is a narrative poem in blank verse. It opens thus :

"Malcolm was fond of theories, and loved
To pack opinion into parcels trim,
And in the pleasant of life, which deems
Its buds full-blown, he made himself a creed.
'Old faiths are out of fashion: I believe
In love: a simple creed, but it will serve.'"

Malcolm's theory had one unfortunate drawback ; it didn't serve. His unsophisticated affections were betrayed ; first, by a young companion who turned out a rogue, and then by his own folly in wasting the love of his young heart upon "Mary," who didn't return it. Malcolm thereupon left his native land and fell upon evil times, breathing out all the sweetness of his desolate passion in a foreign clime. After a few years he returned with his accumulated savings, found his quondam friend released from gaol ; but also found that "Mary" had married some one else. All that was left for Malcolm to do was to bestow all his wealth upon his reformed friend to start him in life, and return to his foreign home, taking to himself the consolations of religion.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Mackenzie should have employed his poetical talent upon so trivial a subject. We must confess to an utter lack of sympathy with any such portrayal of character as that which led the subject of this poem to wear away a life of utter woe, for blighted love, even though the wasted portion of his life only lasted through a few years. The bloom of that sort of thing has long gone from the flower. True it may be that a man may remain constant to one affection throughout his life, though love be hopeless. It is possible ; but such cases are rare ; and where a case of the kind does occur, the character of high-hearted constancy exhibited would by its very nature keep a man from going to the dogs.

As to the literary merit of the work, the versification is smooth and the sentences uninvolved. Mr. Mackenzie possesses considerable ease and grace of expression. The following is an example :

... "Sometimes, too, the world,
The fairy world of travel, which had glowed
Oft in his eyes a rosy mystery,
Like a sea-cinctured island in the dawn,
Invited him with promise of some charm
In magic cities, silent mountain-peaks,
Clear rivers winding under storied towers,
Potent to win the spirit from itself
And teach it to forget."

Here and there, throughout the book, are short passages much above the level of the work, and which are expressive of true poetical feeling, and give promise of real power. Such are these lines :

"There is a harmony of nature's choir,
Voiceless, yet to the lowly spirit clear ;
The planets in their path, the constant change
Of light and dark, of seasons, moons and tides
Attuned to one large theme, 'There is a plan,
And Love is in the plan.'"

The poem contains many other lines equally graceful and musical. Throughout the book Mr. Mackenzie gives evidence of genuine talent as a writer. His present effort gives promise of much higher achievement in the future. We feel sure that, with a more suitable theme, Mr. Mackenzie can do much better work, and strike a higher note than he has reached in his present effort. It is to be hoped that he will not be content to rest satisfied with what he has already done, but that we may look ere long for stronger and better achievement,

* By Geo. A. Mackenzie. Toronto ; Rowsell & Hutchison,

THE VARSITY.

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All communications should be addressed to THE EDITORS, University College, Toronto, and must be in on Wednesday of each week.

Contributions when not accepted will be returned if accompanied with a stamp for that purpose.

THE NEW UNIVERSITY BILL.

The Minister of Education has presented his University Bill to the Legislative Assembly, and has given notice of his intention to discuss the measure on Tuesday next, the 12th inst. Considering the very great importance of the measure, it has been thought advisable to present a complete synopsis of it for the consideration of the readers of THE VARSITY.

It must be borne in mind that at present the University of Toronto is only an examining and degree-conferring body, and that the faculty of University College gives all the instruction in subjects required for degrees in Arts. Under the new Consolidation Act, there will be a University Professoriate, as well as a teaching Faculty in University College.

The most important change in the constitution of the University of Toronto is that provided for in Section 5 of the new Act, which recites that there shall be established in the University of Toronto a teaching faculty in the following subjects, viz.: Pure Mathematics, Physics, Astronomy, Geology, Mineralogy, Chemistry (Pure and Applied), Zoology, Botany, Physiology, History, Ethnology and Comparative Philology, History of Philosophy, Logic and Metaphysics, Education, Spanish and Italian, Political Science (including Political Economy, Jurisprudence, and Constitutional Law), Engineering, and such other Sciences, Arts, and branches of knowledge, including a faculty in Medicine and in Law, as the Senate may from time to time determine.

The optional subjects in the Arts curriculum of the University shall include Biblical Greek, Biblical Literature, Christian Ethics, Apologetics, the evidences of Natural and Revealed Religion, and Church History.

Lectures in the Faculty of Arts in the new University are to be free of charge to all students matriculated in a federating university or college. This does not include laboratory fees.

Federating universities must suspend their powers to confer degree by proclamation in the *Ontario Gazette*, but have the right to resume such functions after a certain number of years, not yet determined by the Bill.

Graduates and undergraduates in Arts, Science, and Law of any federating university, and such graduates and undergraduates in Medicine as have passed their examinations in Ontario, shall, from and after the date of such federation, have and enjoy the same degrees, honors, and status in the University of Toronto, as they previously held in the federating university, and shall be entitled, subject to the provisions of the present Act, to all the rights and privileges pertaining to such degrees and status, so long as the federation continues.

All colleges at present in affiliation with the University of Toronto—not being schools of medicine—are considered as federating colleges, and any school of medicine now affiliated, is considered as affiliated with the new university.

The Chancellor and Vice-Chancellor shall hold office for three years, the Chancellor being elected by convocation on the first Wednesday in October in any year in which an election is required, and the Vice-Chancellor is to be elected by the Senate from among its own members, such election to take place at the first meeting of the Senate in any year that such election is required.

There is not much change in the constitution of the Senate. Its members are, as heretofore, ex-officio, appointed, and elected

The graduates in Arts of the University and of every federating university shall have the right, at the first and second elections for the Senate, to elect one representative for every one hundred graduates on the register when the Act takes effect. Graduates in Medicine shall elect four; graduates in Law, two representatives respectively, in each case voting as one body. For six years after the federation of any university, its graduates and those of the University of Toronto, shall vote as separate bodies; but in all subsequent elections, as members of one convocation. The High School masters shall elect two representatives, as heretofore. The Council of University College, the Law Society of Ontario, the President or other head of each federating college or university, and all colleges and schools now affiliated, or to be affiliated, shall have one representative each, the Council of the University, three, and the Lieutenant-Governor may appoint nine members of the Senate. The ex-officio members are: The Minister of Education, the Chancellor, the President of University College, the President or other head of each federating college or university, all ex-Vice-Chancellors of the University of Toronto.

Convocation shall consist of the graduates in the several faculties of the University, and every graduate shall be a member of Convocation; it shall have power to elect the Chancellor of the University, and certain graduates as members of the Senate; it shall have power to discuss any matter whatsoever relating to the well-being and prosperity of the University, and of making representations to the Senate thereon, which representations the Senate shall consider, and shall report its decision to Convocation.

The Senate shall have power to examine for, and after examination to confer, the several degrees of Bachelor and Master of Arts, Bachelor and Doctor in Laws, Science, Philosophy, Medicine, Music, Master in Surgery, and the Degree of Civil Engineer, Mining Engineer, and Mechanical Engineer, and such of these degrees as they see fit, and Degrees of Bachelor, Master and Doctor in any other department of knowledge, except Theology. It shall be competent, however, for the Senate to confer the degrees of LL.D. and D.C.L., *honoris causa*.

The Senate may establish scholarships, prizes and rewards, and the holder shall have the title of "University Scholar," except where otherwise conditioned by the founder; but no such scholarship or prize shall be paid out of University funds.

Every incorporated theological college, now or hereafter affiliated to the University of Toronto, shall have power to confer the degrees of Licentiate in Theology, Bachelor and Doctor of Divinity, subject to certain conditions, and only during the continuance of affiliation. Candidates for degrees of Bachelor and Doctor of Divinity must be graduates in Arts in the University of Toronto, or some other University recognized by the affiliated college for that purpose.

The University Council shall consist of the Professors of the University and of the School of Science, and shall be presided over by the President of University College. The University Council shall have entire control over the discipline of the students in relation to lectures and instruction, and shall have authority and responsibility for all work carried on by such Societies and Associations of students of the University, as are organized in connection with the University.

University College is to be continued under the same name. The President of University College shall be President of the Faculty of the University. The teaching faculty of University College shall consist of a Professor, Lecturer and Fellow in each of the following subjects, viz.: Greek, Latin, French, German and English; and a Professor and Lecturer in Oriental Languages; and a Professor of Moral Philosophy. Ancient History shall be taught in connection with the classes of Greek and Latin.

No religious test shall be required of any professor, lecturer, teacher, student, officer, or student of the University or University College, and no religious observances, according to the forms of any religious denomination, shall be imposed on any of them, but the University Council and the Council of University College may make regulations touching the moral conduct of the students, and their attendance on public worship, etc., provided always that attendance on any form of religious observance be not compulsory.

Such are the main features of the new University Bill. It has apparently been very carefully considered by the Government, and

will doubtless take effect this session. We have not an opportunity of entering into a discussion of its provisions at the present time, but reserve to ourselves the right to do so on some future occasion.

ANOTHER YEAR'S WORK.

The present number is the last regular issue of THE VARSITY for the current academic year. It is our purpose, however, to issue a special literary number on Commencement Day. As the present occasion is, in all probability, the last time we shall be permitted to speak editorially, we desire to make a short reference to the work which we have endeavoured to do during the past year. Concerning the character of the work we, of course, are debarred from speaking; but to the work itself we may refer without prejudice. And, in the first place, a word or two to our friends and critics. While we are glad to include many critics among our friends—and they are true friends who criticize honestly and candidly—we also have critics who are not friends. This is not, perhaps, a very exceptional state of things, and we have no particular fault to find, or complaint to make, in regard to the treatment which THE VARSITY has received during the past year. But this much we may be allowed to say: That the opinions of THE VARSITY are to be found in its editorial columns; that criticism of the views enunciated therein is always welcomed by the editors; but that THE VARSITY can only in all fairness be held accountable for opinions which have been expressed in its editorials. THE VARSITY has dealt with a very large variety of topics during the academic year now drawing to a close, and has endeavoured to do its duty fairly and impartially in reference to all questions of debate. THE VARSITY has always had decided opinions of its own, but has been ready at all times to listen to the other side of the story.

In reference to questions affecting University College, THE VARSITY has uniformly maintained that its position as a Provincial Institution entitled it to consideration from the Government, and that in reality it took rank as a preferred creditor of the Government. With regard to the School of Science, THE VARSITY has been constant in its advocacy of the claims of this excellent institution for a largely increased grant from the Provincial Treasury, and that until it has been put upon a proper footing, the claims of other cities and universities for the establishment of Science Schools should not be considered. We have pursued this course consistently, but in no spirit of jealousy or exclusiveness. We believe that it is a course which both common sense and utility point out as the only one proper under the circumstances. Also with reference to the proposed Baptist University, our opposition to that scheme has been based upon considerations which, in the present state of the University question, appeared conclusive and irresistible. We stated that we did not oppose the creation of another teaching faculty—though we did not see any real necessity for it—but that we did oppose the granting of degree-conferring powers to another corporation, especially when the Confederation of Toronto and Victoria was about to reduce the number of corporations having that privilege. We see no reason to alter our opinion with reference to this subject. We have also endeavoured to investigate the curriculum of our University, the constitution of the Senate, the condition of the secondary schools and their relation to the University, the condition of Science Schools abroad, the question of scholarships, of honorary degrees, and the proposal to create a medical faculty in the University. We have, to the best of our ability, considered these questions in the broadest and most liberal spirit; we have criticized freely and minutely, and have suggested changes and amendments, which, in our opinion, are calculated to improve the working of our educational system—in so far as it especially concerns the University—due regard being had to present capabilities and future requirements.

In reference to matters which more intimately concern the student body, we have advocated the formation of an Athletic Association, and have shown the great necessity that exists for providing regular and systematic instruction in general physical culture; we hope that these two important measures may be carried out next year. In conclusion, the Editors of THE

Varsity beg to return their most cordial thanks to those who have so largely contributed to whatever success THE VARSITY may have attained this year, as a literary journal. The Editors have endeavoured faithfully to fulfil the duties of their office, and to maintain THE VARSITY as an organ worthy of the support and countenance of all University men, whether graduates or students—and of those interested in literary pursuits. If we have succeeded in doing this, we owe it very largely to those who, by their sympathy and encouragement, and by their practical support of our literary department, have lightened the somewhat arduous, and not always pleasant, duties attaching to the conduct of this paper.

There have been signs of renewed vitality in the Canadian Institute during its present session, and the President and officers are to be congratulated upon several improvements effected in the organization and working of their Society. For instance two new sections have been brought into existence, namely, the Philological and the Photographic. We hope the Institute will see its way to establish a Social and Economic Science section next season, and thus bring together those interested in this department of knowledge, which is growing in popularity, and which will doubtless receive more attention now that the new University Bill provides for instruction in Political Economy, Jurisprudence, and Constitutional Law. In looking over the list of those who have read papers before the Institute during the past season, we find that the great majority are graduates of the Provincial University. The President of the Institute has been indefatigable in his efforts to popularize its meetings, and we trust that his efforts will induce many graduates to become members of the Institute, and take part in its proceedings in future.

MODERN LANGUAGE MEMORIAL.

At a recent meeting of the Modern Language Club of University College it was resolved to memorialize the Senate of the University of Toronto to the following effect:

Whereas, in the opinion of this Club, insufficient justice is being done to students in Modern Languages in the University of Toronto, by burdening them with subjects which, though useful in themselves, not only bear no direct relation to, but also seriously hinder success in the study of Modern Languages proper; and

Whereas, in part owing to recent heavy additions to the Modern Language course, there prevails at present a manifestly unequal distribution of work in the different years; and furthermore,

Whereas, from these and other causes, the work exacted from students in the Modern Language course, as at present constituted, is too varied and too great to admit of satisfactory accomplishment,

Therefore be it resolved,—

(1) That the work in the first and second years could be more nearly proportioned by making Ancient History a study of the first year, and Mediæval History a study of the second year.

(2) That while Pass History is a valuable adjunct to this, as it would be to other courses, yet Honor History and Anthropology and Ethnology ought not justly to constitute a necessary part of a regular Honor course in Modern Languages.

(3) That the number of compulsory pass subjects in the second year of Modern Languages be reduced, so as to make the work more nearly equal to that required in other courses.

(4) That students who have been successful in obtaining honours in their first three years, be allowed to proceed to their degree in Arts, either

1st. By the general course in Modern Languages as now prescribed, with the exception of the emendations proposed above; or

2nd. By pursuing one of the following special groups:—

(a) The Romance Group, including Late Latin, French, Italian, Spanish, &c.

(b) The Teutonic Group, including German (Old, Middle and Modern), Anglo-Saxon, and, if it be thought necessary, one of the Scandinavian Languages.

(c) A Special Group, including English and Anglo-Saxon, together with Ethnology.

(5) Finally, that greater importance should attach to Modern Languages as a means for mental discipline, and that the prejudices should be removed that are done them, notably in the small number of marks, in comparison with other courses, that is assigned them in awarding Proficiency Scholarships at Matriculation and other examinations, thereby discouraging the masters of High Schools and Collegiate Institutes from giving these subjects their due attention.

Signed on behalf of the Modern Language Club.

A. H. YOUNG, President,

FRANKLIN MCLEAY, Corresponding Secretary.

Toronto, March 8th, 1887.

ROUND THE TABLE.

It is, of course, a patent and obvious fact that college journalism,—like all else that youth sets about doing, with the affectation of broad culture, the airy aping of experience that comes only with years, and the prodigious display of self-importance and self-opinion that has been characteristic of youth since long before the Stagirite, as he is at times elegantly styled, animadverted on the *hubris* of young men in general,—it is plainly a truism, I was about to say, that college journalism is in the main crude and amateurish. It has its uses, nevertheless, and is not necessarily a mere plaything. It is possible to obtain experience of real value, both in a business and in a literary sense, from a connection with a college journal. A student-journalist ought to be in a fair way, at any rate, to outgrow the stage of weak, loose, commonplace writing, and the stage of bookish, bloggy essays on "literary" subjects, or portentous, pompous disquisitions on the profound,—which is a thing to be desired. It is possible, too, to conduct the business and editorial departments of a college journal in such a manner as to bring the paper into real relation with the facts and interests and realities of the working, thinking world.

What is written above is intended to be preliminary to an exhortation. The present number of THE VARSITY is the last,—excepting the Commencement Number,—for '87-'88, and brings to a close the seventh year of the paper's existence. In the American newspaper directories THE VARSITY is now rated third in point of circulation, of all the college journals, daily, weekly and monthly, published on the Continent. Perhaps it is unbecoming on our part to divulge this from the house-top; but the Table—if it may be allowed a mixed metaphor—can see no reason why it should let concealment, like a worm in the bud, feed on its damask cheek.

THE VARSITY, then, is in a fairly prosperous condition. Every man in College who feels that he can do something with his pen, or who possesses business ability, should be connected with the college paper next year. Any student who will "stump up a V," as a member of the staff would put it, may become a shareholder in the Company. It is not a close corporation by any means; there is no "ring" controlling the management of the paper, which passes from year to year into new hands, in accordance with the continual comings and goings which characterize college life.

* * *

The following notice of the late Mr. John G. Saxe is going the round of papers. Of late years, Mr. Saxe had not been prominent in the public view, so such notice may serve to recall to mind one whose poetry ranks high in American verse.

Mr. Saxe was born in Highgate, Vt., in June, 1816, and was graduated at Middlebury College in 1839. He studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1843, and practised at St. Albans, Vt., from 1843 to 1850. He was not particularly successful as a lawyer, and spent much of his time in writing poetry. In 1846 he published "Progress," and in the following year his "Rape of the Lock" appeared. In 1850 he removed to Burlington, Vt., where, for five years, he conducted *The Sentinel*. After this, he devoted himself to literature and lecturing. In the latter he was very successful. From 1850 to 1874, his poems appeared regularly in *Harper's Magazine*, *The Atlantic* and other periodicals. In that year he met with a railroad accident while on a lecturing tour in Virginia. The shock to his delicate and nervous temperament was the first cause of his illness. Melancholia, resulting from domestic affliction, increased with age. During his latter years he resided in Brooklyn and Albany with his only surviving son. Mr. Saxe is, perhaps, best known for his humorous and satirical poetry, but he was also the author of many serious and strikingly beautiful verses.

* * *

Mr. Donnelly still yearns after notoriety. His latest announcement is very amusing:

"I started out with an expectation of finding one or two cipher words on each page, then I advanced to a dozen or two, then to a score or two (probably following Falstaff in his enumeration of men in buckram), then I thought the cipher words were one fifth of

the text, according to Bacon's Cipher Rule, where he tells us 'the writing infolding holdeth a quintuple relation to the writing unfolded.' Now I find that more than half the words are cipher words, and that many words, as in the sample given in Shakespeareana, are made to do double and treble duty. In the plays of first and second Henry IV., Bacon intended to leave, for the astonishment of all time, a piece of work, the most ingenious and marvellous ever constructed by the wit of man. How any human intellect could have achieved such a work is a matter of daily surprise to me. I could not believe it myself if my arithmetical rule, applied with the utmost rigidity and precision, did not prove it to me every hour of the day."

On which the *Mail* remarks very aptly,—“Mr. Donnelly is a member of the legislature of his own State, and a man of some reputation; but he need not be surprised if people soon begin to class his cipher with the Keely Motor. They have heard enough about it, and they now want some better proof of its existence.”

* * *

This is rather a libel on the Keely Motor than too strong a reflection on the cipher theory. There was much more inherent probability in the scheme of extracting bottled sunshine from cucumbers than in Mr. Donnelly's attempt to read secret history into Shakespeare's plays. It recalls the mental tribulation that some people experience in figuring up who or what is the Beast. Macaulay met one of these misguided geniuses in Madras, who accosted him with: "Pray, Mr. Macaulay, do not you think that Buonaparte was the Beast?" "No, sir; I can't say that I do." "Sir, he was the Beast; I can prove it. I have found the number 666 in his name. Why, sir, if he was not the Beast, who was?" This was a puzzling question, but the undaunted historian made answer: "Sir," said I, "the House of Commons is the Beast. There are 658 Members of the House; and these, with their chief officers,—the three clerks, the Sergeant and his deputy, the chaplain, the door-keeper and the librarian—make 666."

* * *

The "Lounger" in the *Critic* says: "I have just seen a portrait of Robert Louis Stevenson, painted from life. I came unexpectedly upon it in a studio and fairly started backward as my eyes fell on it. The word *weird* is a much-abused word, but no other can so well describe this singular face. It is long, and so is the hair which hangs beside it in thin, damp locks, as though the head had just been dragged up out of the water. The eyes are large, sunken, ghost-seeing; the nose is long and narrow. A moustache of a few, damp hair grows over the mouth, but the cheeks and chin are beardless. This strange, fascinating face rests on a long, thin, bony hand which holds it up that those deep-set eyes may peer out into the world in quest of those singular beings found in the romancer's tales."

* * *

The Harvard *Lamphoon*,—which, I may state for the benefit of those to whom it is unknown, is the only illustrated humorous college paper published,—delivers in a rather spirited manner some "well-deserved thrusts" (I quote the *Crimson*) "at the experiments in physical exercise in which Vassar girls are said to indulge. The *Crimson*, commenting on the merry jests of its journalistic brother, is of opinion, further, "that this reprehensible tendency of college maidens cannot be too severely rebuked. Sturdiness and vigour in girls are the objects of just ridicule"

The next number of the Vassar *Miscellany* is awaited with not a little interest and expectancy.

* * *

A third year man at Harvard had a most melancholy experience during the late mid-year examinations of that university. He studied late into the night preceding the day of his heaviest paper, doing hard, concentrated work with the aid of "wet towels and knotted whiplash" and such other stimulants as are wont to be used on these occasions. He retired not long after midnight, with a satisfactory confidence in his ability to face the ordeal at ten o'clock the next forenoon. Upon awakening, he reached for his watch, and was overwhelmed with tidings of undeserved disaster,—the hands were at a quarter-past eleven.

HH.

UNIVERSITY AND COLLEGE NEWS.

All reports from Societies must reach us by noon on Thursday to insure insertion.

Will Carleton, the author of "Farm Ballads" and "City Ballads," will lecture in Shaftesbury Hall on the 14th of this month. There should be a large attendance to hear the popular writer of so many poems, that appeal to such a wide circle of readers in this country and the States.

The Song Book Committee has not been idle since it was last heard from. An agreement has been entered into with I. Suckling & Sons, who will publish the book about the first of September. It will contain about 160 pages, and will probably be bound in cloth. In addition to a large collection of College songs, it is intended to include in the book a number of College glees for use at public debates, etc. The original contributions are as yet very limited, but it is hoped that before June 15th many contributions in music and words will be sent in. Although subscribers will not be required to pay up till shortly before the appearance of the book, the Committee hope that a great many subscriptions will be sent in before the close of the term, as their work would be considerably lightened, and subscribers would be sure to get their copies at the earliest date.

Y. M. C. A.—The bright aspect of the Christian life was discussed at the Thursday evening meeting this week. Mr. W. Malcolm opened the meeting, choosing Phil. 4 : 4 for Scripture authority. The speaker showed the hollowness of the old charge against the Christian religion of gloomy despondency. Nothing should be so encouraging. The great Master of the Brotherhood in whom to believe is to be a Christian, not only forgives transgression and sin, but is preparing a home of rejoicing for evermore—sadness is not the result of Christianity, but of sin. Several other speakers followed Mr. Malcolm giving reasons from different points of view why the Christian should always rejoice. It is worthy of notice that two of the fellows who spoke on the subject, were members of the Foot Ball Team, that defeated some of the very best American teams eighteen months ago, not losing a single match in the tour. The next meeting, Thursday, April 14th, will be led by Mr. G. B. McClean, subject "Safety," Ex. 12 : 23. The annual nominations will be made at a meeting for the purpose Thursday, April 14th, at (5.45) quarter to six o'clock.

The annual meeting of the Mathematical and Physical Society was held on Tuesday afternoon, April 5th, at 3 o'clock, with the President, Mr. T. G. Mulvey, B.A., in the chair. The report of the retiring General Committee was read and adopted. The Treasurer's report was left over for inspection by the Auditors, and will be submitted at the next meeting. The election of officers for the year 1887-8 was then proceeded with, and resulted in the following choice:—President, Mr. T. J. Mulvey, B.A. (acc.); First Vice-President, Mr. J. McGowan; Corresponding Secretary, Mr. L. H. Bowerman, B.A. (acc.); Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. J. C. Robertson; Fourth Year Councillor, Mr. J. H. Sparling; Third Year Councillor, Mr. D. Hull; Second Year Councillor, Mr. A. T. DeLury. A report from the Special Committee appointed to consider the advisability of affiliating with the Canadian Institute was received and adopted. It recommended that no such union be made, on the ground that the fee would be considerably increased, while no material advantages would be gained. A special meeting of the Society will be held on the afternoon of Tuesday, April 19th, to consider the report of the Treasurer, and of the Medal Committee.

ATHLETIC SPORTS.—A meeting was held on Tuesday afternoon to elect the Sports' Committee for the current year. The retiring Committee presented reports from their Secretary and Treasurer. The Treasurer's report showed a cash balance on hand of \$4, and other assets valued at about \$25. The total receipts were \$202, and the expenses were \$198. The Secretary's report recounted the doings of the Committee since its formation, and made several recommendations which were adopted by the meeting. They were briefly: That the sports would have to be more liberally supported by the students than heretofore; that a smaller Committee would do better work than a large Committee; and that medals should be given as prizes instead of articles of general utility. The election of officers was then proceeded with, and resulted as follows: President, F. B. Hodgins; Secretary, J. S. Johnston; Treasurer, F. H. Moss; Committee, G. C. Senkler, J. H. Senkler, L. Boyd, and G. H. Richardson. A communication was received from the McGill College Athletic Association, suggesting inter-collegiate sports between McGill, Queen's, and Toronto Universities. The idea is, that certain events in the games of each college shall be

open to representatives from other colleges. The meeting approved of the scheme, and authorized the newly elected Committee to confer with McGill and Queen's in regard to the proposal.

MODERN LANGUAGE CLUB.—The following comprise the newly elected committee for the year 1887:—Honorary President, Dr. Daniel Wilson; President, Franklin McLeay; Vice-Presidents, Miss Eastwood and F. C. Snider; Corresponding Secretary, J. D. Spence; Recording Secretary, F. C. Armstrong; Councillors—4th year, F. S. Steen and J. N. Dales; 3rd year, W. C. Ferguson and C. McMichael; 2nd year, W. C. Hall and J. O. Honsberger.

The above committee have arranged the programme of the meetings for next year, and it will now be in order to receive the names of those willing to take part. The music and readings will be arranged next term. The Committee have also several recommendations to make which are well worthy of the attention of members.

(1) That there be no diffidence in the matter of sending in names.

(2) That the essays be made as original as possible and take not longer than 10 minutes to read, in the French and German, and 15 minutes in the English subjects; and also be read as distinctly as possible.

(3) That the essays be written in the summer holidays, and that the members also read as many as possible of the authors.

In each English meeting there will be time left for a third essay on a subject chosen by the writer, some of which are suggested.

ENGLISH.

1. Alfred Tennyson—1, Locksley Hall; 2, In Memoriam.
2. Ralph Waldo Emerson—1, Essays; 2, Representative Men.
3. Charles Dickens—1, David Copperfield; 2, Tale of Two Cities; 3, Dickens as an interpreter of human nature.
4. Canadian Authors (any two)—Charles Sangster, C. G. D. Roberts, Charles Mair, or John Reade.
5. Living Authors—1, Walt Whitman; 2, H. Rider Haggard; 3, Frank R. Stockton.
6. Dramatic Works.—1, Ben Jonson, Every man in his Humour; 2, Sheridan, The Critic; 3, Massinger, A New Way to Pay Old Debts.
7. Essayists.—1, Macaulay's Essays; 2, Lamb's Essays.

FRENCH.

1. About.—1, Le Roi des Montagnes; 2, La Fille du Chanoine et La Mere de la Marquise.
2. Scribe.—1, Bertrand et Raton; 2, Michel et Christine.
3. Hugo.—1, Les Miserables; 2, Ruy Blas.
4. Sand.—1, La Petite Fidette; 2, La Mere au Diable.
5. Chateaubriand.—1, Atala; 2, Rene.
6. Canadian Authors.—1, Louis Frechette; 2, Kirby, Le Chien d'Or.
7. Hugo.—1, Cromwell; 2, Les Chants du Crepuscule.

GERMAN.

1. Volkslieder.—1, Historische Lieder; 2, Volks-und Gesellschafts Lieder.
2. Ballads—Two essays with special reference to Goethe, Schiller, Uhland and Bürger.
3. Goethe.—1, Wilhelm Meister; 2, Gedichte.
4. Heyse.—1, L'Arrabbiata; 2, Hans Lange.
5. Lessing.—1, Laokoon; 2, Nathan der Weise.
6. Freytag.—1, Soll und Haben; 2, Die Journalisten.
7. Goethe.—1, Dichtung und Wahrheit; 2, Wahlverwandtschaften.

Those willing to write essays will please send in their names and the subject chosen during this week to Mr. W. C. Ferguson. All the books may be obtained either from the University Library or from the Public Library.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE VARSITY is conducted by undergraduates of the University of Toronto, and will appear every Saturday of the academic year. It aims at being the exponent of the views of the University public and will always seek the highest interests of our University. The Literary Department will, as heretofore, be a main feature. The news columns are full and accurate, containing reports of all meetings of interest to its readers. A Special Number will be issued on Commencement Day.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

To the Members of Convocation of the University of Toronto:

GENTLEMEN,—

When I asked you five years ago to elect me as one of your representatives on the Senate of the University, I explained to you the objects I had in view, and the nature of the academical reforms I wished to promote. Now that I am asking you to re-elect me, I cannot better indicate the line of policy I desire to pursue in the future than by explaining my attitude during the past five years towards the questions that have come before the Senate.

A brief survey of our recent academical legislation may serve a useful purpose in other respects, since the Senate's proceedings do not obtain that amount of publicity which is desirable in the interest of the University. Before I became a member of that body I held strongly to the view that its meetings should be open to at least the members of Convocation, and five years' experience has but deepened that conviction. There is nothing in the nature of the Senate's ordinary transactions which makes it undesirable to admit to its meetings any one who takes an interest in such matters, and I feel certain that the best corrective of the apathy we all deplore would be the publication of fuller accounts of what is done at those meetings. Acting on this opinion, I have cordially supported all attempts to secure more complete publicity of the Senate's doings, and if I am re-elected I shall continue my efforts with the same object in view.

While I regard membership in the Senate as a high honour, I regard it also as a trust involving serious responsibilities. I have, therefore, endeavoured to be present at as many meetings as possible, and have actually attended 65 out of a total of 73. If re-elected I will continue to discharge the duties of the position with the same industry, and should a time ever come when I cannot give the necessary attention to University affairs, I will cheerfully resign the trust committed to me.

The most important question before the Senate during these five years has been the hampering effect of insufficiency of revenue on the operations of the University and of University College. All proposals made with a view to overcoming this difficulty have engaged my earnest attention, and some of them have received my hearty support. This is particularly the case with the scheme of University federation, which is in process of consummation. While I would have liked to see all degree-conferring colleges brought into co-operation with the University of Toronto, I regard the union with Victoria College alone as a matter of the greatest importance, since it enables the Legislature to considerably increase the revenue of the Provincial Institution. If I am re-elected to the Senate it will be my constant endeavour to see that all departments of university and college work get their fair share of the advantage conferred by additional income.

For purposes of intellectual discipline—and this I hold to be the great work of any university—no one subject can, in my opinion, claim unquestionable superiority over all others. Much depends on the teacher, and much also on the student. I am strongly of the opinion, therefore, that our University course should be made largely practical, and I am glad to see that it is each year becoming more so. By means of options, an intending student of medicine or of theology can now obtain at least one-third of his professional training while he is working for an arts degree, and if our course were what it ought to be in historical and political science, the same proportion of a good law course would be covered by the arts curriculum. To this arrangement I can see no valid objection, and any proposals either to improve the system of options, or to develop closer relations between the University and the professional training schools will always command my most serious consideration. I do not see why the University of Toronto and the Law Society of Upper Canada should not have under their joint auspices a law school equal to any in America, and this at a comparatively trifling cost. Until such a school is established the University will not be doing all it should do for the promotion of higher education.

On the other hand, while I am in favour of making our Arts course highly optional, I am opposed to putting any premium on specialization, as we have been doing for over thirty years. A good general course of training may be the best for some students, and it would certainly be popular with a very large proportion of the undergraduates. It has been proposed to get rid of the discrimination against general courses by substituting the terms "general," and "special," for "pass" and "honor" respectively. That change I am willing to accept, unless some other that is likely to be more effective is suggested. Serious consequences are, I admit, involved in it, but the evil effect of our past policy has been great, and any proposed remedy will be found open to some objection.

In the belief that the Provincial University should do as much as possible in the way of fostering and directing secondary education, I asked the Senate four years ago to admit to undergraduates standing all candidates of both sexes who might pass at local centres an examination on the ordinary matriculation papers. Before the statute I had introduced was finally disposed of, the way was cleared by the abolition of the High School intermediate ex-

amination for the adoption of a still more liberal decentralization policy. Last year the Senate offered facilities for matriculation at all places where the Education Department held examinations for teachers' certificates, and it has this year decided to accept the offer of the Department to make use of the University matriculation papers in the examination of teachers. Henceforth our influence on the teaching done in the high schools and collegiate institutes will be virtually supreme, and we must be prepared to accept full responsibility for the character of that teaching. The success of the experiment depends partly on the choice of examiners, and partly on the way in which the Senate deals with the curriculum for matriculation.

I am strongly in favour of encouraging the cultivation of science in secondary schools, and, with this end in view, of making the science course for matriculation as important as any other department of the prescribed work. At present it labours under disabilities which might easily be removed, and the removal of which would facilitate the establishment of more complete harmony between the work for matriculation and the work for teachers' examinations. Something more might be done for the encouragement also of the study of English in the High Schools, and of modern, and especially Canadian, History. I have no sympathy with the view that the history of Canada is the history that is least worthy of our attention, and that the only portion of Canadian history fit to be studied is that covered by French rule.

With a view to making the course in Oriental Languages more practical than it is, I asked the Senate last year to create a graduating department, of which these languages would constitute the chief part. The Senate acted on the suggestion, and a graduating department, with an elaborate Semitic curriculum is now in existence. In this respect we are only following in the footsteps of other Universities in Europe and America, and recognizing in a reasonable way the great importance which this department of learning has assumed within the past few years.

One of the improvements yet to be made in the Arts curriculum is the introduction of Old English texts. In the Modern Language course, Old French and Old German texts are read with a view to the acquisition of a knowledge of Romance and Teutonic Philology. Gothic has also been introduced, and Scandinavian ought to be utilized in a similar way. At present, in English, we prescribe no text older than Chaucer's, and Chaucer's is, for all practical purposes, modern English. There is not a University of any standing in England or the United States that does not provide for the teaching of Anglo-Saxon, and the University of Toronto cannot afford to ignore any longer their example. No man can become a good English philological scholar without reading old and dialectal texts, and English philology is more important for English-speaking communities than any other.

Another equally important change that should be made is the prescription of English prose masterpieces for critical study. The student whose knowledge of English literature is derived from the reading of a few poems will be extremely one-sided in his development. English should be made compulsory on all students throughout the greater part of their course, whether it is general or special, and part of the minimum requirement should be an intimate acquaintance with a few of the great works of the great prose writers.

During my term of office I have been instrumental in securing the abolition of some useless and vexatious restrictions of undergraduate freedom. One of these was an arbitrary and absurd age limit for matriculation scholarships; another was an offensive penalty inflicted upon those who found themselves compelled to remain out a year or more at some part of their course; a third was the absolute requirement of attendance at lectures, in violation of the spirit, if not of the letter, of the public statute which is the charter of our University. Now a candidate can win and hold a scholarship at matriculation, whatever his age may be; he can, without incurring any disability, drop out for a year or two for the purpose of procuring the funds necessary to complete his course; and if he can show good cause for not attending lectures the Senate may permit him to take his examinations without attendance.

In the matters above referred to, and in others not specified, I have always acted with the most perfect independence, and I have been always more desirous of promoting reforms than of securing popularity. I have been frequently warned that the consequences of some of my proposals would be disastrous to me. In spite of such warnings, I have persevered in asking for changes which I believed to be necessary, and if I am re-elected I shall continue to do so. Much as I prize the honour of representing you, I prize still more highly the satisfaction of having done what I believe to be my duty. I was as active in promoting the University's interests before I became a member of the Senate as I have been during the past five years. If I am left off the list of successful candidates this time, I will be as active in the future as I have ever been in the past in the same direction. I believe that I can be useful on the Senate, and this conviction is my reason for seeking re-election.

I have the honour to be,

Your obedient servant,

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DI-VARSITIES.

IMPATIENCE.

BY WILLIAM C. RICHARDS.

Like to impatient children when the sky
Frowns on some morn of longed-for
festal day

To cheat their happy hearts of out-door
play,

We fret when scuds of ill above us fly,
And every cloud and menace magnify,
Till thus we waste our manhood's
strength, as they

Their zest for pleasure in some in-door
way,

Our age scarce wiser than their infancy.

If we could chafe and chase the clouds
afar,

Rather than borrowed gloom upon
them bring,

Our gain its lack of grace might pal-
liate,

But leave us yet with manliness at war,
That brave defiance to all fate would
fling,

And by endurance make us strong
and great.

—Harper's Magazine.

"Cur'us 'bout me, Mac—I can 'membah
de mos' insignif'cant ting that eber happened
since I wah two yeah ole. F'rinstance—"
"I say, Pone, does yo' 'membah anyting
'bout dat ha'f dollah yo' borrd ob me las
yeah?"

It was an experience meeting in an African Methodist Church over in Virginia. A new convert had been giving in his confession. He had told the brethren and the sisters all the sins of his life, and more, too, with all their aggravations. He had confessed to every crime known to the statutes and every sin known to the decalogue. When he paused for breath, gasping at his own wickedness, a brother in the gallery shouted solemnly: "Put out dat lamp." "Why for?" asked the pastor. "Coz," said the solemn brother, "de viles' sinner done return."

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A Philadelphia economist figures out the reduction of car fares in that city from six to five cents as a positive loss to poor people. He says that when they walked before they saved six cents, and now only save five cents.

A clergyman who married four couples in one hour, the other evening, remarked to a friend that it was "pretty fast work." "Not very," responded the friend. "Only four knots an hour."

MARROW OF THE NOVEL OF TO-DAY.

Given an active affinity (male) and a passive affinity (female). The active affinity has a positive value, but in presence of the passive affinity it loses all estimation of this value, and believes the value of the passive affinity to be inestimable. The passive affinity has no value, and knows it, but is able to attract the active affinity by an ingenuous display of vacuity of value. When he is drawn within the limits of her attraction his condition is hopeless, and a fusion (marriage) is inevitable. Should another passive affinity of greater vacuity be present, the active affinity is a lost quantity, for if one vacuity does not absorb his value, another one will.—*Harper's Magazine.*

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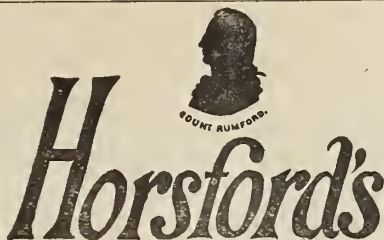
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
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
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
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THE VARSITY

A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.

Vol. VII.

University of Toronto, June 10, 1887.

No. 22.

A SONG OF PAIN.

On these eyes that burn and tremble,
Sweet, if you your lips should lay,
'Twere a charm to cool this fever;
As old books of leech-craft say.

Overbold my thought is, Sweetheart,
Overgreat this thought of mine;
'Tis not meet that e'en in blessing,
All too lowly you decline.
'Twould suffice if just the fingers,
Of one apple-blossom hand,
Swept these aching lids as lightly,
As the seed-stars brush the land.

No! Love,—I could not but take it
To my lips; draw down that hand,
Leave within the palm's soft hollow,
Hot and quick, my kisses' brand.

Still I crave too rich a favour,
Still too much would you bestow;
Let me see you as I saw you
First, so many years ago.
Snow of face and wrist and finger,
Snowy gown so simple-neat,
Dark green branches waving o'er you,
Sun-lit grasses at your feet.
Halo-circled, softly radiant,
Still you stand there, Little One,
Like a moon in mild September,
When the Summer's heat is done;

In your grave eyes rest and comfort,
And a graciousness divine.
Ah! 'twere healing for all anguish,
Just to see you, Sweetheart mine.

BOHÉMIEN.

IN MEMORIAM.

Since our last issue University College has suffered a signal bereavement in the loss of her first President, the Rev. Dr. McCaul. The blow was not an unexpected one, for the deceased gentleman had for a long time been in declining health, owing to a malady which some years ago compelled him to retire from the field of active duty. Yet, when the announcement came, it fell heavily on the hearts of older University men everywhere in Ontario. For, what quarter of this wide Province was without a witness to the excellence of the intellectual training with which this presiding genius of University life had endowed the youth and growing manhood of Canada? His influence is felt to-day in every seat of learning in Ontario—felt and cheerfully acknowledged by all who had the inestimable advantage of pursuing their studies in humane letters under his guidance and direction.

When Dr. McCaul came to this country nearly fifty years ago, academic training and classical culture were but little ap-

preciated, for in the then sparse settlements of Canada, and in view of the difficulties which beset the early settlers, the field of educational operations was necessarily very restricted. But when, after two score years of unrelenting toil, Dr. McCaul relinquished the chair of classical literature in University College, what a transformation had his life-work effected! The motto which his refined taste selected for the University crest: "*Crescit velut arbor ævo*," aptly expresses the growth and development as well of his work, as of his own reputation. The sapling which he planted and has so diligently tended, has already grown into a mighty tree, so that a nation may be said to repose under its branches. The lamp which his genius lighted—*parum claris lucem dare*—in Western Canadian wilds, like the courier-fire from Mt. Ida, has transmitted the torch of learning from University city to growing town, and from growing town to thriving hamlet, until every corner of the Province has been penetrated by the benign rays of the central beacon-fire. *Velut arbor crescat; velut lampas luceat!* Men who have illustrated every walk of professional life, men who have adorned the bench and presided in the nation's council-chambers, and especially those men who have devoted their talents to the service of the country in the noble profession of teaching, have not been slow to ascribe their success in life to the habits of exact study and the thorough intellectual training which they received in the institutions over which Dr. McCaul so ably presided.

To the College man, those memories of the worthy old Doctor, which most nearly concern and affect him, are naturally those connected with the College life spent (*Consule Planco*) during his Consulship. And it is the best tribute to the worth of the deceased gentleman that these are so largely interwoven and over-wrought with many kind words and acts, with much friendly advice and affectionate counsel. His urbanity, his genuine good humour, his undisguised interest in the well-being of his pupils, his real concern for their advancement in life, and his anxiety that they should give a good account of the time spent in the College and reflect credit on its instruction, were patent to everybody. He almost invariably excited in the minds of his students feelings of affectionate regard and esteem; and this, too, notwithstanding that some of his amiable foibles—for, like most great men, he was not without his trivial weaknesses—were a constant source of merriment to them. He had a singular faculty of unbending before his pupils, of laughing and chaffing with them, of exploiting freshmen and enjoying their discomfiture, of detailing his own experiences with Ciceronian self-complacency, of felicitating himself on the excellence of his own jokes, but he could well say with Horace, *Dulce est mihi desipere in loco*. He always observed the limits of becoming mirth. He would recover his self-possession instantaneously, and proceed with his lecture after he had got his audience in good humour. This, it will be admitted, was a rare and even dangerous faculty. But no one ever took advantage of it or trespassed on the proprieties. No one ever ventured to question his authority. On the contrary, he was generally regarded with unbounded veneration. Of the excellence of his lectures themselves it is impossible to speak too highly. After his kindly greeting to the class, one readily recalls the quiet dignity with which he entered upon the lesson. Having got the attention of everybody, he would produce his silver snuff-box as an indispensable preliminary to a right understanding of the author, and the lesson began. His lecture was a series of suggestions, of hints, of explaining difficulties, of pointing out beauties, of portentous references to the knotty character of some passage when first

seen in brand-new print in an examination-hall—references generally emphasized with an ominous pinch of snuff! It must be admitted, however, that the prodigious amount of Maccaboy wasted was in the inverse ratio of the amount consumed. Thus his lectures were chiefly incentives to study elsewhere, to make good use of the library and the authors he referred to, and to especially note the difficulties he pointed out. He knew where the difficulties were, and, unlike some authors who are very diffuse when no difficulties present themselves, but oppressively silent in the presence of really abstruse passages, Dr. McCaul was at home with the difficulties, and delighted in pointing them out and elucidating them. He never lectured from a marked copy of any classical author. He disdained all that. His remarkable memory would enable him to point out in a half-hour lecture all the difficult passages in an ordinary Greek play. He had a singular aptitude for "sizing up," as the vulgar phrase is, his pupils. He could by a few leading questions accurately determine their standing and requirements. The students instinctively felt this and knew he could not be imposed upon. Peace to his ashes! We shall never look upon his like again. The stately figure that used to be so familiar on all public occasions, and the eloquent tongue which sounded the praises of the students, and of the character of the training which his loved university had bestowed upon them, have been committed to the quiet tomb. For the University there remains the pleasing duty of providing some suitable memorial to commemorate his name in the College over which he presided so long and so well. For ourselves, *manibus da lilia plenis*. The VARSITY brings a loving chaplet and reverently lays it on the grave of the illustrious scholar, her distinguished preceptor.

W. H. C. K.

MAY.

Love in her eyes, sweet promise on her lips,
 Blossomed abundance in her tender arms,
 Bird music heralding her sun-lit steps,
 Winds hushed and mute in reverence of her charms.
 Maid veiled in tresses flecked with gems of dew,
 White lily crowned and clad in 'broidered green,
 Smiling till hoar and old their youth renew,
 And vest themselves in robes of verdant sheen.
 Where fall her dainty feet meek daisies blow,
 Lifting their fire-touched lips to court a kiss;
 Heart beats to heart and soft cheeks warmly glow
 With budding hopes of love and joy and bliss.
 Fern banners wave and harebells welcome ring,
 As trips across the meads the Bride of Spring.

Berlin.

JOHN KING.

BOOK-GUIDES.

It is a very common thing—and a most acceptable gratification of one's literary vanity—to be asked to recommend a course of reading in general literature; a thing, too, the promise of which is as difficult to resist as its carrying-out is to accomplish. Most people who are known to be at all extensive readers of books are frequently asked for advice in this direction, freely promise it, and sadly regret the rashness of the promise. Many, too, who are not extensive readers of books, make this promise,—and they make it, of course, with greater rashness, and infinitely greater confidence,—and find themselves in a serious difficulty. The writer went out the other day to search for some books for a young lady who had innocently trusted to his judgment; and, after turning over about two thousand volumes, carried away half-a-dozen, which he only selected because he was of the impression that for the time being he could find nothing better.

So many people have of late taken upon themselves to recommend to the world a course of reading as an infallible guide to a genuine culture, that it might naturally be supposed that when one finds himself in a hopeless and clueless entangle-

ment among millions of books,—old and new,—good and bad, all he would have to do would be to rush off to Sir John Lubbock, or John Ruskin, or Frederick Harrison, or the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and have himself immediately let into the straight and narrow way that leadeth to the literary heaven. The interview is not likely to be a satisfactory one. When Solomon,—who, in practical affairs, was very far from being a fool,—concluded that in the multitude of counsellors there is much safety, he either did not foresee the now-existing differences as to the relative values of the literary productions of the world—or even of one language—or he was guilty of a delightful proleptic sarcasm. These differences do undoubtedly afford a certain amount of amusement, but not very valuable instruction, nor quite harmless. To lose one's intellectual way is a serious affair. "There's a choice in books as in friends, and the mind sinks or rises to the level of its habitual society," says J. R. Lowell; "*Un bon livre est un ami; n'en ayons que d'excellents*," says a French motto; and a mind whose society is found mainly in books is certain to be subdued to what it works in, and moulded by its companionship. Unless one is willing, then, to be guided solely by his own light or his own inclinations, a good guide is invaluable, if he can be found.

Let one go to professional guides (if we may so call them) and see how he will fare. Let him take up the much-lauded, much-abused list of Sir John Lubbock, and he will find enough to satisfy him, at any rate so far as quantity is concerned. But if he desires to know how authorities agree as to the value of that list, he is liable to confusion. He will find Sir John recommending Gibbon, Voltaire and John Stuart Mill, and John Ruskin "blottesquely" eliminating these with the characteristic and unambiguous remarks that "Gibbon's is the worst English that was ever written by an educated Englishman," that, "having no imagination and little logic, he is alike incapable either of picturesqueness or of wit: his epithets are malicious without point, sonorous without weight, and have no office but to make a flat sentence turgid;" that "every man of sense knows more of the world than Voltaire can tell him; and what he wishes to express of such knowledge he will say without a snarl;" and that Sir John ought to have known that John Stuart Mill's day was over. If he is still unwilling to accept the "blottesque" amendment, and knows that the great art-critic is often inspired with that literary hatred, malice and uncharitableness which results in a prejudiced, jaundiced and sarcastic boorishness, he may be induced to retain his interest in "The Decline and Fall," by hearing from Frederick Harrison that not a sentence can be erased from Gibbon without marring the symmetry of his work as a whole. If he feels his literary nerves jarred by Mark Twain telling him that Scott has kept civilization back half a century by grafting the principles and sentiments of a decayed chivalry on the practical growth of the present age, he may be somewhat soothed by forgetting his prejudice against Ruskin, and accepting his judgment that "every word" of Scott, as of Plato, should be read; or by accepting Harrison's opinion, clothed in one of Steele's beautiful phrases, that Scott is an education in himself. If, continuing to follow Harrison, who so agrees with him,—we all like our instructors to coincide with our raw views of things,—he is shocked to find Lamb somewhat roughly handled, and dismissed as a trifler in letters scarce worthy of attention, he can find consolation in the eulogiums of the clever author of "Obiter Dicta," or in the friendly essays of Leigh Hunt; or he can for himself test Lamb by the essays on "Roast Pig" and "Poor Relations," and be independently satisfied. And if, still clinging to his pre-established confidence in Lubbock, he searches for Lamb among the food offered upon his literary table, and find him not, he may, if retaining any confidence in his own poor opinion, feel a certain sympathy with James Payn, when he says, with regard to Sir John's list, that it contains "the most admirable and varied materials for the formation of a prig." And so it does. So do all such lists, no two of which will ever agree, and in all of which a prig would find enough to read, and fortunately might be kept busy in a vain attempt to read them all. It is, perhaps, safe to assume that out of every thousand of those who have studied the lists which have been recommended, at least nine hundred and ninety-nine have done so, not to seek suggestions of value, but either for purposes of criticism, or to find sympathy with pre-established prejudices. For each individual is mainly guided by his own tastes, so far at any rate as that reading is concerned

which is made valuable by appreciative interest ; and those tastes themselves grow with reading. Guided by taste, we keep as part of ourselves what is good in what we read ; the bad we must try to avoid, or, not avoiding, forget. It is thus we rise on stepping-stones of our dead selves to higher things,—in appreciation and knowledge of books and authors.

And may it not be that the very fact that the vast majority of us are governed, in the choice of books, almost entirely by this uncertain and strictly-individual standard of taste, accounts to a very great extent for the lack of appreciation of the courses of study which have been recommended to us ? And it is a standard which is probably, after all, as safe a guide as any other,—assuming, to begin with, a certain development of taste in a right direction. And is it not necessary to make such an assumption, in order to imagine a judicious use of any of the learned lists which have been built up with so much erudition and perseverance ? Indeed, this is practically the guide which Shakespeare himself—who must have been a great reader of books—lays down in the sage advice :

"No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en ;
In brief, sir, study what you most affect."

And if, on a summer afternoon, one most affects "Les Misérables" or "The Sentimental Journey," he is not to be persuaded, by a thousand lists, that he could derive more profit or pleasure from "The Ramayana" or "The Mahabharata," even as "epitomized by Wheeler."

Nor are the other applied or suggested tests entirely satisfactory—or even quite intelligible—apart from this universal test, which, reliable or otherwise, we all have in ourselves. It may be interesting to know what books a literary felon has taken to prison with him, or what choice Stanley would make in preparation for a year's burial in Central Africa, or what books Archdeacon Farrar has decided that he would snatch from a fire in which all the books of the world were in a blaze, if he had only time to rescue a dozen of his favourite victims. But there are many of us who, if we were on our way to prison, or to Central Africa, or should find ourselves in the desperate position which the venerable Archdeacon pictures—all of which contingencies let us continue to hope against—would allow no other person to dictate to us in our most careful and loving choice. Those of us who are of a religious tendency would expect to find the Archdeacon prescribing a list by which we might safely be guided ; but if we were given the privilege of rescuing a dozen books from eternal destruction, many of us would be likely to kick aside Wordsworth, and the whole of the Lake School together, in a frantic search for "The Decameron," or "Tom Jones," or "Henry Esmond ;" and would, in all probability, forget Thucydides and Tacitus, if we could catch a glimpse of Horace or Scott, of Cervantes, George Eliot, or Thomas Carlyle.

After all, the differences of opinion, and the difficulties of choice, come back to this fundamental and indisputable fact, that what Dr. O. W. Holmes calls "the saturation point," is the same in no two minds under the sun. Just as true as it is that no two individuals are exactly alike, so true is it that never will two minds agree, either in their interest in any book, or in the instruction derived from its perusal. The differences may vary in degree. They may not all be so great as that between Coleridge's appreciation of Shakespeare and a child's, or between Stirling's knowledge of the Secret of Hegel and—mine. But there the differences are, and, existing, they must be recognized and taken into account. And so long as they exist—and exist they ever will—no two minds will desire the same food, or, receiving the same food, find in it equal nourishment.

But how variable is each individual taste in itself—changing with circumstances, with seasons, and in its own natural growth by what it feeds on ! On a summer holiday, however spent—on the water, in the quiet country, or simply in the "blessed retirement" of a bachelor's den—who would think of taking with him, as a companion in solitude, a volume of the "Novum Organum," or the "Kritik der Reinen Vernunft," or "The Wealth of Nations ?" At such a time, one is inclined to consider, not so much what has been formally recommended to him, as in what he can bury himself, shake hands with the author, and have pleasure in a genuine companionship. For

true readers are an author's intimates, and books have been beautifully spoken of as authors' letters to their unknown friends.

But all this discussion about books and authors may indeed indicate an actual increase of interest in both. If so, what good may not be done ! And what genuine pleasure added to the average life ! In the love of books, there is that touch of nature which makes the whole world kin ; and few writers of books, in any age, have been able to resist the temptation of telling their readers of the books which they themselves have read. Lamb reaches the depth of abstraction in his books when he finds that he is so buried in them that they think for him, and so save him the trouble of thinking for himself.

Leigh Hunt worshipped his books. On a winter evening, sitting in his easy-chair before a brightly-burning grate, his lamp over his left shoulder, and a book in his hand, he would watch the blue smoke curl upwards from his "pipe divine," and picture to himself a heaven the very conception of which must have been a spur to his religious aspirations. Surely there is something true in the pictures of his reverie. Let us hope so. Would we, too, not like to look forward to a heaven in which the elect would have Shakespeare writing plays and Scott writing novels through all eternity ; with Homer, too, and Horace,—if any of the heathen are among the elect,—and Spenser, and Ben Jonson, and Fielding, and Goldsmith, and Burns ; with the Garrick Club again re-organized, and Samuel Johnson's sonorous criticisms re-echoing through the lofty club-room ; with Dr. Holmes to talk to us at breakfast, and Coleridge and Southey to talk to us at dinner, if only Lamb were in their company again to act as an antidote, and to persuade them not to write, but only talk ; with Hume and Gibbon to write histories for us,—it is sad to think that there are some who do not expect to see those worthies there ; and with hosts of others who would write books for us, and read them to us,—or who would talk to us as we imagine they must have talked in the flesh, but eternally. And when many, many books had been written, can we not fancy that we see some latter-day essayist,—later by a few millions of years after the end of time and the beginning of eternity,—recommending, in cherubic tones, to listening choirs, a list of the hundred best books ? And see the shade of Carlyle fall across the scene, and hear the old voice growling forth such words as these,—if the shade of Teufelsdröckh continues to speak in language similar to that of his former state :—"Fool ! fool of fools ! Do you wish to be of use to your equals and inferiors, the ignorant, the crowd ? Then make a list of books *not* worth reading at all—mind-poisoning, moral-destroying, time-wasting, Devil-inspired trash and filth ; you will thus at any rate do no harm, even if you do no good, as you will not, because your list will be so unweildly as to be of no practical value whatever to any person."

WILLIAM CREELMAN.

THE TRIUMPH OF FAITH.

Thou sayest that Faith now dies ; that Science, proud
By strong exploit, has proved the right to sway.
Her arms, upheld by Fact and Law, to-day
Leaguer the camp of Faith with clamour loud.
Thou sayest that Faith is dying ; that her shroud,
Bleached by Despair's white tears, and one last ray
Of winter's palling sun, awaits—the way
Is strewn with dying leaves that sigh aloud.
Thinkest thou Faith is in extremity ?
The flower forever lost its early bloom ?
Thou knowest not with how great a constancy
Faith's champion cheers her, and dispels the gloom.
Immortal Love shall banish cecity.
And by his aid Faith conquer even the tomb,

J. O. MILLER.

THE HIGHER EDUCATION.

(Natural gifts are to be found in both sexes alike.)

PLATO.)

In the afternoon of one of those lovely days in May, when the world outdoors is a dream of freshness and greenness, when the sun strikes slantingly through screens of branches and tender early leaves, and flitting lights and shadows fall upon the lawns and grassy slopes that lie around the old-world magnificence of the edifice we are all so proud of, the hour, the season and the scene according perfectly, as in some delicate etching,—a little after four in the afternoon of such a day, while robins are running about the broad University lawn, and pens in Convocation Hall are still racing over page after page, few having yet reached the last page of all, two visions of loveliness enter the ladies' room, and find themselves alone. It is to be regretted, indeed, that we are quite unable to divine the divers turns their sprightly discourse has taken since they left the Hall two minutes ago; as the door opens, the theme would seem to be tennis.

MISS SMITH (a charming girl, her low forehead shaded by thick, blonde hair, and with dark lashes to the sweetest blue eyes in the world,—she wears a locket, and a sleeve slightly open at the wrist).—"I couldn't return at all, but it was just perfectly lovely, and when we were tired playing we walked under the trees, and Harry quoted—I think it was Tennyson. Wasn't it ridiculous?"

MISS TURNER (a pretty, vivacious brunette, possessed evidently of perfect taste, and a love for a graceful outline in dress,—with a gleam of rose-color at her throat).—"Oh, you dear,"—indifferently—"how I envy you!"

MISS SMITH (giggling).—"Don't you think him awfully sarcastic?"

MISS TURNER (fervently).—"He's just lovely!"

MISS SMITH.—"I was looking languid and interesting, half-dead almost, and—"

MISS TURNER.—"Yes, Kate, I know. It's very taking during the Exams,—that's if one is judicious, of course!"

MISS SMITH.—"I was telling Harry that I just felt like sleeping a week after it's all over, without wanting to wake once, and he said"—imitating young Mr. Stevenson's drawl—"Gawd, I tell Mamma, Miss Smith, that it will take at least six weeks at Lake George to revive me!"

MISS TURNER (musing).—"I think he has such a nice voice, when he speaks low . . . and then his manner!"

MISS SMITH (slowly).—"M—yes?" A pause. "And in the evening Mrs. Roberts was there"—vivaciously—"with her dear Bella."

MISS TURNER.—"Spiteful, giggling thing!"

MISS SMITH.—"The dear gawk sang, and used her eyes, and made frantic attempts to attract Harry,—and Mrs. Roberts was crushingly sweet to me."

MISS TURNER.—"Oh, I can imagine!"

MISS SMITH.—"Dear Bella is so young and inexperienced," she said, "and knows so little of the world! I'm afraid she is too refined and delicate to attend the University,—but I'm so glad to see how intimate she is with *you*, dear! She is so artistic, so gifted—"

MISS TURNER.—"How ridiculous!—as if no one ever tried to paint on plush before!"

MISS SMITH.—"Bella is so sweet and beautiful, Mrs. Roberts, I fibbed, 'that you ought to be content now to shine by your daughter's reflected light!'" A ripple of laughter.

MISS TURNER (recovering).—"Oh, how *could* you be so cruel? The poor woman might as well sit in the outer darkness at once!"

MISS SMITH.—"She will go to Italy in a year or two," Mrs. Roberts said, "to finish her studies in music,—although Mr. Profundo and Professor McThorax have told me that she needs very little further training, and—"

MISS TURNER.—"It's not likely dear Bella will get any nearer Italy than Hamilton."

MISS SMITH.—"No, indeed. Have you ever noticed the amount of gold in Mrs. Roberts' mouth? The woman's teeth are actually more gold than anything else!"

MISS TURNER.—"She must be a brilliant conversationalist

when she opens her mouth wide. But Bella's strivings to be a *cantatrice* are a great deal more hopeless than the strivings of that mauve china monkey"—vivaciously—"to climb up to the chandelier by the crimson silk cord."

MISS SMITH (giggling).—"Oh, infinitely!—you mean in that hideous room where she spends so much time at the piano making herself sallow every day."

MISS TURNER.—"Yes, and narrow-chested. . . . Oh, Kate," turning from the mirror quickly, with one hand brushing back from her forehead a truant wisp of hair, "When we were at the Commencement at Atonement College, Friday night, you remember; George Munro told me, while the Bishop of Kamschatka was delivering his address on Foreign Missions, that he would take the services at the Church of the Innovation on Sunday, and—"

MISS SMITH (who has at last succeeded in arranging to her liking that delicate straw fabric, her hat, with its mass of silky, fluffy I know not what, and its knot of pale-blue flowers,—reproachfully).—"And you never told me, Sadie!"

MISS TURNER.—"I am so sorry! . . . But it was just beautiful, Kate, at the church,"—enthusiastically—"George preached exquisitely, and I wore"—the beauty of the toilet which is described *must* have impressed even ecclesiastical susceptibilities. "And"—the fair speaker is ecstatically at a loss for a moment or two—"Oh, yes! and he came into my Sunday-school class in the afternoon, and was so nice—oh, you can't think!—and—"

MISS SMITH (rapturously).—"Oh, it must be just too lovely for anything to really *belong* to the Church of the Innovation!"

MISS TURNER (with more composure).—"Oh yes, indeed." She goes to a window which looks out upon the lawn.

MISS SMITH.—"Are there many out from the Hall yet, Sadie?"

MISS TURNER.—"There are quite a few. There's Jack Edwards,—and Frank Brown is with him."

MISS SMITH.—"Oh, I thought I should die that day Jack and Ed. Draper came into McConkey's,—don't you remember?" She goes to the window. "Oh, Sadie, who is that funny little fellow talking to them?—with the check suit,—there positively isn't half a yard left of his gown!"

MISS TURNER.—"That's Harry French,—he's in the First House. They use their gowns in Residence to clean their lamp-chimneys, you know. Isn't it shocking?"

MISS SMITH.—"Just *think* of it!" Appalled, perhaps, by this glimpse of Bohemia, Miss Smith is silent for a time, the two, in the meanwhile making preparations for departing.

MISS TURNER.—"Did you notice Grace Dixon in the Hall this afternoon?"

MISS SMITH.—"You mean the way she came in late, and went up to the table simpering, so that everybody —"

MISS TURNER.—"Oh, she's always doing that! I mean when she was going out for the oral. She thinks"—with a quick flash of ill-nature—"that she's a very giddy young person."

MISS SMITH.—"Oh, yes. Isn't she a fright in that lilac and navy blue?"

MISS TURNER.—"I often think it must be her eyes that give her such an unpleasant appearance."

MISS SMITH (giving the matter her consideration).—"They *are* rather starey. And then her mouth —"

MISS DIXON, a slight, graceful girl, wearing a breast-knot of violets, comes into the room.

MISS SMITH (effusively).—"Oh, how *well* you are looking!"

MISS TURNER (sweetly).—"What a pretty dress, Grace dear!"

MISS DIXON (without embarrassment).—"I'm so thankful that one more paper is passed. I haven't another now until Friday." She bears up under the pretty, graceful ways of feminine affection lavished on her.

MISS SMITH.—"Oh, Sadie and I have two to-morrow,—haven't we, Sadie?"

As Miss Turner and Miss Smith leave, several of the ladies are coming in, and the room presents a notable scene of animation and vivacity. The two friends, however, pass demurely along the corridor, by no means unfrequented at this hour of the afternoon. At a yard's distance from the young ladies one would hardly perceive that they are speaking together.

MISS SMITH.—"Do Jack and Frank write to-morrow?"

MISS TURNER.—"In the afternoon. . . . Isn't that Lessing you have there? Why are you carrying such a—"

MISS SMITH.—“Don't you *see*, Sadie, how nicely it harmonizes with my nun's veiling?”

* * * * *

When at nine o'clock in the evening a deep-toned bell tolls once somewhere in the night, and the sound—set like a great round period at the foot of the page of a day's life—sinks into the stillness, the fragrance-laden night breezes steal through a garden, and past a trellised, modern casement into a pretty, cosy room, where a small clock is tinkling the hour silverly. A handsome girl, with thick blonde hair, and a vivacious brunette stare at each other breathlessly until the little clock is silent again.

MISS SMITH (from a sofa,—with wide-eyed earnestness).—“*Gracious*, Sadie, there it's nine, and we haven't done a thing yet!”

MISS TURNER (from her low chair,—careless and good-humoured).—“I guess we shall have to try to keep quiet, and if the agony becomes really *too* intense—”

MISS SMITH (severely).—“Oh, Sadie, we *must* read this through to-night!”

And as the pretty little French clock tells out the dulcet seconds, the munching of caramels goes on over the study of the modern languages.

W. J. H.

IN SUMMER DAYS.

How sweet in dreamy afternoon,
When heaven and earth have hushed their tune,
To lie beneath some forest shade
In the low pause the day has made ;
Down where the genie of the leaves
His web of light and shadow weaves,
And builds his lattice-work of green
Where airs and sunbeams steal between.

Down underneath my cool green tent
Wood violets in wonderment
Peer shyly at their patch of sky,
Blue and soft as a maiden's eye,
Which gave them their own gentle hue
In sunbeams, wind and pearly dew.

My couch is of the softest moss :
No damask has so fair a gloss,
No ceiling tracery receives
Like my green canopy of leaves,
No roof has such a tint of blue
As where the holy sky looks through.

From lichened rocks a fountain near
Distils its waters sweet and clear,
And in its bosom like golden lances
The shining sunbeams hold their dances.
High on a shady bough above
A robin tunes his pipe to love,
And near-by through the whispering woods
His shy mate on her blue eggs broods.

Outside, amid the sunny farms,
The river spreads his great blue arms,
And drinks into his swollen veins
The waters of a thousand rains,
And locks within his turbid breast
All streams that run to him for rest.

Between the orchard's snowy bloom
The farm-house roofs and gables loom,
And in and out on wings of snow
Soft cooing pigeons come and go ;
The farm hand in the half-cut clover
Sleeps, and dreams the day is over,
Oblivious of the drowsy team
Dozing the blossomed swarths between.

Blown over fields the humble bee
Comes up the farm-lands from the sea,
And on the lips of some sweet flower
Hangs honey-laden a music'd hour,
And then is gone in the low song
And murmur of the day's dream throng.

Here in these realms of sun and air
Comes not the weary wail of care,
Blown from the din of half-mad mirth
In the Red Market-place of earth ;
Where God and Heaven are sold for power,
And virtue panders to the hour ;
Where hatred, misery, and strife
Beat round the shores of human life.

Here a far sweeter, lower tune
Murmurs the soft-tongued afternoon,
Where nature, like a flute half-blown,
Reverberates an undertone.

In sleepy fields, the tired airs,
Like mortals that forget their cares,
Drugged by the clover's sun-brewed wine,
For other regions cease to pine ;
Forgetful of the breath of flowers,
In the hushed slumber of these hours.

The pigeons hang on snowy wings,
The river drifts and dreams and sings
And runs off shimmering to the sea,
Winged by his own melody,
Kissing the blossomed banks below,
That fold in white-arms all his flow.

Here all is peace and holy rest;
The soft wind walks a silent guest,
Among these lofty forest halls,
With high-arched roofs and leafy walls,
Like one who in his spirit hears
A tune not heard by mortal ears.

And here in dreams I love to lie,
Where the low wind goes stealing by,
And in the hush of sky and sod,
The silence seems the voice of God.

WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL.

West Claremont, N. H.

THE ALL-MOTHER.

I.

ONE DAY.

What can be more prosaic than the aspect of a railway track? Two metal lines drawn hard and fast across half a country, rough wood, hard steel, loose gravel, bare earth and all bounded by dull rows of ugly fencing. And yet the Dreamer, faint after a night of passion and parting in the morning, leant his head against the open sash of the railway carriage and, looking out upon these common things, saw that they were not common. The train rolled slowly up a steep incline, beside the water and across the bridge. The summer mist, just brightening to sun-rise, was carried on the breeze like a cooling balm to the feverish eyes and throbbing temples. With his eyes so anointed the Dreamer saw more clearly. The huge raw gashes of the cuttings had been healed by the tender far-spreading grass : green bushes and shrubs, tangled with wild vines, crowned their summits and ran along the fences, shrouding them, like cloth of gold upon a cripple's twisted limbs. On the slopes, row over row, were armies of clovers ; now a blur of pink, now a flash of white as the train sped past, and when speed slackened you could see each soldier as he stood in the

ranks, legion upon legion, dashed and dazzling with the heavy dew. The bright green leaves they stood so deep in seemed the glittering livery of a white or rosy face. Now and then at the edge of little bridges the sweet-brier's trailing sprays hung over the chasm, like a fair girl's loosened hair when she throws back her head and her laughing face is turned upwards for a kiss. The pale pink flowers glowed like stars against the vivid green of the small sharp-scented leaves. The sweet-brier was queen; but there were hosts of others, common flowers that people call weeds. Many would grudge them the name of flower, but they had fulfilled their Sovereign's behest to redeem a part of her realm from hatefulness and bear her morning proclamation of refreshing and sweet rest to at least one weary soul.

II.

A SECOND DAY.

The express-train is crowded and whirling along through the blazing afternoon. It is the same scene that the Dreamer's eyes look out upon; but with a difference. That was cool morning; this is the hottest time of the midsummer day. The wild roses, the troops of the clover, the dandelions have all vanished, but the new change is into something even richer than they. The flowers in our city gardens have withered in the heat; but here, even in this wildest domain of the Queen-mother, her children and subjects are strong and lusty. The bushes stand higher, richer in colour, and more rank. Stretches of low plants with brown polished leaves ever succeed patches of buttercups holding lightly up on slender branching stems their myriad basins of thin smooth gold. But the buttercups could not catch as much of the largesse of August sunshine as the unordered fleeing crowds of golden-rod. They press everywhere; along the levels, and up the slope of the banks; they reach the top only to hurry down the opposite incline and, in their pride of life and strength, jostle one another close to the whirling deathful wheels. But how royally you live! with both hands you fling your golden bounty on the air, wherever you come the land is ablaze with your glowing faces and shining hair. This heat that makes the weak hang their heads only gives you a sturdier grace and an intenser bloom. And Someone knows the proper home of your kindred; where they flaunt and riot all over a granite island, one of a thousand; and across the waveless river in the dazzling sun-light a skiff is gliding to the shore.

III.

THE RED BRIDGE.

It was the centre one of those three memorable days after the course of the year was changed. Spring had come at last. The river had risen suddenly in the night, and carried the ice in huge masses over the dam; then, after grinding it against the stone piers of the bridges, had borne it all down to the lake. The river was free. Ah! the delight of being free; free as the river after the long cold, the killing frost that went into the blood, and into the brain, and into the heart; stiffened the joints and chilled the marrow in the bones. Free! from the bondage of four hateful walls, the rows of books, the same pictures in the same places, and the sickly lamp-light over it all. Free! free! after the long compelled Puritanism of the winter; free to bathe in the soft voluptuous light and warmth, standing on the old red bridge by the hour, and watching the brown water as it swirls round the mighty stone abutments. Free! to rejoice in the infinite changes of toppling cloud, drifting across the friendly blue. And the warm south wind from over the leafless hills caresses like a girl's soft hand upon the cheek. No wonder the sailor lad loved you so, South Wind. But even the glories of the sky cannot hold the eye long away from the rushing water. Carelessly the moments slip by and the Dreamer's gaze is never lifted from the moving flood, and his ears hear nothing but its rejoicing volume of heavy sound. People pass and re-pass behind him, but with arms folded on the parapet he sees and hears nothing but the river rushing down. And the spell grows upon him till the blunt pier under his feet seems the stem of some stout vessel ploughing her steady way against a mid-stream current. But the river did more. The brown water rose and laved every joint and limb, washed through every vein within, and searched its way to

every crevice of brain and heart. Then it sank again and flowed calmly away in its rejoicing progress to the distant lake. It was like a bath of roses or anointing with a grateful oil. Then the dreamer turned lightly homewards. Something had slipped from him in that strange bath in the flowing of the river which was borne down to the lake, and which the lake delivered to the sea.

IV.

OVER-AGAINST.

The sand is warm on the top of this high bank that slopes steeply down to the narrow beach. The waters of Ontario are glistening in the sun-light, blue, calm, limitless: no ocean can be more beautiful. Not a sail is in sight, not a cloud, not a wave: only at intervals a drowsy plashing on the pebbles on the shore rises from below. From this solitary pedestal there is nothing to be seen but the two ever-welcome comrades, water and the sky: this ledge of cliff projects itself between them merely as a resting-place for the Dreamer. All earth has melted away except this piece of land floating with its human burden between that double mirror of the eternal, heaven and the sea. But close beside his head, introducing themselves across the blue field of the vision, are haulms of grass, slender stalks, fine and feathery, jointed and tufted, and swaying slowly in the pleasant breeze. And what a mite the Dreamer seems among them: they tower above his head into curious tropic trees of unimagined height. How many they are and how diverse! What tangled thickets and leagues of jungle! And yet it is only the grass waving its green spears and tassels idly through the afternoon, over-against the great calm depths of sky. Tears rise unbidden: in the field to-day, to-morrow it is cut down and withereth.

BOHÉMIEN.

BY PROXY.

While you are in Ireland,
Sweet Kitty, my dear,
Amid all the disturbance,
You've nothing to fear;
For the sight of your pretty
Blue eyes, I declare,
Would make the "Moonlighters"
Your slaves while you're there.

'Tis what you have long
Made of me, I know well,
Though I've not had the courage
My secret to tell;
For I haven't a tongue
That smooth speeches can say,
And whenever I try
Something comes in the way.

Kiss the stone on the Castle
Of Blarney, my sweet,
And—am I too bold?
Give me—one—when we meet!
For the Spirit that dwells
In the Castle, I swear,
Will give double measure
When he sees who is there.

The touch of your lips,
By that sweet spell enchanted,
Will give me the thing
Which so long I have wanted:
The power to plead my own
Cause without fear,
In words that will move you,
Sweet Kitty, my dear.

F. B. H.

A WAGNER OPERA.

I will confess to a good deal of surprise at finding that the first impression of an opera of Wagner's was of simplicity rather than of complexity and incomprehensibility. The method by which certain effects were produced seemed to me (who am no musician) to be infinitely complicated and involved, but the effects themselves to be incapable of being misunderstood. Wagner treats music as the native language of the emotions, and the mind has not to translate in order that the emotional side of the nature may be able to comprehend. The composer's idea is conveyed directly and unmistakably, and the intellect finds itself only apprized secondarily of the significance of the impressions received.

The ordinary listener is helpless when he endeavours to understand or explain the reason why he is affected thus and thus, but none the less does he feel that the chords of his nature are roused one by one to vibrate in unison with the sentiment of the music. The gamut of the emotions is run through, and love, despair, awe, anger and fear in turn reign in the soul when the composer wills it. Even the sense of the ludicrous is at times irresistibly present—as in *Die Meistersinger*, where a smile is seen on every face in the audience at one or two comical passages, although but very few understand the German words that are being sung.

Is it the case that there is a natural correspondence between the different emotions and certain definite musical intervals, and that Wagner has understood this better than others? This seems to be an inevitable conclusion, unless indeed the impressions of which I write are merely fancied, and the appropriate feelings are read into the music by some dexterous and evasive mental process. The human voice in emphatic conversation naturally regulates itself to certain intervals which have been investigated and found to be approximately invariable, and one can frequently tell, even when at such a distance as to be unable to discern words, what emotion is animating a speaker. It is not unlikely, then, that arrangement of notes and transitions of chords may more or less nearly represent emotional states, and this apart from time and *timbre*, which are obviously adjuncts of music in the expression of feelings. This individual conclusion is infinitely strengthened when one finds the same ideas and impressions excited in an entire audience apparently by virtue of the music alone, and it seems incredible that some fantastic universal self-deception should be at the base of it.

I would therefore put it (still from the standpoint of a humble listener) that Wagner has found in a singular way the means of making music the vehicle of the emotions, and has (so to speak) made it more of an intelligible language in this respect. Beethoven rises to greater intellectual heights, but Wagner plays more directly and variously on the feelings; it would then seem that the latter can be comprehended and enjoyed with much less of a musical education than the former.

W. H. B.

BALZAC.

For students of French at the University pleasant recollections, as of a great and fascinating romance-writer, will hardly be awakened by the name of Balzac. Until recently, he was represented on the course of French prescribed for Honour work by a volume of selections, consisting mainly of long and elaborate descriptions, singularly repellent in character. "Eugénie Grandet," the work now on the curriculum, is a novel which all critics agree in calling perfect, and which most readers find unutterably depressing. The volume opens with an account of an old and dilapidated house, which fills pages upon pages, and reads like the architect's specifications. In an extract from another novel, which was inserted in the volume of selections previously named, it is a battered coat-of-arms that takes the author's fancy. He treats it in similar scientific fashion, scattering his heraldic terms without stint. To understand and appreciate, a smattering, or perhaps more than a smattering, of heraldry is indispensable, just as in the former case the reader must be first architect, and then student of French. This is Balzac's mode of procedure, whatever be the object that he undertakes to describe; every third word is a technical term. I have somewhere seen that a certain

French *avocat* placed "César Birotteau" among his professional text-books, as an authority upon the law of bankruptcy.

But Balzac's great reputation as a writer is based upon more than professional lore and scientific accuracy. Mr. Leslie Stephen is not an *avocat* nor an architect, but he, too, acknowledges Balzac as a writer of text-books, text-books upon human nature, and on his shelf of such text-books finds him a place beside Shakespeare. The volume of extracts formerly used at the University was not calculated to impress the reader with this view of Balzac's achievement. Wealth of words, not portrayal of character, seemed to have been the principle of selection adopted by Mr. Van Lann. And, indeed, no selection of fragments, nothing but a complete novel could completely express Balzac's supreme literary virtue, development of character. And no single novel could give an adequate idea of his other distinctive excellence, variety of type. Only those devoted students who have laboured through the fifty-five volumes, which constitute Balzac's title-deeds to fame, know how much he has observed, and how well.

The example of some eminent authorities would lead me to mention Balzac's exactness and truth of detail as his most important quality. But the instinct of truth refuses to sanction such a statement. There is no question about his exactness. The most casual reader will acknowledge that characteristic of Balzac's mind. But we are not all heralds, architects, *avocats*. To the unprofessional reader such exactness is always fatiguing. It is often more than fatiguing, it is dull; and dullness is emphatically *not* a virtue for a storyteller. We should not forget that Balzac's claim to rank as an artistic writer depends solely upon stories, and from the days of Demodocus to this present age—the age of Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson—it has been held by the majority that a story cannot be a good story unless it be an interesting one. Unfortunately for Balzac, he constantly forgot to be interesting. There is not one of his longer stories that does not drag at some stage in the action, owing to his fatal propensity for interminable description or display of learning. "Le Père Goriot," an acknowledged masterpiece, contains a famous account of a cheap boarding-house, the scene of Père Goriot's sufferings. Considered simply as a picture, the description is perfect. The elaboration of every detail produces a wonderful impression of reality. You see the hideous furniture and decorations, you feel the horrible presence of the mistress of the house and of her no less horrible cat. But the process proves an exhausting one for the reader. The mind demands rest and relaxation before proceeding further and entering upon what is really the main business of the book, the people and their sayings and doings. Then, when the conclusion is reached, on a mental review of the story, the vision that comes up unbidden before the mind's eye is probably this very scene of Madame Marneffe, her cat, her dining room and her dinners. Surely this excess of local colour is a blemish on Balzac's work. Local colour ought to be a mere accessory, a background to the characters, and a true artist would keep it properly subordinate. A good example of artistic treatment of the *mise-en-scène* is found in Prosper Mérimée's novelette "Carmen." At every stage in the action the surroundings are altered, not capriciously, but with evident intention to make the locality suggest the event, thus fulfilling the true function of local colour. Now imagine what Balzac would have made of this exquisite story. He would have overloaded it with minute description, until the tragic significance of the plot was lost in the multiplicity of landscape.

In "César Birotteau" that same bankruptcy episode is insufferably wearisome from the very exactness of the professional details. The marvel is, how Balzac himself ever struggled through his self imposed task of writing down such dry technicalities. The explanation, no doubt, is to be found in Balzac's systematic economy of everything but money. Early in life he had been engaged in a business speculation, which failed and left him a bankrupt. It is likely that he himself at this time went through all the annoying experiences which he assigns to the poor merchant, César Birotteau. In this way he had been supplied with the necessary information, and rather than let it go to utter waste he inserted it in this novel. Such a thrifty proceeding is a credit to Balzac, the man of business, (with whom, however, we have no concern) but scarcely a merit in Balzac the creative artist.

In many of the shorter *Scènes* the story is obviously of

secondary importance. The author intended them to be mere pictures of certain phases of life. We can recognize in these the object aimed at, and value the workmanship accordingly. "Les Employés," for example, is little else than a representation of executive intrigue and idleness, in which the fortunes of M. Lupeaulx are not meant to do more than give point to the realistic conversations of the clerks in the office. These dialogues, given in dramatic form, in bulk are fully half the story, and are constructed out of the most common-place material, just the ordinary gossip of the office, stupid jokes, vulgar chaff, *banalités*. Such work is nevertheless artistic, and Bixiou deserves a place in novel-literature no less than Thackeray's Jeames de la Pluche. Observation and representation of low life is not derogatory to a novelist's dignity. But what are we to say for Balzac's high life? In treating of this section of society Balzac shows himself detestably vulgar. He has the snobbish desire to mingle with the aristocracy, and consequently his books are crowded with Viscounts, Barons, Marquises, Duchesses and Princesses. Titled folk abound, but there is not one real gentleman or lady among them. They are all *nouveaux riches*; ostentatious of their wealth and titles. And this is not because Balzac wishes to represent only the vulgar aristocracy created by Louis Philippe. On the contrary, most of his titled gentlemen boast of their ancient lineage and adherence to the legitimist party. They are, it is to be feared, the offspring of Balzac's imagination, and their characteristics are inherited. This is a very unfortunate feature in a novelist. Those of us who are not naturally refined like to read about people that are, and those of us that are naturally refined dislike reading about people who are not. In Balzac's books we can find many worthy people, honest *bourgeois*, virtuous and amiable country folk, devoted servants and heroic peasants; but ladies and gentlemen, never!

A grave fault in Balzac, closely akin to the last, is his want of delicacy. He is perpetually striking a false note. That he should be theatrically sentimental is natural, in view of his nationality. But there are degrees of evil in this as in other vices, and it might be expected that Balzac would, in this respect, not sink much lower than the Victor Hugo grade, for instance. As a matter of fact, he not infrequently touches the zero of Eugène Sue. The "gush" of the third-rate English lady-novelist is an amiable weakness in comparison with the monstrous bad taste Balzac sometimes displays.

Mr. Henry James has remarked upon the utter absence of the moral sense in Balzac. He appears to perceive no radical difference between right and wrong. Remorse in his view would be unintelligible, except as a mental disease; and, as far as my reading has extended, there is no attempt to depict it. Another peculiarity which may tell against him with some readers, is his fondness for unhappy conclusions. Looking at the subject-matter of the great mass of his novels, we must pronounce Balzac to be right in this respect on artistic principles. But in some instances our sense of poetic justice cries out against the inhumanity of such dénouements. When I recall the dreary progress of that miserable story, "Eugénie Grandet," and remember how I was buoyed up to struggle on in the hope of a happy termination, I cannot but regret that Balzac's artistic instinct would not permit him to wind up in the old fashioned way with a marriage, instead of bringing the melancholy tale to a consistent and dismal conclusion. There is only one other novel in my experience that can rival Eugénie Grandet for uniform depression and gloom. The name of this competitor is "Washington Square," and its author is Mr. Henry James.

On looking back upon what I have already given as my impression of Balzac, there appears to be a strong case made out against him. Dullness, dreariness, vulgarity and bad taste are not commendable qualities. The fact cannot be disguised, that Balzac is uncommonly hard reading. But we are also bound to admit that he possesses a charm greater than many authors more agreeable to our taste. Balzac is like a bad habit, such as smoking or opium-eating. The first taste is anything but pleasant, and many people have contented themselves with a first taste. But should curiosity or the example of others induce a more extensive trial, the spell begins to work and the habit is formed. Smoking may be given up, opium-eating may be cured, but Balzac-reading is incurable and will never willingly be renounced. The fascination which he exercises is due to a certain extent, no doubt, to his just

delineation of character, and even to his very accuracy of detail. There is in human nature a thirst for truth that will bear with many obstacles. Even the details that seem unworthy of a noble theme are not altogether unnecessary. It is the small matters of life that test the character. The patience of Père Goriot under the sneers of his fellow-boarders is more unselfish than his impoverishment for the sake of his daughter's gambling lover.

But Balzac's great power of fixing one's interest does not depend solely upon his accuracy and truth. For on this supposition, how explain the effect of such a fantastical study as "Louis Lambert?" There his subject is mysticism and his facts are as extravagant as his fancies. Balzac has a childish love of the marvellous for its own sake, which refuses to be tied down to possibilities. And yet whatever irrational nonsense he writes, the fascination is the same. The key to his power seems to be his intensity of meaning. What he thinks or imagines, he feels strongly; and what he feels he is determined to make others feel also. A strong personality outweighs a multitude of literary sins, and none who read Balzac can fail to recognize the strength that lies behind his works. His published letters confirm this instinct of a powerful nature, working out its own purposes with the merciless egotism of genius. This is the chain that binds together all the parts, even of a dull novel, and makes it interesting. Read any portion of it apart from the rest and you will find it tedious and inconclusive. Read the whole story and the effect is excitement. You are subjugated, not by the story, not by the characters, by nothing in the work itself, but by the mind revealed through the work, by the personality of Balzac.

H. H. L.

AT THE CHAPEAU ROUGE.

It was in the quieter time that came with the restored Bourbon House. France had not as yet recovered its old-time gaiety. Nations, like men, become thoughtful after seeing death face to face. A wintry rain stayed some few travellers at the Chapeau Rouge in the goodly town of Dijon. Not so much as servant as humble companion did Icilius share the fortunes of M. Charles, at present on his way to visit at a neighboring chateau. Moved thereto by the prevailing dullness of street and market-place, Icilius had made the acquaintance of the plump host. But him he had dismissed with scant courtesy for a tiresome chatterer when he would describe to his unwilling guest the marvels of the Cathedral of St. Benigne, whose great spire loomed gray through the cloud mantle that lay heavily on Dijon. So now, Icilius sat in the old tavern with his own well-worn thoughts for company.

It occurred to Icilius quite naturally, in the course of time, that there were better ways of spending the long morning. He shouted to the landlord, whose burly voice he heard within scolding the maids, to bring some drink. But to little purpose; muttering at the fat rogue as dense of hearing, he pounded on the wainscoting, and called, "House! house!" This attempt was more successful; for the jolly figure of the landlord in answer filled the low doorway to be saluted by "Well, I suppose one might get a fairly good cup of wine here?"

Something in the question excited great merriment, and his loud laughter subsided to a faint chuckle only on observing the deep displeasure of Icilius. "My friend, you must, indeed, be a stranger to the red wines of Burgundy to ask such a question in Dijon! Come here," leading him to the window, "See, where yonder the mist seems to hang in thicker draperies—ask what the wines of the *Côte-d'Or* are like? ha! ha!"

"So, that's the *Côte-d'Or*? not much to look at."

"Nay, you wouldn't say that if you were to stand at this casement some drowsy summer day. Me it makes feel as if at mass to follow the track of the plow as it heaves the deep red soil in ridges, until the eye is led to the hill-slopes where the dark clusters in the vineyards borrow a richer bloom from the purple haze. It's a lovely sight from Dijon. . . ."

"Piff! What about the wine?"

"Were it clear your eye might sweep with ease the whole slope that grows the right Chabertin and that needs no praise! But the hammer men of *Nôtre Dame* are chiming noon; and both man and beast begin now to feel appetite. I must be bustling."

Icilius watches with grave interest the landlord empty into a tall silver pitcher the contents of a dusty flask ; and then he approaches Icilius and exclaims with pride, " There's a perfume for you ! " Icilius extends his hand. " But that wine is for our betters ; we'll have something together by and by." Icilius grasps the flagon. " Stop, you madman ! what are you doing ? " for Icilius drinks the wine with every gesture of approval, " You will ruin me ! "

" Peace, rascal ! and learn that a veteran of the Republic has no betters." The landlord recoiled with a " Lord ! how fiery he is," and then addressed Icilius in a courteous manner, " Pardon ! Monsieur has then served ? "

" As you say."

" Ah ! we, too, in Dijon saw the Republicans. They danced the Carmagnole in the churches and threw down the altars. And, what do you think ? The mayor drove out the Cistercian brothers, glad enough were they to escape with their lives, and gave their church for a fish-market. Somehow it doesn't seem right."

" Pooh ! what if the lazy monks were made to shift for themselves ? "

" I am a plain man and don't meddle in politics ; the pleasure of my guest is concern enough for me. Yet I can't help thinking that no good will come of troubling the holy fathers."

" What ill effects have you noticed ? " inquired Icilius with something approaching a sneer.

" I don't know if I can explain myself. Men now wear sad faces and seem always thoughtful. It is lonely at times now in the Chapeau Rouge. They who used to revel of old were hunted out. There is now no danger, but men are still sad."

" Bondsmen turned on their oppressors ; slaves on their masters."

" But Monsieur himself follows M. Charles ? "

" That is different."

" Ah ! " the landlord's ejaculation expressed himself as fully satisfied.

" Listen," for Icilius wished to convince him, " I was corporal under his father ; we served together, and when he fell he spoke to me of his youthful son. I was not worse than a dog. Since then I have never left him."

" Monsieur is a man of heart ! He is right ; it is different. My Lizette has taken some refreshment to the gentlemen, and if Monsieur will do me the honour of dining with me—very well ; this way. But no more lessons, if you please." (*Exeunt.*)

W. H. H.

PEACE AND LIBERTY.

Rest after work ; refreshing sleep and rest ! Sing, poet, sing ! but not of feats of arms " by flood and field." Sing not of the spoils of war ; nor of renowned victories of peace. Sing not of nature in her season of unfolding. That is a time of hard, unfeeling labour ; a time of sorrow too ; for only the strong survive the gray bleakness of the tardy spring, the weak fall, disabled, to die. Sing me not a song of work—not even a song to cheer the daily round of toil. For, lo, the winter is past, and toil is over. Let me, then, resting, hear a simply happy song from thy " place of nestling green for poets made." And, to enjoy thee as I ought, let me away from the begrimed town. Find me a spot where I may lie and dream, or sleep but to awake at thy behest. A spot like that of which a poet wrote :

" The air was cooling, and so very still,
That the sweet birds which with a modest pride
Pull droopingly, in slanting curve aside,
Their scanty leaved and finely tapering stems,
Had not yet lost those starry diadems
Caught from the early sobbing of the morn.

To picture out the quaint and curious bending
Of a fresh woodland alley, never ending,
Or by the bowery clefts and leafy shelves,
Guess where the jaunty streams refresh themselves.
I gazed awhile, and felt as light and free
As though the fanning wings of Mercury
Had played upon my beels ; I was light-hearted,
And many pleasures to my vision started."

Sing, poet, sing ! My brothers hear the song ! And be its burden *peace and liberty*.

" The time of the singing of birds is come." Happy is the man who has music in himself to attune his ear to these gentle notes ; thrice happy he who can lift up his voice in true accord with nature's sweet singing. Who would not glory in his voice who could sing :

" The busy lark, the messenger of day,
Saluteth with his song the morning gray ;
And fiery Phoebus riseth up so bright
That all the Orient laugheth at the sight."

Alas ! that here we have no lark ; and alas ! that if we had, there are but few to rise to greet the herald of the morn.

Who does not envy the voice that sang :

" But, first and chiefest, with thee bring
Him that soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The Cherub Contemplation ;
And the mute Silence hist along,
'Less Philomel will deign a song,
In her sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of night ;
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke.
Gently o'er the accustomed oak.
Sweet bird, that shun'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy !
Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among
I woo, to hear thy evening song."

Such gift of song is to a few rare spirits. Be thankful if thou hast the gift of enjoyment. That thou mayest possess of thine own will. And now that thy liberty is restored to thee, take the pleasures of it in full meed. Enjoy thyself. Now that the winter of thy discontent has sped away like the mist of the morning, let the glorious summer make thy life-blood bound impatient, and bring love to thine heart. Lay thy head upon great Nature's breast, and let its pulsings teach thee what love is.

Cast away thy books, and court the Cherub Contemplation. Long have thy " due feet walked the studious cloister's pale ; " let them now seek the scented lanes and verdant fields. When the gentle gloam has bathed the heated brow of the summer's day, then mayest thou follow the example of the patriarch of old, who walked in the fields at even to commune with his own spirit. Yet beware lest thou follow him still further, and lift thine eyes upon Rebecca ; and, above all, beware lest Rebecca lift her eyes upon thee.

J. O. M.

LAURA SECORD AND OTHER POEMS.

We have received the advance sheets of a forthcoming Canadian book of poems by Mrs. Sarah Anne Curzon. The volume bears the title : " Laura Secord, the Heroine of 1812 ; and Other Poems." The drama from which the book takes its name is in blank verse, with twenty-four characters in the cast, and hosts of supernumeraries. The extract given is too short, and the incident chosen is not of an exciting or emotional character, to allow us to judge fairly of the merits of the drama. There is a very broad farce called " The Sweet Girl Graduate," dignified by the title of comedy, which appeared in *Grip's Almanac* in 1882, and which is entirely out of place in a collection of this kind. Besides these dramas there are some two dozen poems, including some translations from the French. The specimens given are too meagre to justify a criticism of Mrs. Curzon's ability as a poet. The book is to be published by subscription.

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J. A. GARVIN,

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.

RESULTS OF EXAMINATIONS IN ARTS AND
LAW—1887.

M.A. DEGREES.

H S Brennan, W A Frost, L Kinnear, J H McGeary, T McKenzie, F J Roche, J Simpson, R W Smith.

B.A. DEGREES.

A Abbott, H A Aikins, A J Armstrong, E Bayly, H Bonis, H B Bruce, J C Burrows, A Burwash, Alex Campbell, H Carpenter, R J Chrystal, John Crawford, J T Crawford, A Crozier, Jas D Dickson, Jas Drummond, John A Duff, L P Duff, Joseph Elliott, T E Elliott, Miss Carrie Fair, J A Ferguson, Ulysses Flack, Colin Fraser, J A Freeman, J A Garvin, A H Gibbard, J R Hamilton, R M Hamilton, C J Hardie, E J Harris, J J Hughes, L S Hughson, J G Hume, W H Hunter, J T Jackson, R L Johnston, A J Keeler, M V Kelly, Thomas Logie, R A McArthur, R B Mackay, John S MacLean, Wm McBrady, J B McEvoy, E B McGhee, J N McKendrick, P W H McKeown, J N McLaren, P McLaren, J A McMillan, W L Miller, A E Mitchell, Thos Nattress, W B Nesbitt, W H Nesbitt, J H Philp, F A C Redden, H E A Reid, W F Robinson, T H Rogers, T R Rosebrugh, R Ross, N H Russell, F Sanderson, J McP Scott, E O Sliter, A G Smith, Miss Nellie Spence, John Stafford, H E Stone, A W Stratton, J C Stuart, T M Talbot, John A Taylor, F G Wait, W V Wright, A H Young.

CANDIDATES FOR B.A.—HONORS.

(Note—Candidates in Honors in the Fourth Year are arranged alphabetically in their classes.)

Classics—Cl. I., Sliter, Stratton. Cl. II., Freeman, Hughson. Cl. III., Bonis, Harris, McBrady, Ross.

Physics—Cl. II., Dickson, Duff, Rosebrugh. Cl. III., McKendrick, Stafford.

Mathematics—Cl. I., Stuart. Cl. II., Crawford, Flack, Keeler. Cl. III., Campbell, Philp, Sanderson.

English—Cl. I., Logie. Cl. II., Hardie. Cl. III., Elliott, Ferguson, Gibbard, Young.

Ethnology—Cl. I., Ferguson, Gibbard, Hardie, Logie. Cl. II., Elliott, Young.

French—Cl. I., Logie, Young. Cl. II., Gibbard. Cl. III., Elliott, Ferguson, Hardie.

German—Cl. I., Logie. Cl. II., Gibbard, Young. Cl. III., Elliott, Hardie, Ferguson.

Italian—Cl. I., Logie. Cl. II., Gibbard, Hardie. Cl. III., Elliott, Ferguson.

Spanish—Cl. I., Hardie, Young.

Natural Science—Division I., Cl. I., Miller. Cl. II., Wait. Cl. III., McKeown, Nesbitt. Division II., Cl. II., McArthur. Cl. III., Chrystal, Hamilton, Talbo.

Mental and Moral Philosophy—Cl. I., Hunter, Reid. Cl. II., Hume, Kelly, Russell, Spence. Cl. III., Abbott, Aikins, Armstrong, Bayly, Burwash, Crawford, Crozier, Drummond, Elliott, Hardie, Johnston, MacKay, MacLean, McEvoy, McGhee, McMillan, Mitchell, Nattress, Nesbitt, Redden, Rogers, Scott, Smith, Taylor, Wright.

Logic—Cl. I., Abbott, Aikins, Hume, Johnston, Mackay, Reid, Spence, Wright. Cl. III., Armstrong, Bayly, Crawford, Elliott, Hardie, Hunter, Kelly, MacLean, McEvoy, McGhee, McMillan, Mitchell, Nattress, Nesbitt, Redden, Rogers, Scott, Smith, Taylor, Wright.

Civil Polity—Cl. I., Aikins, Armstrong, Crawford, Hume, Hunter, Reid, Spence. Cl. II., Abbott, Bayly, Elliott, Hardie, Johnston, Kelly, Mackay, McMillan, Nattress, Redden, Russell, Wright. Cl. III., Burwash, Carpenter, Crozier, Drummond, MacLean, McEvoy, McGhee, Mitchell, Nesbitt, Rogers, Scott, Smith, Taylor.

PASSED—THIRD YEAR.

B M Aikins, T Beath, R R Bensley, E F Blake, H C Boulton, G Boyd, J R S Boyd, W A Bradley, N P Buckingham, W E Burnett, Miss H Charles, H J Crawford, G Cross, J N Dales, G F Downs, Miss J G Eastwood, J W Edgar, S J Farmer, J S Gall, T. A. Gibson, J A Giffin, E A Hardy, J G Harkness, T M Harrison, W J Healy, T M Higgins, E H Hull, W H Hodges, F B Hodgins, E S Hogarth, J P Hubbard, W F Hull, J H Hunter, E C Jeffrey, J Jefferies, Miss A Jones, J E Jones, H R H Kenner, N Kenner, S Kerr, S King, A A Knox, W A Lampert, Miss M Lennox, W A Leys, E Lyon, A J L Mackenzie, H McLaren, J W MacMillan, H A McCullough, W J McDermid, J McGowan, R McKay, F McLeay, W H Meizler, A W Milden, J O Miller, S A Morgan, W Morin, W B Nicol, E A Pearson, R B Potts, W Prendergast, S J Radcliffe, G H Reed, C E Saunders, S J Saunders, L E Skey, T C Somerville, J A Spauling, F J Steer, F H Suffer, M P Talling, G Waldron, J Waugh, G Wilkie, J G Witton, W M McKay, P McEachern.

To take subjects of third year over : Physics—E A Pearson. Heat—W G Miller. English—E F Blake. Civil Polity—T A Gibson.

THIRD YEAR HONORS.

Classics—Crawford, Nicol, Gibson, Milden, Waugh. Cl. II., Healy, Kerr, Kenner, Suffer, Farmer, Morgan.

Physics—Cl. I., McGowan, Witton, Cl. II., MacMillan, Saunders, Metzler, Sparling, Boulton, Prendergast, Steen.

English—Cl. I., Charles, Jefferies, Dales, Hardy, Steen, Radcliffe, Eastwood, Buckingham. Cl. II., Jones, Jeffrey, Bradley, Gale, Hogarth, Jones, King, Leys, Somerville, Waldron, Hubbard, McEachern, Hunter, Lennox, Kent below line.

History—Cl. I., Nichol, Charles, Beath, Radcliffe, Hubbard. Cl. II., King, Jeffrey, Hogarth, Buckingham, Bradley, Steen, Hardy, Jefferies, Waldron, Blake, Dales, Hodges, Lennox, Jones, Somerville, Gale, Harkness, Hunter, Eastwood, McEachern, Kent. W A Leys below line.

French—Cl. I., Charles, Jeffrey, Jones, Waldron. Cl. II., Jefferies, Leys, Steen, Buckingham, Hardy, Jones, Radcliffe, Eastwood, Hubbard, King, Lennox, Hogarth, Dales, Gale, Kent, Somerville, Hunter.

German—Cl. I., Charles, Jeffrey, Steen, Hardy, Waldron, King, Jeffrey. Cl. II., Jones, Hubbard, Buckingham, Dales, Kent, Eastwood, Lennox, Radcliffe, Hogarth, Leys, Jones, Gale, Hunter, Somerville.

Italian—Cl. I., Jeffrey, Eastwood, Steen, Hardy, King, Jefferies, J E Jones, Waldron, Hubbard, Charles, Buckingham, A Jones, Dales, Kent. Cl. II., Lennox, Leys, Gale, Hunter, Hogarth, Somerville, Radcliffe.

Spanish—Cl. I., Charles, Jeffrey, Eastwood, Jefferies, King, Radcliffe, Jones, Steen, Leys, Hubbard. Cl. II., Lennox, Waldron, Dales, Gale, Kent, Hardy.

Constitutional History—Cl. I., Nicol, Jeffrey, G Harkness. Cl. II., Blake.

Chemistry—Cl. I., Bensley, Potts, Knox, Boyd, Saunders. Cl. II., Giffin, Wilkie, Edgar. Hill below line.

Biology—Cl. I., Jeffrey, Bensley, Potts, Boyd, Knox. Cl. II., Wilkie, Saunders, Edgar, Hill, Giffin.

Mineralogy and Geology—Cl. I., Knox, Bensley, Potts, Boyd, Saunders, Hill, Edgar. Cl. II., Wilkie, Giffin.

Mental and Moral Philosophy—Cl. I., Cross, McCullough, Mackenzie, McKay, Blake, H ggins, Sparling, Harrison. Cl. II., Hull, Hodgins, Talling, Harkness, McKay, Skey, Waldron.

Civil Polity—Jeffrey, McKay, Sparling, Cross, Nichol, Harkness, Higgins, Blake, Charles, Talling. Cl. II., Harrison, McCullough, Hull, Hodgins, Mackenzie, Skey, McKay.

PASSED—SECOND YEAR.

W M Allen, J K Arnott, G C Biggar, J R Blake, D M Buchanan, C B Carveth, K B Castle, Miss A Clayton, H J Cody, F C Cooke, J S Copeland, F Corbit, W W Crow, J A Crowe, W Cross, Miss E M Cuizon, T C DesBarres, W J Fenton, W C Ferguson, C Forfar, P Forin, W G Fortune, G A H Fraser, H B Fraser, F W French, H F Gadsby, W Gould, R J Gibson, J Gill, W H Grant, W H Harvey, J N Harvie, J W Henderson, D Hill, A F Hunter, A T Hunter, J Hutchinson, J S Johnston, R H Johnston, B Kilbourne, G E Mabey, A W Mainland, J May, F Messmore, J E Mill, W G Miller, H R Moore, J H Moss, Miss M Mott, J Munroe, J A Mustard, J McCallum, W McCann, F W McConnell, F H McCoy, T R E McInnes, W B B McInnes, D McKay, O W McMichael, J McNair, J McNichol, Miss N Naismith, M J O'Connor, W Pakenham, T J Parr, N N Patterson, H S Robertson, Miss M R Robertson, Miss J R Robson, J H Rodd, E G Rykert, F W Scott, Miss I T Scott, H W C Shore, J R Sinclair, A Smith, F C Snider, J D M Spence, W H B Spotton, L B Stephenson, H Stevenson, Miss E M Stewart, W B Taylor, W P Thompson, F Tracy.

To take subjects of second exam. over :

Greek—W G W Fortune, R J Gibson, R H Johnston, T J Parr, A Smith.

Latin—T Corbett, B Kilbourne, W W B McInnes, O McMichael, W P Thompson.

French—J A Crowe, J W Edgar, J A Giffin, J T Johnston, A A Knox, W A Lampert, E Lyon, A J L Mackenzie, G Wilkie, P M Harrison, W J Macdonald, J Munro.

German—E M Cuizon, E L Hill, S H McCoy, J O Miller.

Mineralogy and Geology—J K Arnott, G C Biggar, F W French, H F Gadsby, J A Mustard, W McCann, T R E McInnes, L E Skey, M R Robertson, E G Rykert, E M Stewart, W J Macdonald, W H Grant.

Mental Science—J McNichol, M J O'Connor, H W C Shore.

Logic—J Gill, D Hull.

Hebrew—P M Forin.

SECOND YEAR HONOURS.

Classics—Cl. I, Cody, Fraser, McKay, Stephenson, Mainland, Rykert, Allen. Cl. II, French, Messmore, Hunter, Gadsby, Mustard, Grant, Fenton, Sinclair, Scott.

Mathematics—Cl. I, Moore, Hull. Cl. II, Gill, Robertson, Hunter, McCallum.

English—Cody, Pakenham, Snider, Robertson, Taylor, Ferguson, McNichol, Scott. Cl. II, Naismith, Harvey, Moss, Robson, Clayton, Forfar, Mott, Sinclair, Tracy, Henderson, McMichael, Hunter, Hutchinson, Rodd, Stewart, Spence.

History—Cl. I, Pakenham, Taylor, Cody, F C Snider, Forfar, Rodd, Ferguson, W Cross, Hutchison, Hunter, Stewart. Cl. II, C B Carveth, N N Patterson, Clayton, Tracy, Spencer, Naismith, Harvey, Robson, Mott, A Stevenson, Robertson, McNichol, D M Buchanan, Henderson, Scott, Moss, M J O'Connor, of St. Michael's, gets Cl. II in history.

French—Cl. I, Cody, Robson, Snider, Ferguson, Moss, Spence. Cl. II, Mott, Forfar, Taylor, Rodd, Stewart, Scott, Robertson, Hunter, Harvey, Mill, Pakenham, Clayton, Tracey, McNichol, Naismith.

German—Cl. I, Cody, Pakenham, Rodd, Moss, Scott, Snider, Robson, Stewart, Clayton, Hunter, Mott, Spence. Cl. II, Taylor, Ferguson, McMichael, Naismith, McNichol, Robertson, Forfar, Harvey.

Italian—Cl. I, Cody, Snider, Robson, Pakenham, Mott, Moss, Naismith, Scott, Ferguson, Taylor. Cl. II, Forfar, Rodd, Harvey, Clayton, Robertson, Stewart, Spence.

Chemistry—Cl. I, Munro, Kilbourn. Cl. II, Copland, McCoy, Miller, Curzon.

Biology—Cl. I, Copland. Cl. II, Munro, Curzon, McCoy, Kilbourn, Miller.

Mineralogy and Geology—Cl. I, Kilbourn, Copland, Curzon, McCoy, Munro. Cl. II, Miller.

Mental Philosophy—Cl. I, Buchanan, DesBarres, Johnston, Tracy, Gould, Cody, McCann, May. Cl. II, Snider, Cross, Fortune, Moss, Rodd, Hunter, McNair, Croll, Craw, Arnott, Stevenson, Fraser, Johnston, Mabee, Cooke, Gibson, Hutchison. Parr, Forin, Smith, Biggar.

Logic—Cl. I, Tracy, Hunter, Moss, Snider, Cross, Buchanan, DesBarres, Johnston. Cl. II, McNair, Rodd, Cody, Harvie, Cooke, Croll, May, Robson, Gould, Hutchison, Arnott, Craw, Parr, Biggar, Johnston, Mabee, R J Gibson, Henderson, Fortune, Robertson, W B Taylor, P Forin, Smith, Fraser, McCann, Stevenson.

Hebrew—Cl. I, McNair.

PASSED—FIRST YEAR.

W Black, D A Burgess, J S Davidson, H S Dougall, J Douglas, M Dunning, G R Faskin, A Ferguson, W T Harte, H R Horne, G Keyes, J W Mallon, G L McDonald, T H Mitchell, E J O'Connor, A P Saunders, J L Scully, J B Senior, J Stafford, J D Alexander, F C Armstrong, W F Bold, G A Ball, Miss A W Ballard, W Begg, J M Bell, J E Bird, R J Bonner, A E Boulton, L Boyd, W C P Bremner, W Brydon, A W Campbell, J G Campbell, L H Campbell, W C Campbell, J R Carling, J G Caven, C A Chant, D A Clarke, J C Clarke, T Coleman, J Collin, J E Deacon, A E DeLury, H A Dwyer, W C Ewing, R A Farquharson, J J Ferguson, J H Glen, W H Graham, R C Griffith, W C Hall, A E Hanahan, R S Hamilton, J C Handy, E J Harte, R E Heggie, J A Henderson, Miss C L Helliard, Miss A R Hitchon, J O Honsberger, R M Huston, R E Jameson, J P Kennedy, J H Kerr, W D Kerswell, F W Laing, P Langan, Miss G Lawlor, G Logie, A A Macdonald, N MacMurchy, G B McLean, T McCrae, A L McCrimmon, J M McEvoy, K C McIlwraith, J A McKay, J McKellar, C R McKeown, L McKinnon, D H McLean, A McNabb, A R McRitchie, J D McSweeney, W A Merkley, W C Mitchell, W J Mill, N Morrison, A H Nicol, D P O'Connell, J O'Hara, J. P. Pete, W Purcey, G F Peterson, R J Read, Miss A L Reazin, J B Reynolds, W R Rutherford, Miss L L Ryckman, F L Sawyer, A E Scanlon, A E Segsworth, W L Senkler, E C Sherman, R A Sims, J E Skeele, C S Smith, J Stringer, A T Thompson, H V Thompson, R M Thompson, H E Warren, W G Watson, Miss M D Waterworth, J R Wells, T H Whitelaw, W B Wilkinson, Miss A Wilson, W E Woodruff, G S Yong, W O McTaggart, T A Brough, W M Weir.

To take subjects of first examinations over :

Classics—J C Handy, T McCrae, J McKellar, C R McKeown, W O McTaggart, A H Nicol, W I Senkler, R A Sims.

Latin—A E Haneson, J M McEvoy.

Mathematics—A Boulton, J R Carling, H A Dwyer, E J Harte, T W Laing, W J Mill, D P O'Connor, J E Skeele, A T Thompson, W A Wilson.

English—G A Ball, A McNabb, T H Whitelaw.

French—W J Fenton, R C Griffith.

German—R E Jameson.

Biology—J R Blake.

Hebrew—H B Fraser.

FIRST YEAR HONORS.

Classics—Cl. I, Colling, Macdonald, Rutherford, McIlwraith, Ryckman, Langan. Cl. II, Bonner, McKay, Bald, Logie, Wilkinson, Ewing, Ferguson, Peterson, Huston, Mitchell, O'Hara, Skeele.

Mathematics—DeLury, Sawyer, Reynolds, Chant, Percy, Warren, Heggie, Lawler. Cl. II, Kennedy, Whitelaw, Burgess, Wells, Campbell, McKellar, McTaggart, Thompson.

English—Cl. I, Ryckman, Armstrong, Dwyer, Macdonald, Lawler, Honsberger, Chaut, Burgess, Graham. Cl. II, Faskin, McDonald, Waterworth, Ballard, Hall, McLean, Hillyard, Bald, Ewing, McKinnon, Peel, Black, Dougall, Farquharson, Alexander, Bonner, Ferguson, Campbell, McKay, McEvoy, Bird and Willson below line.

French—Cl. I, Armstrong, Rutherford, Lawler, Macdonald, Ballard, O'Connor, Honsberger. Cl. II, H P Saunders, Ryckman, Alexander, W C P Bremner, Graham, Hillyard, McDonald, Waterworth, Willson, Bird, Ewing, Dwyer, Hitchon, Henderson, McLean. W C Hall below line.

German—Cl. I, Honsberger, Macdonald, Ryckman, Armstrong, Ballard, Bonner, Bremner, Lawler, Willson, McDonald, Hillyard, Graham, Ewing, Waterworth, McLean. Cl. II, Alexander, Bird, Hall. Dwyer below line.

UNIVERSITY MEDALS, SCHOLARSHIPS AND PRIZES.

PRIZES.

German Prose—T Logie.

Hebrew—2nd Year, T McNair.

SCHOLARSHIPS.

(Only given in 1st Year.)

Classics—I, J Colling. 2, A A Macdonald.

Mathematics—I, A T DeLury. 2, A W Sawyer.

Modern Languages—F C Armstrong.

General Proficiency—I, A A Macdonald. 2, Miss L L Ryckman. 3, Miss G Lawler.

MEDALS (3RD YEAR).

Lansdowne Gold Medal—J A Sparling, who got first class in Mental Philosophy, &c.; second in Mathematics.

Lansdowne Silver Medal (2nd Year)—H F Cody, who got first class in Classics, Moderns, and Mental Science, and second class in Logic.

Blake Scholarship (3rd Year)—W B Nicol.

COLLEGE MEDALS AND PRIZES, 1887.

IV. YEAR.

Classics—E O Sliter.

Mathematics—J C Stuart.

Modern Languages—Not awarded.

Natural Sciences—W L Miller.

Mental and Moral Science—H E A Reid.

III. YEAR.

Classics—J T Crawford, W B Nicol.

Mathematics—J McGowan, J G Witton.

Modern Languages—Miss H Charles.

Natural Sciences—R R Bensley.

Mental and Moral Science—G Cross.

II. YEAR.

Classics—H J Cody, G A H Fraser, D McKay.

Mathematics—H R Moore, D Hall.

Modern Languages—H J Cody, F C Snider.

Natural Sciences—J S Copland.

Mental Science—F Tracy.

Oriental Literature—J McNair.

General Proficiency—H J Cody.

The Wyld Prize—F B Hodgins.

FACULTY OF LAW.

SECOND YEAR.—Cl. I, L P Duff, J H Bowes, G W Holmes, M H Ludwig. Cl. II, R McKay, C J McCabe, C D Scott, G A H Scott, A L Band. Cl. III, C Elliott, G W Littlejohn, E Bell, S Livingston, W A Smith, F W Carey, W A Lampont, N Kent, C R Fitch.

THIRD YEAR.—Cl. I, S A Henderson, H Harney. Cl. II, J T Kirkland, A Collins. Cl. III, J A V Preston, E J Beaumont, G I Cochran, R A Bayly, T A McGillivray, A K Goodman, W J Millican, A Macnish.

CANDIDATES FOR LL.B.—Cl. I, R U McPherson (Toronto), J M Palmer (Toronto). Cl. II, A A Adair (Stratford), T C Robbinette (Toronto). Cl. III, W H Deacon, G Paterson (Toronto).

SPECIAL EXAMINATIONS FOR LL.B.—A G Campbell.

MEDALS.—Gold, R U McPherson. Silver, J M Palmer.

SCHOLARSHIPS.—Second Year, L P Duff. Third Year, S A Henderson.

The following statistics may be of interest in connection with the above list :—

The number of candidates who underwent examination in Arts (including those for M.A.) was 432.

The number who failed was 57, or a little over 8 per cent.

The degrees in Arts were granted to 86 candidates, 78 for B.A. and 8 for M.A.

Taking the lists by years, the results may be classified as follows :—

YEAR.	PASSED.	REJECTED.
IV.	78	5
III.	79	8
II.	84	30
I.	126	14
	367	57

The number of "stars" granted was 77, as follows :—

III. YEAR ... 4	II. YEAR ... 45	I. YEAR ... 28
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The "stars" may be classified as follows :—

Classics .. 20	Mathematics .. 12	German .. 5
French .. 14	Physics .. 12	English .. 4
Sciences .. 14	Metaphysics, Logic and Civil Polity 6	Hebrew .. 2



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DI-VARSITIES.

SOME ENGLISH EPITAPHS.

This epitaph is to be seen in Farnham Churchyard :—

Who lies here? Who, do you think?
Little Johnny Newman. Give him to drink.

What, drink for a dead man? Ay, says I,
For when he was a live man he was always a-dry.

Here is another :—

Hio jacet Plus;
Plus non est hic;
Plus et non plus;
Quomodo sic?

To which a translation is appended :

Here lies More;
More is not here;
More, yet no More;
Is not that queer?

It is. So is the following :—

Here lies poor Roger Norton,
Whose death untimely thus was brought on :
Taking his scythe his corn to mow off,
The scythe it slipped and cut his toe off;
The toe, or rather what it grew to,
An inflammation quickly flew to;
The part then took to mortifying,
And this was the cause of Roger's dying.

And this is from a stone in the churchyard at Virginia Water :—

At the close of day when the shades of night
had gathered round,
I left my wife and children dear on duty bound,
Suddenly the pains of death I felt, and
joined the heavenly hosts.
Do not, my beloved Friends, of to-morrow
boast.

"Is that your dog!" the new customer
asked of the Beekman street barber.

"Yes, sir."
"He seems quite fond of watching you
cut hair."

"Oh, it's not that, sir. Only sometimes
the scissors slips, sir, and takes a little bit
off a gent's ear."

"Aw, Ethel," remarked Charley to his
pretty cousin, "I believe—aw—I'll have the
bahbah—aw—twim my whiskers this morn-
ing—aw."

"Do, Charley," said his pretty cousin.
"And—aw—Ethel, how would you sug-
gest that I have them twimmed?"

"Well," replied Ethel, after sufficient con-
sideration, "I think they would look very
sweet trimmed with pink ribbon."—Harper's
Bazar.

GOOD LUCK.

"What luck did you have, Silas, in your
fishing match with Dr. Robbins?"

"Well, fair, pretty fair luck, considering,"
replied Silas.

"Did you catch any fish?"

"Well, I can't actually say that I caught
any fish," said Silas, cutting off a new quid.

"Did you have any bites?"

"Well, I lost three or four hooks; but I
think they were mostly seaweed bites."

"What do you mean, then, by saying
that you had good luck?"

"Why," said Silas, his face brightening
into a triumphant smile. "Dr. Robbins
didn't catch any fish either; and he caught
his hook in his left hand and had to have it
cut out. So you see that I am still ahead."

Such are the gentle rivalries that fishing
encourages.

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